

FROM CRADLE TO CROWN

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
KING EDWARD VII.

BY

J. E. VINCENT

AUTHOR OF

"A MEMOIR OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE"

(WRITTEN BY AUTHORITY)



PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

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ERRATA AND ADDENDUM.

- PAGE 14. *Underneath* "The King's Christening Cup," add "In the possession of W. Noott, Esq. Photograph by Augustine Rischgitz."
- PAGE 22. What is said of the *Victoria and Albert* is correct, but it was in the *Alberta* that Queen Victoria's body was borne across the Solent.
- PAGE 194. For "Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, now Princess Henry of Prussia," read "Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, now Princess Charles of Denmark."
- PAGE 202. For "Princesses Louise and Maude in 1867," underneath picture, read "Princesses Louise and Maude in 1872."



From the painting by

"FROM CRADLE TO CROWN"

[Louis Gallait]

From Cradle to Crown

King Edward the Seventh

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CHAPTER I



SO stupendous is the task to be attempted in the course of the pages which follow that no space worthy of mention can be assigned to preface, introduction, or prologue. The aim is nothing less than to give an account

of the life of that illustrious personage who is now the titular head of the British Empire, from the day of his birth in 1841 to that of his coronation, more than a year after the death of his mother, Queen Victoria the well-beloved, which plunged the English-speaking world into profound grief in the early days of 1901. For nearly sixty years did our King occupy the position of Heir Apparent to the Throne

of the Empire on which the sun never sets; of those years the earlier part were spent in assiduous and carefully directed preparation of the young Prince for the matchless position which he was to occupy; during the remainder of them, as Prince of Wales until January of last year, the subject of this volume has lived as strenuous a life as ever came to the lot of prince or peasant. He has never avoided a public duty, or failed to perform it with dignity, vigour, sympathy and tact. He has had his full share of domestic joy and sorrow; that is to

say, he has enjoyed such married happiness as princes rarely meet, and he has seen a vigorous family grow up around him; but he has mourned the early deaths of father, of one sister and of one brother, the loss in later years of mother and sister, and of the brother who was the



H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA AND H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT

About the time of the birth of King Edward VII

chief companion of his boyhood; and, above all, he has suffered the most grievous pain which can come to an affectionate father, the loss of his eldest son. Compelled for many years to perform a daily round of ceremonial task which must often have been irksome, he has never on a single occasion permitted his weariness to be perceived. Nay, it may even be that, sustained by a strong sense of duty, he has not felt the full weariness which any other man must necessarily have felt in his place.

In spite of all this the King, when he was Prince of Wales, found time not merely to take a keen interest in movements calculated to produce improvement in the social order, but also to command and to lead them. Hospitals, the housing of the working classes, barrack accommodation, and the like, are but a few of the vital questions in which the King, not content to be a powerful patron, has been earnest student, zealous worker and prudent counsellor. In the development of the army he has manifested acute and personal interest. As a country gentleman he is a model, practical farmer, good shot, expert fisherman. In public sport, as owner of many first-rate racehorses, and as a sound and active yachtsman, he has set an admirable example. He has seen men and cities more completely than any amongst his subjects, except perhaps his eldest surviving son. He

has watched the development of the Empire from those troublous and almost petty days of his awakening intelligence until these times in which it has become so world-wide as to appal some minds, but so real as to reassure all doubts. Of that Empire he is now the essentially popular Sovereign in whom his subjects unite to recognise dignity, wisdom, manliness and public spirit, combined with a kindness of heart and a feeling of consideration for the feelings of others which make the phrase "popular Sovereign" far more than a conventional expression. Of him, therefore, with cordial loyalty and with genuine affection, his people sing "Long to reign over us" wherever the flag flies or the note of the British bugle is heard. So, since material is abundant and to spare, let us begin to trace the career of Edward VII. from cradle to crown.



SIR ROBERT PEEL

Prime Minister at the time of the birth of King Edward VII.

(From the picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(From the picture at Apsley House)

The morning of the 9th of November, 1841, disclosed a state of affairs in the kingdom at large, and in London particularly, which is not easily to be realised now. Lord Melbourne's Ministry had fallen in August, and Sir Robert Peel had come into power. Lyndhurst, that strangely brilliant man, who was born in Massachusetts and had almost abandoned the Bar for the Church, was Chancellor. Sir James Graham was Home Secretary, Lord Stanley was Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Wellington was a member of the Cabinet without office. William

Ewart Gladstone was President of the Board of Trade but not in the Cabinet. Cobden had just entered Parliament, John Bright was yet to come to Westminster. The Corn Law agitation was in full swing; the field-labourer's wages averaged nine shillings a week; wheat stood at 6s. a quarter, a terrible price for the consumer, albeit far less than that which had often been reached in the earlier days of the century.

Queen Victoria, universally beloved, was in the heyday of the happiness of her married life with H.R.H. Prince Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel; he did not become Prince Consort in name until 1857), Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who was not appreciated at his full value by the British public until after his death. One child, afterwards to become Empress Frederick of

Germany and Queen of Prussia, had already been born and christened Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, although in the tender volumes which the late Queen made public she is commonly called "Vicky." The Princess Royal's sex had been a disappointment to the people, and to Prince Albert, but there is a pleasant and well-supported tradition that the Queen laughed at the apprehensions of her husband, prophesied that "the next would be a boy," and said "she hoped she might have as many children as her grandmother Queen Charlotte." In fact the young Queen, she was only twenty-two years of age, seems to have had a confidence, which events certainly justified, that she would be the joyful mother of many children.

At the moment, however, although it was known that the Queen was great with child—the plain phrase of the Scrip-

tures is surely the most suitable—no immediate development was anticipated. Indeed, a State Banquet was to have been held at Buckingham Palace that evening, and Sir Robert Peel, amongst others, was to have been present at it. In the City, too, preparations for the Lord Mayor's Show, which in those days involved a glorious and pompous progress by water from London Bridge to Westminster, were receiving their final touches. To crown all, there was one of those November fogs which not all the science of sixty years of progress has been able to alleviate.

At seven in the morning there was a stir in the Palace. The Queen, who had been startled by an unmannerly rider while she was driving in the Park with Prince Albert on the preceding Sunday, had begun to be uneasy. The doctors

and nurse were already in attendance, and Prince Albert immediately sent messages to the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, to Queen Adelaide, who was ill, to the dignitaries of the Church and to the officers of State who were bound to be present or at hand on the occasion of a Royal birth, if possible.

There was, when one comes to think of it, something grim about the whole scene, something illustrative of the fact that the head which wears the Crown lies most uneasily at times of stress when lesser heads are allowed to be peaceful. In the inner chamber, the Queen's bedroom, was the Queen herself, for the moment a woman bearing her part of the burden of her sex, and with her Doctor Locock, the nurse Mrs. Lilly, and Prince Albert. In the next room were the remaining doctors and the



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
At the time of the birth of King Edward VII.
(From an engraving by W. Walker)



LORD LYNDHURST
Lord Chancellor in 1841
(After T. Woolnelt)

surgeon, whose signatures were afterwards attached to the bulletin announcing the glad event, and in one of the State Apartments, in full dress we read, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir James Graham and, in military uniform, the great Duke of Wellington, the saviour of Great Britain and of Europe. The Lord President was not present and the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) alone represented the Episcopacy, as his Grace of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) had not been accessible at such short notice. Upon him fell the duty of conducting the prayerful service for the safe delivery of the Queen which was held at the characteristic suggestion of Prince Albert.

Surely it is not treading too harshly upon holy ground to say that husbands and fathers alone can feel, even after this great interval of time, full measure of sympathy for Prince Albert at this trying moment. Happily, however, for all who were concerned, the anxiety did not last many hours, and a few minutes after half-past ten, Sir James Clark brought to the watching Ministers the news that a man child had been born into the world.

A very little later Mrs. Lilly entered with the child, hastily wrapped, and the great captain, the statesmen and the prelate were called upon for a manifestation of that cult of baby-worship in which the masculine temperament does not always excel. Tradition does not record what was said, save in the case of the Iron Duke, and concerning his words there may be doubt. He is said on this one occasion to have received a rebuke, and to have accepted it meekly, from a mere woman for, when he remarked "Thank God, *it* is a boy," the proud nurse exclaimed, "Excuse me, your Grace, *he* is a Prince." Apocryphal, but like the Apocrypha not to be put aside lightly, is the story that Wellington, as he hurried away across the Palace Yard, greeted Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, with the news adding, "and his face is as red as your own."

East and west and south and north the messengers sped, five to Marlborough House to apprise the Queen-Dowager, three to Sidbury and two to Kew, to convey the news to the Duchess of Cambridge. The electric telegraph was then in its infancy, so that the glad tidings could be conveyed by it only to the principal cities in Great Britain. A special train carried a Queen's messenger to Liverpool, from which a special steamer took him and the announcement to Dublin, where the birth of the heir apparent was not known until the next day. In these days

such an event would be flashed in a few seconds from the private telegraph office in the Palace—there is one in every Royal Palace—to Dublin Castle and the message of great meaning would make the circuit of this globe within the space of a few hours. That special steamer and special messenger bring home to our minds the immense progress made since then.

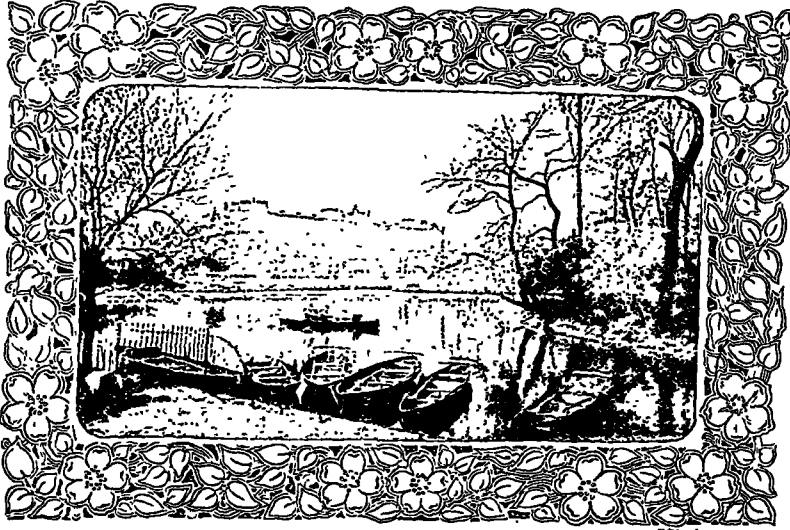
Swiftly the joyful news leaked out and was spread abroad and enthusiastic crowds soon assembled near the Palace. Joy-bells clanged in London one after another in quick succession as soon as



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT
Mother of Queen Victoria

(From the picture by F. Winterhalter)

the ringers could be collected together; they were beginning to sound no doubt in all the great cities of the kingdom as the news filtered along the wires which then seemed almost magical. Cannon thundered at the Tower and in the Park, just at the moment when the civic procession was starting on its triumphal progress towards Westminster, proclaiming the glorious message in tones deep and inarticulate indeed, but plain and clear as though they had been a mighty orchestra attuned to the Hallelujah Chorus which Prince Albert afterwards chose for the music of the christening service. London was in a sober frenzy of delight, in which the whole country joined as the welcome intelligence spread gradually, and the writer can well remember hearing, from those who were grown up in the winter of 1841, how guards of trains and mail coaches, and even carriers in the



From photo by

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

(From St. James's Park)

P. R. H. H. H. H.

Frith & Co.

welcome or more important than this.

It has been stated in a volume, certainly not issued with authority and conspicuous for the kind of inaccuracy which places the Thanksgiving service of 1872 (after the Prince's recovery from typhoid) in the Abbey and not at St. Paul's Cathedral—that the Queen was very ill, and that at one time her life was supposed to be in danger; and for that matter child-birth is always an anxious affair. But the deliberate statement of the physicians and the surgeon, the short duration

country, were beset with questions and assumed airs of importance as the repositories of information so welcome and so pregnant with importance.

The business-like physicians and the surgeon summed the whole situation up in a laconic but sufficient bulletin which was posted at Buckingham Palace that all might see, as many thousands did see, and rejoice. It ran thus:

"The Queen was safely delivered of a Prince this morning at 48 minutes past ten o'clock. Her Majesty and the infant Prince are perfectly well.

"JAMES CLARK, M.D.

"CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D.

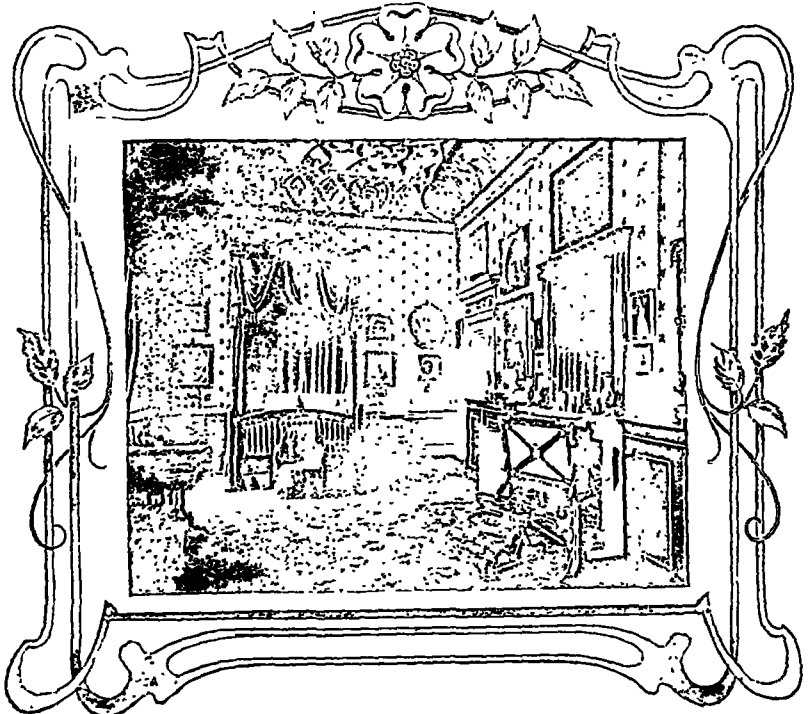
"ROBERT FERGUSON, M.D.

"RICHARD BLAGDEN.

"Buckingham Palace, Nov. 9, 1841. Half-past eleven A.M."

Many hundreds and thousands of bulletins have been posted since that day, announcing tidings of sorrow and of joy, but none of them could contain news more

of the natural period of anxiety, the strong constitution of the Queen, and the fact that she was soon up and about as usual, dispose of that story, which professes to be nothing better than the tittle-tattle of a servant. A healthy woman brought



From photo by

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE

H. N. Kine

a healthy man-child into the world to the joy of her kingdom. Those are the plain facts.

The extreme and meticulous particularity with which the minute of the birth was placed on record would be amusing if it had not also been of practical importance to at least two persons whose names have been forgotten. It was a custom of old standing that the officer in command of the guard at the Palace at the moment of birth should receive a step in promotion, and rise from captain to

book to have produced complications at Chester. The heir to the throne, we are told, is invariably created Earl of Chester, and, by time-honoured custom, the Mayor of Chester for the time being is, when an heir to the throne is born, entitled to a baronetcy. But on the 9th of November, all over the kingdom, one generation of mayors passes away and another reigns in its stead. Who was to be the new baronet?

One would like to know the source of this pretty



KING EDWARD VII. AS A BABY

Born November 9, 1841

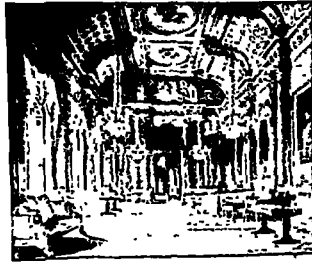
major; and in this case a minute or two might make all the difference. At 10.48 the relief had come (it had come indeed at 10.45), and the process of changing the guard was actually in progress. Was the captain of the incoming guard, who had arrived, or the captain of the outgoing guard, who had not left, to receive the promotion valuable in itself and priceless by reason of its cause? History does not record, or fails to mention on any easily accessible page, how the question was decided; but strict justice would seem to be on the side of the incoming officer.

Adherence to ancient customs also is stated in one

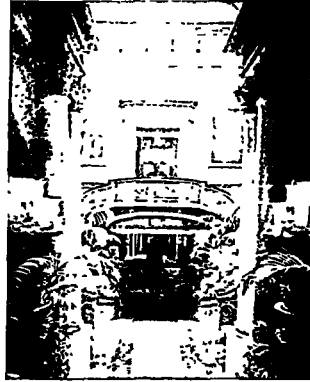
story, for the Town Clerk of Chester, albeit quite sure that it would be in harmony with the fitness of things if it were true, and convinced that the ancient capital of the old Earldom of Chester ought to be recognised in some such manner, can find no trace of the custom.

It is worthy of notice at this point that, it being obviously impossible for the Queen to nurse her child and to perform those public duties which she would by no means neglect, a wet nurse had been secured in advance in the person of a Mrs. Brough, the wife of a sailmaker in the Isle of Wight and formerly a housemaid at Claremont, who received a

THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM

Photo by
D. Benham

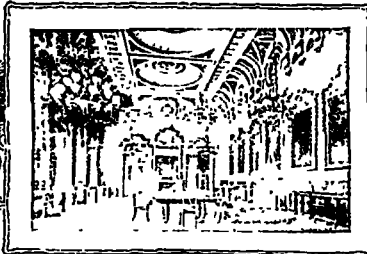
THE GRAND STAIRCASE

Photo by
Debenham

fee of £1000, or twice as much as was paid to her who had performed the same function for the Princess Royal, by this time a bright child and all but a year old.

The rest of the scenes at the palace that day may readily be imagined, and so may those which were enacted in a hundred provincial cities, and more on the most interesting Lord Mayor's Day in English Annals. But the scene at Guildhall that evening has become historic. Sir Robert Peel himself was present, the State

THE THRONE ROOM

Photo by
York & Son

STATE DINING-ROOM

Photo by H. N. King

Banquet which had been arranged originally having been postponed—indeed, it is not easy to realise an England in which the Prime Minister was commanded to attend a State Banquet on the 9th of November. The health of the infant Prince was drunk specially, in a Loving Cup and with all the time-honoured ceremonial of the City, and the *Times* of the next day said that the cheers “baffled description,” which is in itself a vivid, if somewhat hackneyed, descriptive phrase. But, Sir Robert Peel, that statesman in whom a rigid love of truth was perhaps the most striking feature, rose to the occasion, and in responding for her Majesty's Government, made stately and heartfelt allusion to the grand and unexpected event of the day. The reporter of 1841 punctuated the speech with “cheers,” “loud cheers,” and so forth,



ENTRANCE HALL

Photo by
Debenham

PICTURE GALLERY

Photo by H. N. King

THE INTERIOR OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

spoiling its sense of coherence. These are omitted. It is enough for us to know that the roof of Guildhall rang again and again with applause which was real and came from the heart, expressing in appropriate

strength and in tones of deep feeling, the views of the sovereign people of Great Britain. One comment, and one only, may be ventured upon. Sir Robert Peel's repeated insistence in November of 1841, on the abiding value of the principle of Freedom was echoed, time after time last year, in that great series of statesmanlike addresses delivered in many colonies by him who is the only surviving son of the baby whose birth prompted the speech of which the parts germane to the subject are given word for word.

"MY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, Whatever obligation her Majesty's Government may owe to you for the compliment which you have paid to them, I should ill respond to the feelings which you have displayed in so enthusiastic a manner, if I did not, on their part, express, in the first instance, their cordial satisfaction at being allowed to join with their fellow citizens in this ancient hall in expressing their feelings of exultation at that auspicious event which will make this day memorable in the annals of England, and which, by completing the domestic happiness of her Majesty, and presenting an heir apparent to the British throne, will fill with joy the universal people of this country. Gentlemen, I rejoice that you have had the opportunity of manifesting those feelings of loyalty in the presence of distinguished foreigners—the representatives of powerful and friendly states. I rejoice also that they have had the opportunity of observing that, whatever be the political differences which divide us, whatever the conflicts of party inseparable from the working of free and popular government, we are all united as one man in the sentiment of attachment to the monarch of this country and in feelings of devotion to the person of our sovereign. The feeling they witness this day is an example of that which pervades the whole people of this country, who will see with delight the prospect of increased security for the liberty and happiness of the people, and look forward with hope and joy to the acces-

sion, in the fulness of time, to the throne of his ancestors of the Prince who has been born this day, and who, they confidently trust, formed by the tender care and instructed by the example of his illustrious parents, shall, at some future—and, as we pray, most distant—date, prove himself worthy of the high destiny to which he is called—worthy of filling the throne of this United Kingdom, of protecting the constitution, and advancing the liberties and happiness of a free and generous people."

On the same day was issued an extraordinary number of the *Gazette* which for once departed from its usually icy tone and contained the following

passage: "Buckingham Palace, November 9. This morning at twelve minutes before Eleven o'clock, the Queen was happily delivered of a Prince, H.R.H. Prince Albert, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, several Lords of H.M.'s most honourable Privy Council and the Ladies of her Majesty's Bedchamber being present. This great and important news was immediately made known by the firing of the Park and Tower guns; and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a form of thanksgiving for the Queen's safe delivery of a Prince be prepared by his Grace the



THE PRINCESS ROYAL (LATE GERMAN EMPRESS FREDERICK)

Age 12 months

(From a miniature by W. C. Ross, A.R.A., miniature painter to Queen Victoria)

Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels in England and Wales and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday, the 14th of November, or the Sunday after the respective Ministers shall receive the same. Her Majesty and the infant Prince, God be praised, are both doing well."

Fervently, no doubt, was the prayer said in every church in England and Wales, from the most stately cathedral to the lowliest chapel of ease, and certainly both mother and child throve amazingly. Ceremonial visits of congratulation were made by all sorts and conditions of men, Peers and Peeresses, ecclesiastical dignitaries and statesmen, representative officers of the Navy and the Army. The city showed its loyalty by a visit in state at the earliest

possible moment, and on the 27th of November the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the City Remembrancer, had an audience of Prince Albert. To many of the admiring visitors the sturdy young Prince was shown, wrapped in blue velvet and ermine, and many a visitor's lips tasted the "caudle" which, in obedience to the fashion of the day, was offered to all who came. For the information of a generation which has given up "caudle," it may be explained that it was "a warm drink, made of wine or ale mixed with bread, sugar, and spices, and sometimes eggs, given to sick persons, to a woman in child-bed, and her visitors." It was a tradition of old times which Rogers celebrates in the lines :

"Still in Llewelyn Hall the
jests resound,
For now the caudle cup is
circling there;
Now glad at heart, the gos-
sips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop, the
cradle to admire."

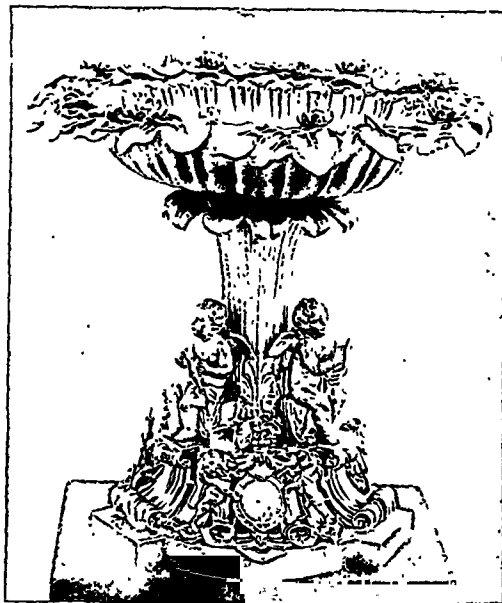
Old Dr. Brewer, more outspoken, describes "caudle" as any warm sloppy mess, but the variety of possible ingredients is such that it might be quite pleasant on a cold November morning.

Less than a fortnight passed, of complete happiness for the convalescent Queen, of joy and excitement for the people, and then came, on the 21st of November, the first anniversary of the birthday of the Princess Royal. The cup of Queen Victoria's happiness was full and she recorded her feelings in her Journal with "the extreme and tender simplicity" which, as Mrs. Oliphant said, gives to her words a remarkable attraction. "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy in such a smart merino dress, trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her. And as my precious invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God." That, and the fond wife and mother's prayer that her boy might resemble his father in "every, every respect, both in body and mind," are the most touching and beautiful little stories in connection with this period.

On the 7th of December, less than a month after

the Prince had been born, the Court removed to Windsor Castle, certainly a healthier resting-place than Buckingham Palace in winter for mother and child. Before this time began some slight trouble concerning the armorial bearings of the infant Prince. The Queen, always anxious to excess that no slight should be shown towards Prince Albert, insisted that since her son's father was Duke of Saxony, the arms of Saxony must be quartered with the Royal Arms, and so they appeared in the form of an escutcheon, viz., "barry of ten or and sable, a crown of rue, in bend vert, *Saxe-Coburg*." As Duke of Saxony, too, the prince was Gazetted at once, that

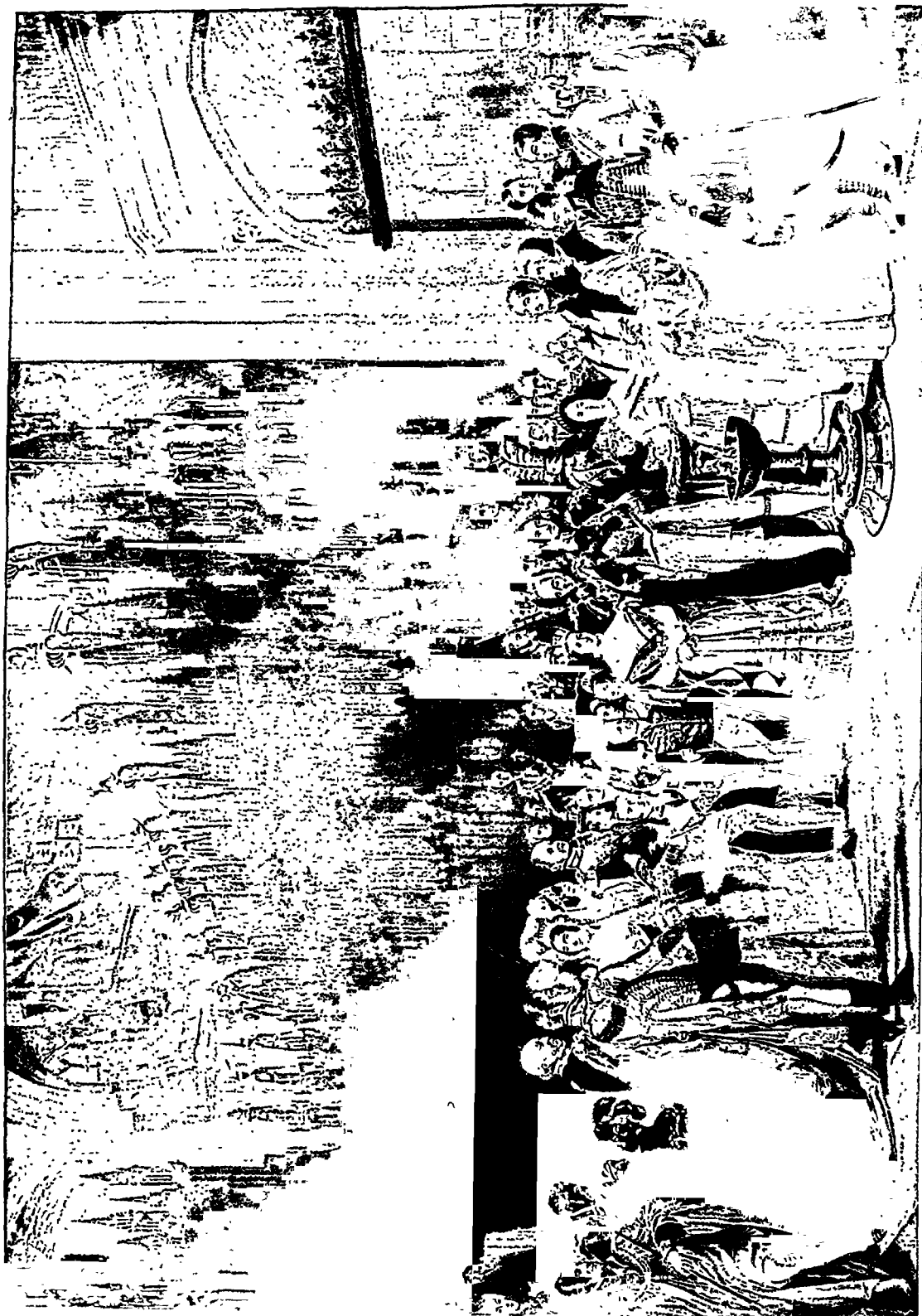
title taking precedence of those others, Duke of Cornwall and so forth, which he had acquired by birth without fresh creation. The English people, or some of them, were jealous of the German influence, and some impetuous comment upon the subject was heard at one of the famous parties given by Lady Holland. But the matter, founded in a jealousy which at this distance of time we can hardly appreciate, was entirely set at rest by a patent dated December 4, 1841, which made the little boy of less than a month old, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in the Peerage of the



THE FONT USED AT THE CHRISTENING OF THE KING

United Kingdom, and this title of Prince of Wales immediately took precedence over that of Duke of Saxony.

Christmas was spent happily at Windsor, with a "shining Christmas tree," then quite a novelty in England, and soon the thoughts of all were directed to the planning of the christening service in which Prince Albert, a devoted musician as Mendelssohn recorded, took a marked personal interest. The child's names—Albert, after his father, Edward, after his grandfather the Duke of Kent and a long roll of English Kings—were to be simple, and two only in number. The service was not to end with an anthem, lest all should go out criticising the music. "We will have something we all know; something in which we can join; something devotional, the Hallelujah Chorus; we shall all



THE CHRISTENING OF THE KING

(From the picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A., in the Royal Collection)

join in that with our hearts." To the five special prayers already offered at morning service for the Queen, her husband sternly declined to permit yet another to be added.

Postponed until the 25th January, 1842, to suit the convenience of the King of Prussia, who had accepted the position of Godfather in the face of all sorts of Continental intrigues, the christening ceremony was celebrated in St. George's. That chapel of the Order of the Garter, in which dim religious light is not a mere name, where the banners of the knights are in exquisite harmony with the mediæval tone of the architecture, has been the scene of many ceremonies, joyful and sorrowful, in the life of the King. In it in 1842 he was borne to the font, of which a picture is given, a helpless

infant; up its aisle he has walked many a time and oft on occasions of Royal marriages and Royal funerals; the saddest, and incalculably the most impressive of all, being that Saturday morning of February 1901 when, as the West Door opened, the people waiting within (of whom the writer was one) were startled to see a body of sailors from the Royal Navy straining at a sacred task which had been assigned to Artillery horses. Then, on that sad and majestic morning, he who had been the babe of 1842, moved up the aisle as chief mourner, not accompanied by his surviving son, who was ill, but by the German Emperor, the central figure in a gathering of unexampled grandeur, the memory of which will linger in the minds of all who witnessed it so long as they shall remain on earth. Then the proud and happy mother of 1842 who, side by side with her beloved husband, and surrounded by all who were nearest and dearest to her, had watched the formal reception

of her first-born son into the Church, had passed away from all power, and dominion, and joy and sorrow, and the little child of 1842 reigned in her stead.

To one who has played his part as spectator on these great occasions, such memories come in crowds whensoever he mentions St. George's Chapel. It recalls to him the odour of bridal bouquets and the overpowering scent of violets and lilies; it makes him remember wedding marches, happy and triumphant, and plaintive dirges bursting at length into strains of confident assurance. Above all it causes an unavailing desire to be able to reproduce in words the effect of that scene of joy and hope in 1842.

Of contemporary records the best and the most

terse is given in the words of the Queen herself. "It is impossible to describe how beautiful and imposing the whole scene was in the fine old Chapel, with the banners, the music, and the light shining on the altar." Again the simple and unaffected style of the Queen, aided by ever present memory of the glorious music of the Halle-fu-jah Chorus and of the overture

to Handel's *Esther*, given by special command of Prince Albert, conjures up, as by a touch from the wand of a magician, a vivid and touching picture. One almost regrets that Sir Theodore Martin has embalmed in his *Life of the Prince Consort* the turgid and jejune phrase of the contemporary pressman who wrote that the baby conducted himself "with true princely decorum," which means, if it means anything, that he did not cry. Suffice it for our purpose to say that the ceremony was performed, amidst every circumstance of splendour, by the Archbishops of Canterbury and



THE REVEREND WILLIAM HOWLEY, T.D.
Archbishop of Canterbury
who Christened the King

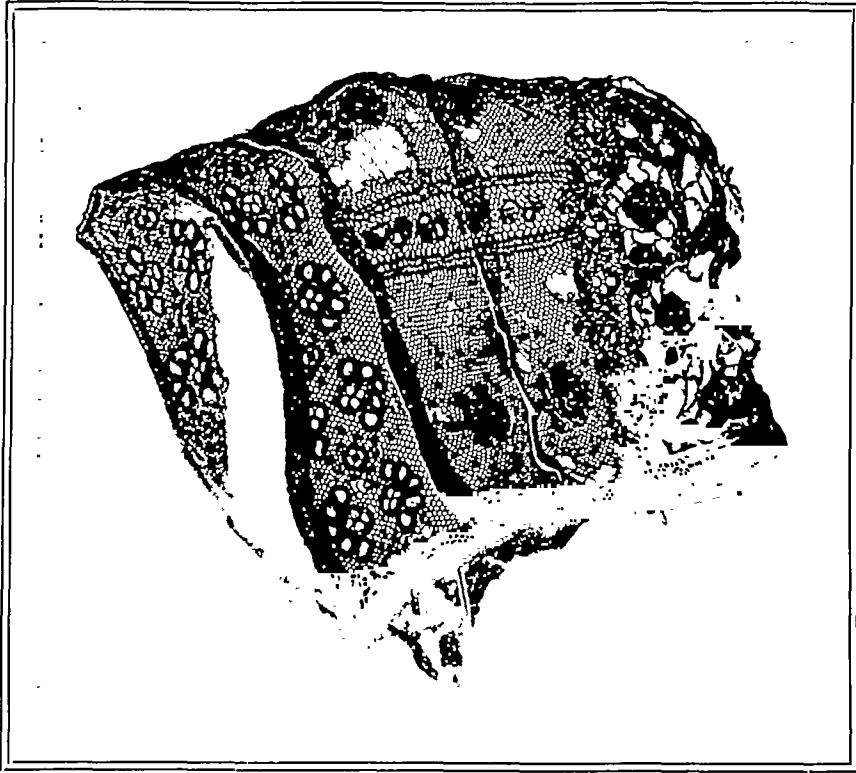


KING FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. OF PRUSSIA
Godfather to the King

York (Dr. Howlett and Dr. the Hon. W. E. Vernon Harcourt), that the officials of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, other dignitaries of the Church, officers of the State and of the Court and great ladies were present, and that the list of sponsors was imposing.

It included King Frederick William of Prussia who was, said the Queen when he came, "not taller than Albert and very fat," of "kindly and attractive manners," "entertaining, agreeable, and witty, tells a thing so pleasantly and is full of amusing anecdotes"—a portrait, this, of a homely and taking per-

scene in Windsor and in the chapel itself. Severe weather, which had made it necessary to warm the chapel with special stoves for many days in advance, had ended in snow overnight, and the great crowds stood ankle-deep in slush. Eton boys, always favoured by the Sovereign ever since Henry VI. founded Eton College on Wykeham's model, had a place of honour on the Round Tower, and as the procession of carriages swept down towards the chapel, the Duchess of Buccleuch held up the child for all to see. Inside the Chapel workmen had been employed for months. The carved work had been



THE KING'S CHRISTENING CAP

sonality. The other sponsors were the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, whom the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, represented, the Duke of Cambridge, the son of George III., and, like the present Duke, a Field-Marshal, and Ranger of St. James's, Hyde and Richmond Parks, the Duchess of Cambridge, daughter of H.S.H. Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, representing the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, Princess Augusta of Cambridge (afterwards Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), who represented the Princess Sophia, and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg.

The contemporary chronicler, however, gives us some facts which help towards a realisation of the

polished, there was a purple carpet, and a platform, level with the Communion Table, had been extended from it to the front stalls. On it were six ornate chairs, covered in purple silk with the star of the Garter upon it, for the whole was to be a Garter function, involving the sombre splendour of velvet mantles for the Bishop of Winchester as Prelate of the Order, and for the Dean of Windsor as Registrar, while to the Bishop of Oxford as Chancellor fell the lot of wearing that long and beautiful cloak of crimson which is far the most gorgeous vestment ever worn by an official of the Church of England. No less appropriate a person than the victor of Waterloo bore the Sword of State. The font, which



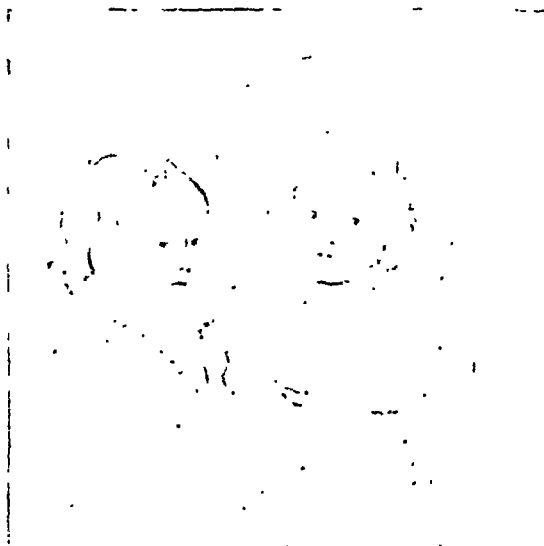
QUEEN VICTORIA

An early portrait of the King, with his mother and the late German Empress Frederick

(*Portrait painted by Sir L. Peacock, R.A.*)

was filled with water from the Jordan, presented by the Rev. Boyleau Elliot, of Tattingstone, Suffolk, was a wonderful edifice in many parts, resting upon a purple cushion. It consisted of the golden salver in which Charles II. was baptized, from the bowl of which rose a pedestal, and then cherubim holding the golden font in which the Princess Royal had been baptized.

Of the Christening Banquet it is stated that it cost the nation £200,000, a statement which it may be well



THE KING AND THE LATE GERMAN EMPRESS FREDERICK

Aged five and sixteen months respectively

(*From a portrait by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., painted by command*)

to take with a gram of salt, and that the display of plate was magnificent, which may readily be believed. That is a matter on which the writer may give some personal testimony, for he has once seen the Royal Plate (to which, however, some additions had been made since 1847) spread out for a State Banquet, and the effect of such an accumulation of golden splendour was simply stupendous. In the middle was the huge gold wine-cup, Flaxman's design, "more like a bath than any-

thing else, capable of holding thirty dozen of wine," filled with mulled claret, comforting on that raw morning, a fact which is said to have greatly surprised the Prussian King. Upon the Lord Steward, Lord Liverpool, fell the honour of proposing the toasts, "The Prince of Wales," "The King of Prussia," "The Queen," and "Prince Albert," in the order given: and then the guests adjourned to the Waterloo Chamber to discuss the colossal Christening Cake, which was no less than eight feet in circumference. Meanwhile, in the Town Hall of Windsor those who were

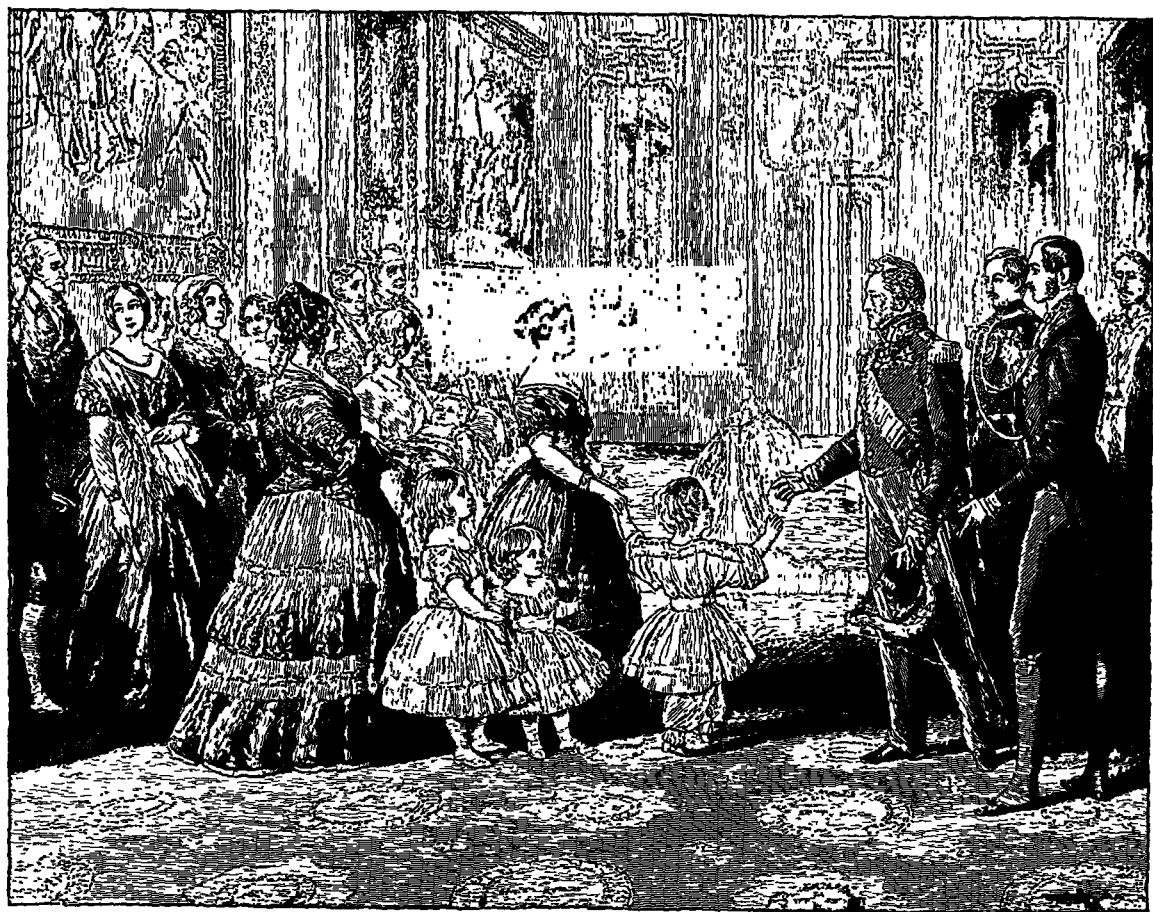


THE KING
At the Age of Three

(From the picture by Hensel)

not of the Court were feasted at a great dinner.

Such was the first public ceremony in which the Prince of Wales took an unconscious part. In the years to come the public saw very little of him or of the brothers and sisters, of whom some have passed away, others are widowed, and others are happily still living among us in full family blessedness, who came in quick succession. Some glimpses we catch of the childhood of the Prince in pictures and portraits which tell their own tale; in a sailor suit at six years old; in a little kilt with Prince Alfred, looking at game at Balmoral; in



QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING KING LOUIS PHILIPPE IN WINDSOR CASTLE, OCTOBER 8, 1844

The Child holding Queen Victoria's hand is King Edward

(From the picture by F. X. Winterhalter, in Windsor Castle)



"VICTORIA, ALBERT, AND ALICE"

(From a drawing by Queen Victoria)

costume for private theatricals in 1853; present at the reception of Louis Philippe, and so on. We know also that he accompanied his parents to Ireland, to France, and from time to time, to Osborne and to Scotland; that he was taken to Astley's, and to the opening of the Great Exhibition, that he received a visit from Tom Thumb, and the like.

If, however, all the records of little episodes of this kind are distributed over the years of the childhood and the boyhood of the King it still remains plain, even if the fact were



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE KING AS A BOY OF THREE

(From the picture by R. Thorburn, A.R.A.)

not to be discovered from other sources, that his boyhood was sombre and dull. We are encouraged to speak thus plainly, eschewing the method of the merely courtly biography, by the conduct of the King himself when, as Prince of Wales, he had to plan the education and training of his own sons. That he never resented the severity and the total absence of brightness in his own training, which was directed upon carefully considered principles by Prince Albert, is plain from his deep and real sorrow when his father was taken

away from him, and from his scrupulous exactitude and true feeling in later years in observing the anniversary of his father's death. But that he regretted the gloom of his youth, and that he thought it might have been brighter with advantage, is abundantly proved by the fact that he sent Prince Albert Victor and Prince George first to the *Britannia* for training as naval cadets and then as midshipmen on their memorable tour in H.M.S. *Bacchante*, under the care of him who is now Canon Dalton of Windsor.

Suffice it then to say that to the Prince of Wales of the early forties, as to his brothers and sisters, the Countess of Lyttelton performed the part of governess, and that they were

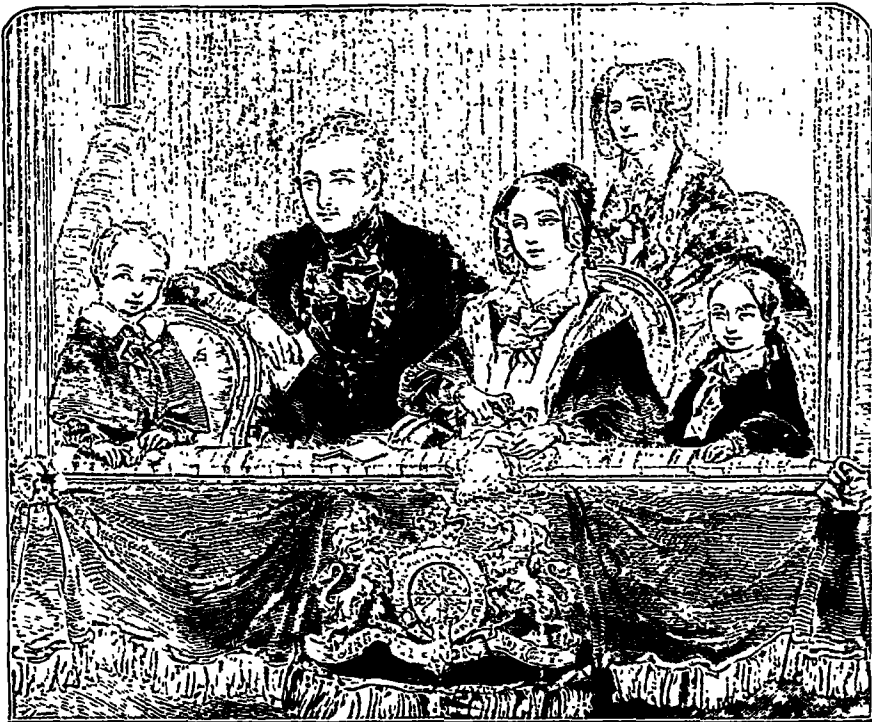


TOM THUMS

(From a print)

brought up to habits of strict discipline and obedience. From very early days special attention was paid to foreign languages, in which all the Royal Family have always been carefully trained, but the statement that German was the language of the Royal Nursery is quite fictitious. Particular attention too was paid to the acquisition of some knowledge in various handicrafts; and Mr. Birch, formerly a master at Eton, became the Royal tutor, and was succeeded by Mr. Gibbs. Both were gentlemen and scholars eminently qualified for their work, but a curiously suggestive story is told of one of them. His holi-

days were a fortnight in each year, and no more! When he went to his friends to enjoy them, he is



KING EDWARD VII., WITH HIS MOTHER, FATHER, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL
AT ASTLEY'S IN 1846



THE KING AT THE AGE OF FIVE

(Drawn by his father, Prince Albert, from a sketch by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.)

said to have been like a colt let out of a dark stable into green pasture, bubbling over with uncontrollable spirits, and he justified himself by remarking that he felt like a discharged prisoner. It follows that the young princes must have felt the same.

This is the plain unvarnished truth, and it goes a long way to explain Metternich's first impression of the Prince of Wales. It was that he was sad and abstracted. In like manner when, in after life, the Prince of Wales complained to Canon Dalton that his eldest son made but slow progress intellectually, the straightforward clergyman reminded him that his own early progress had not been rapid. What else was to be expected? A high-spirited child naturally fond of innocent pleasure, and of keen intelligence, was cooped up, overworked, deprived of the stimulus of rivalry with his equals in age, and but scantily provided with playfellows. That he learned

much which was beneficial in after life is beyond doubt; that his father's motives were entirely unexceptionable, and that the anxiety of father and



THE KING AND HIS BROTHER PRINCE ALFRED IN 1847

(From a drawing by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.)

mother was intense, are things absolutely certain; but for those who have been brought up in greater freedom and with more merriment, the retrospective view of these early days is depressing. The ray of sunshine comes in when we see the Prince of Wales digging in his little garden at Osborne, the home planned and built by his father to be a resting-place for himself and his queenly wife from affairs of state in the midst of their family. Yet even here all was severely practical, and we learn that the foreman gardener checked the work done by the young princes and forwarded a weekly time-sheet to Prince Albert. Take it for all in all, shadow preponderated over sunshine at the time of life when sunshine ought to prevail over all things.



THE KING AT THE AGE OF SIX

Wearing his Birthday Clothes

CHAPTER II

ENTRANCE TO MAN'S ESTATE



IN considering the methods and the principles which Prince Albert followed in shaping the training of his eldest son, principles which to some of us of the twentieth century seem to have been based on an excessively austere view of life, there are several points

to the point of worship, left the matter entirely in the hands of Prince Albert. Now it is reasonably apparent, upon a mental survey of the biographies and autobiographies of eminent men, that very few men indeed are possessed of the breadth of mind enabling them to criticise the methods of education which went to their own making. On rare occasions, as at Eton in 1861, when Provost Hawtrey, to use Mr. Lionel Cust's words, expressed his "feelings



QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1847

(From the picture by F. Winterhalter)

to be kept in mind, and the first of them is the patent fact that the Queen, who never saw any fault in the husband whom she loved and admired almost

of scorn and mortification, and also of resentment at the wounds inflicted upon the College by two of its *alumni*, Coleridge and Higgins," men come to

light who perceive the faults in their own upbringing, who see, perhaps, more defects than there were. But they are the exceptions which prove the rule, and the almost universal tendency of mankind is, to use a colloquial phrase, to think that "what was good enough for me is good enough for the boy;" and Prince Albert was not one of the exceptions. His own training had been severe in the extreme. He can hardly have failed to be conscious, in a modest way, of the fact that in his case that training had produced a man accomplished, virtuous, of extraordinary application, who had occupied with conspicuous success a position of which we, more than half a century later, can hardly realise the innumerable difficulties. A tutor had superintended his education at his own home; a similar method should be applied in the case of his son.

Nor is it easy to see what other system could have been chosen. The public schools were out of the question. Eton was in process of transformation under the guidance of Hawtrey, at the time when, in course of nature, the young Prince of Wales would have gone there. Her own sons were attacking her. Winchester had not attained under Dr.

Moberly that great position to which it rose under Dr. Ridding, now Bishop of Southwell. Arnold's reforms at Rugby were complete, but Rugby's status was then hardly such as to invite the presence of a Royal Prince. Also all public schools were at that time distinctly rough in their habits of life. Prince Albert, as we see later, disapproved of them (*vide* his remarks about Lord Vasselott), and he knew practically nothing about them, except that modern languages were utterly neglected in them. That, if it had stood alone, would have been fatal, for a Prince who is to be King must needs be proficient in the languages used by his Continental Brothers;

and it may be worthy of note in passing that in these days both the King and the Prince of Wales have often proved their capacity of speaking in public, in French and German, with idiomatic correctness, with fluency, and with abundant command of happy phrase. It is to be remembered to the credit of Prince Albert that, so far as Eton was concerned, he did his best to remedy this grave deficit by founding special prizes for French and German.

Another difficulty might have arisen. When the subject of the education of Prince Albert Victor and

Prince George was under discussion in later years, their illustrious father sought advice from selected and prominent headmasters upon the question whether the young Princes should be sent to a public school. Then the headmasters, after the manner of the guests in the familiar parable, began with one consent to make excuses, each praying that in any event his own particular school might not be chosen for honour; and the young Princes were sent to that plain and excellent school in H.M.S. *Britannia*. The objections of the headmasters were raised for obvious reasons, in the interests of their schools; reasons which may be regarded

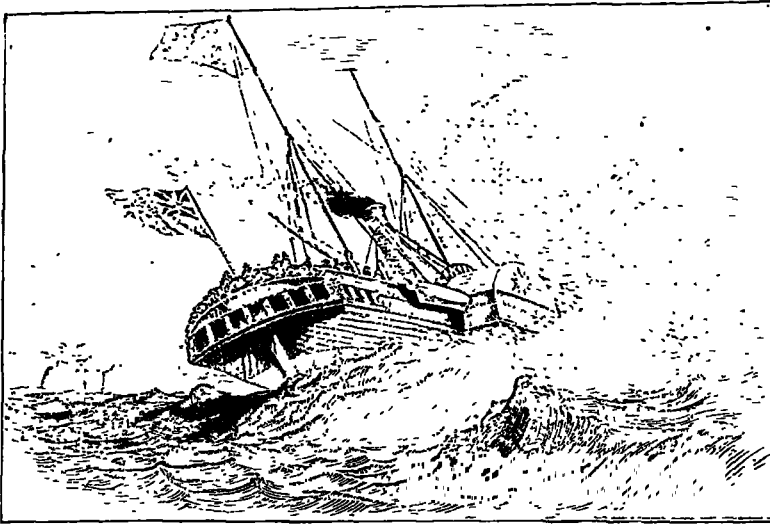


THE KING AND HIS BROTHER PRINCE ALFRED IN 1849

(After F. Winterhalter)

as inadequate now that, since then, Prince Arthur of Connaught has passed through Eton with credit to himself and with benefit, or certainly without detriment, to the school. But then Prince Arthur was, and is, a long way from being Heir Apparent, and it is a far cry from the Eton of 1852 or 1853, or even of the 'seventies, and that of the late 'nineties, which were Prince Arthur's Etonian years.

To tutorial education, then, we may take it there was no alternative; and it need be said only by way of respectful criticism that of relaxation (which Prince Albert could not be expected to understand as Englishmen understand it) there might very well



THE FIRST YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" OFF THE NEEDLES

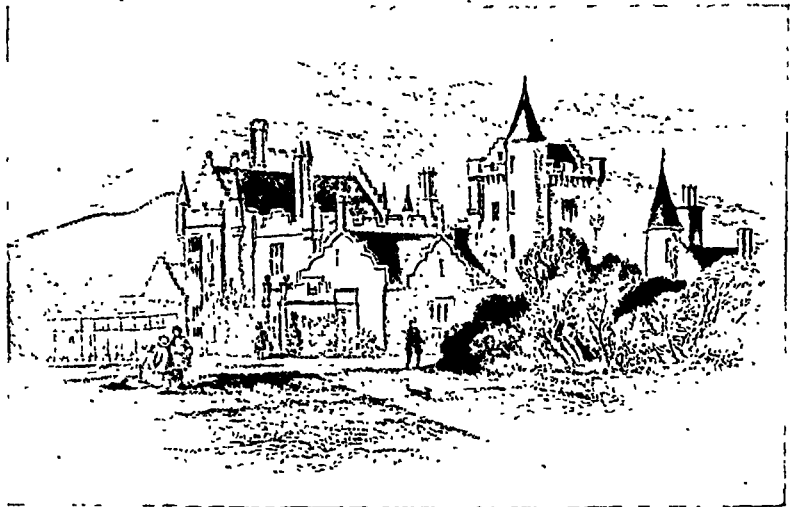
have been more. But of this, apart from public ceremonials which are probably as tiresome to Royal children as they are to those of humbler birth, there was, after all, a modicum. In 1846 the old *Victoria and Albert*, not the same vessel which has but recently been discarded in favour of the new royal yacht of the same name (which after many doubts and changes is now a complete success), conveyed mother and father and happy children to the Channel Islands and on a cruise round the southern coast. The second "*V. and A.*," as naval officers who have served in her call her affectionately, was reckoned in her day a marvel of speed at fourteen knots, and of comfort also. Of her it may be said that she was the late Queen's favourite ship during life, and it was in accordance with the fitness of things that when the Queen herself slipped her moorings and went, in Tennyson's beautiful words, "out to sea," the familiar vessel should have been chosen to convey all that was mortal of her from the island home in the Isle of Wight across to the mainland of England, on the way to her last earthly resting-place. A wonderful vessel in her day was the old "*V. and A.*," and she made a brave show to the very last, although, when the King last used her, her timbers can hardly have been sound enough to stand a heavy sea in the Channel.

Next year, in the same vessel, the Royal Family visited Milford, and there was joy in Pembroke-

shire, particularly in that part of it which is called Little England beyond Wales; and from the broad and landlocked waters of Milford Haven the cruise was extended to the Isle of Man, which has rarely received the honour of a visit from Royalty, and thence to Scotland. Balmoral, soon to be the Queen's Highland home, had not then been purchased; but amongst the successive hosts of the Royal Family were the Duke of Abercorn and the McCallum More, the late Duke of Argyll, who succeeded his father in that year. There, too, at Inveraray, the sturdy young Prince of eight

years old may have seen, as a two-year-old infant, the Marquess of Lorne, who in years to come was to be his brother-in-law; but it is to be feared that those who have attached significance to this meeting have not attended very carefully to the matter of dates and ages. Boys of eight do not, as a rule, deign to notice the merest of babies of their own sex.

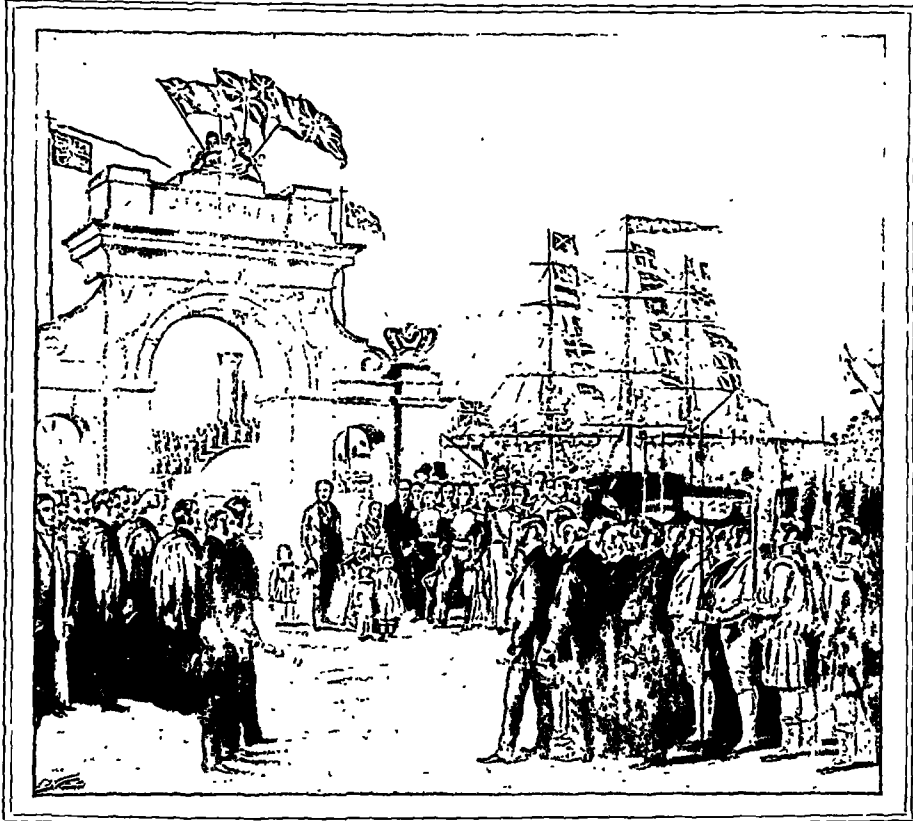
1849 was *annus mirabilis* in the domestic history of the Royal Family, for it witnessed the first autumnal migration to the Queen's Highland home of Balmoral, then recently acquired by purchase from the Earl of Fife. But before that event came there was an errand of mercy to be accomplished. Moved by stories, harrowing yet all too true, of the appalling distress in Ireland, the Queen and her family took ship in the *Victoria and Albert* for the Cove of Cork, and there and then, by creation of that



THE OLD CASTLE, BALMORAL

year, the Prince of Wales became Earl of Dublin. Already he was Earl of Chester, as had been the eldest son of every King of England since the days of Henry III., and Duke of Cornwall, a title borne by every Heir Apparent since 1337; in this greater antiquity of the English titles belonging to the Prince of Wales is for once no injustice to Ireland, but rather a pride, since both of them had their origin long before the conquest of Ireland. But it

jurisdiction within certain territorial limits. That jurisdiction is not likely to be pressed, since there would be something more than excitement if Sir Horatio Lloyd, K.C., who is the judge of that Court, were to try and to sentence a murderer. But for more recognition by the Heir Apparent the citizens of one of the most interesting cities in England, and the first which our American cousins go to see when they reach our shores, are pressing and will



THE LANDING OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT ABERDEEN IN 1848

King Edward is seen holding the hand of his father, Prince Albert

(From the picture by P. Cleland)

is somewhat interesting to note that the Earldom of Chester, which in old times carried with it an independent and wide jurisdiction, is considerably older than the Duchy of Cornwall, worth a good deal of money, which latter is more familiar to the public mind. Of this Earldom of Chester more is likely to be heard in the future, for the people of Chester are antiquarians to the core, rightly proud and jealous of their traditional privileges, and of the ancient jurisdiction of the "Portmote and Pentice Court," which, albeit now devoting its attention to minor offences and causes, has in strict law even a capital

continue to press; and, after all, it would be no bad thing that the Prince of Wales, being also Earl of Chester, should have a Welsh residence somewhere on the banks of the Dee and within easy access of the city from which he takes his most ancient English title.

It was of another Dee, however, that the Royal Family were thinking that year, for there is no denying that the rushing waters of the Scottish Dee are the making of the mountain-girt valley in which Balmoral stands. Originally purchased by Prince Albert, and by him bequeathed to his Royal widow,

Balmoral was destined to become far more important as a place of Royal retreat than Osborne, over the whole of the planning and building of which Prince Albert presided. Osborne is comparatively small and not more than moderately private. Balmoral, girt by the everlasting hills, the central point of a great deer forest, situate on a fine salmon river, still remote from railway connection, of matchless beauty in point of situation, was a delightful place for holiday making for young Princes who had the healthy outdoor instincts of English boys. Their lives were far from being spent in sheer play there of course. The father who barely approved the reading of Sir

it was. Some, indeed, there are who profess to trace the lineaments of the Stuarts in the faces of our present Royal Family; but the writer must confess that he sees in them generally many features which recall Prince Albert, and in the King's profile in particular, a striking resemblance to that of Queen Victoria; nor need any human being desire to resemble better or more noble types.

Be that as it may, the Queen and Prince Albert drank deep of the *genius loci*, and the atmosphere of the Highlands entered into their minds as well as into their lungs. The Prince of Wales, described by Lyell, the great geologist, who met him at the



Painted by

"ROYAL SPORTS"

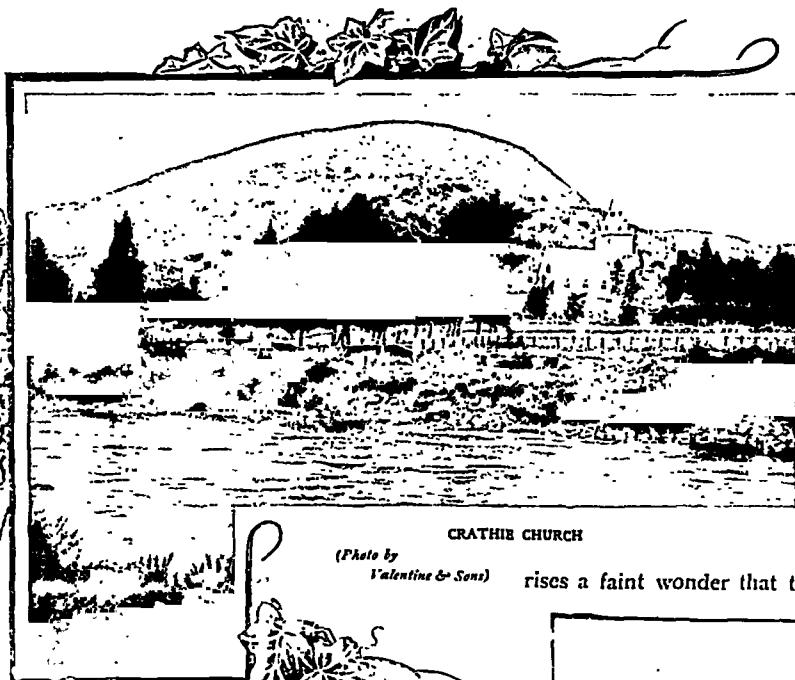
Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

(From the picture in the Royal Collection)

Walter Scott's novels by the son who had so high a destiny before him would see to that. But still, tutors and governors notwithstanding, there was the river with the noble fish in its waters; there, then as now, the cock-grouse could be seen preening his feathers and stretching his limbs on a tussock in the heather on a frosty morning in late autumn; and there were the red deer in plenty.

Boys brought up partly in this atmosphere were bound to be sportsmen. Moreover, they learned, they cannot have failed to realise in early years, that they were scions of a Scottish no less than of an English dynasty. The Queen, as the familiar story of her remark to Lord Macaulay shows, was proud of her connection with the Stuart family, remote as

time, as "a pleasant lively boy," was put into kilts. The Queen and Prince Albert encouraged and delighted in Highland ways and Highland music, although the latter can hardly have failed to be trying to Prince Albert, whose taste in music was as delicate as his education in it had been complete. Finally, the Prince of Wales had to learn thus early that, although he was a member of the Church of England when he was south of the Tweed, he was also a member of the Church of Scotland, which is very different, when he had crossed the Border. To the end of her days the Queen loved the simple worship in the primitive kirk at Crathie (which is on the left bank of the Dee on the hillside, whereas Balmoral stands on the right bank in the valley



CRATHIE CHURCH

(Photo by
Valentine & Sons)

rises a faint wonder that the opportunities offered

majestically down to the Custom House, where Prince Albert and his son and daughter disembarked, to be conveyed in all state to receive the hospitality of the Lord Mayor. Of toasts proposed and healths drunk it boots not now to speak, but each time one of these Royal progresses by water of old time is mentioned

below), at least as well as that in any of the stately cathedrals of the south, or as St. George's chapel itself.

But the Queen's sojourns at Balmoral in those days were not so long as they became when the sorrow of widowhood brought with it a yearning for solitude. The London season was then regularly honoured, and the late autumn also always found the family in London or its vicinity. It was in October of 1849 that the New Coal Exchange in the City of London was opened by Prince Albert, who was accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales. The moving spectacle is one which we cannot realise. The route, as was customary in those days, was by river. The Victoria Embankment, which to us seems almost a part of the order of nature, was not yet in existence. Both sides of the river were lined with moored vessels, steamers to the north and barges to the south, thronged with eager spectators. It is easy to imagine the loud acclaim of the spectators as the procession, the Royal Barge being accompanied by the City, Admiralty and Trinity House barges, moved



THE KING AT THE AGE OF SEVEN

(From the painting by G. F. Winterhalter)

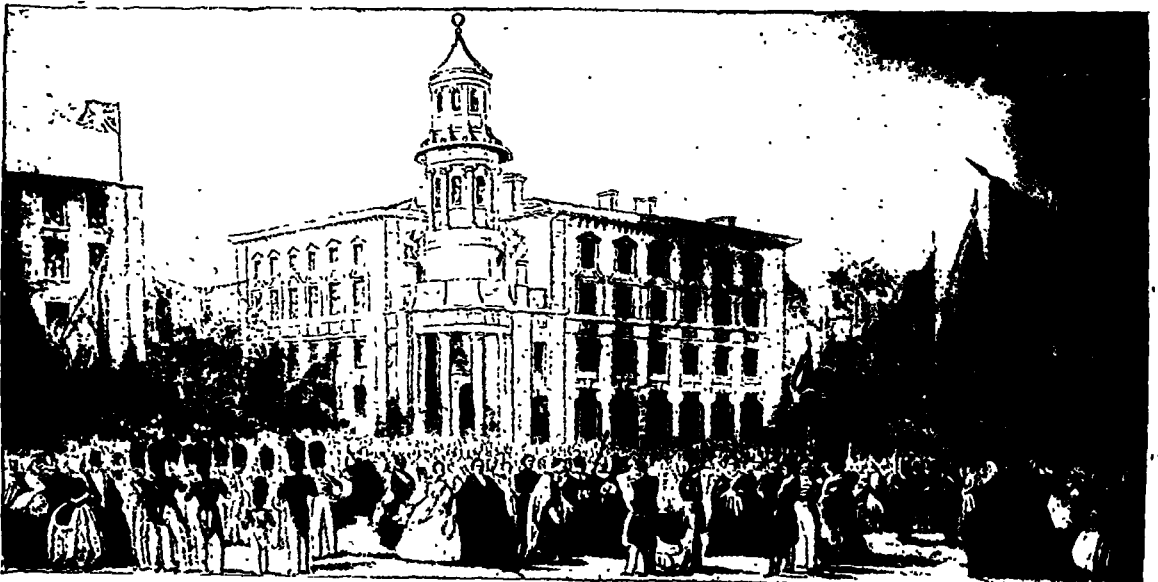


OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE IN 1849
 Arrival of the Royal Procession at the Custom-House Quay
(From an engraving)

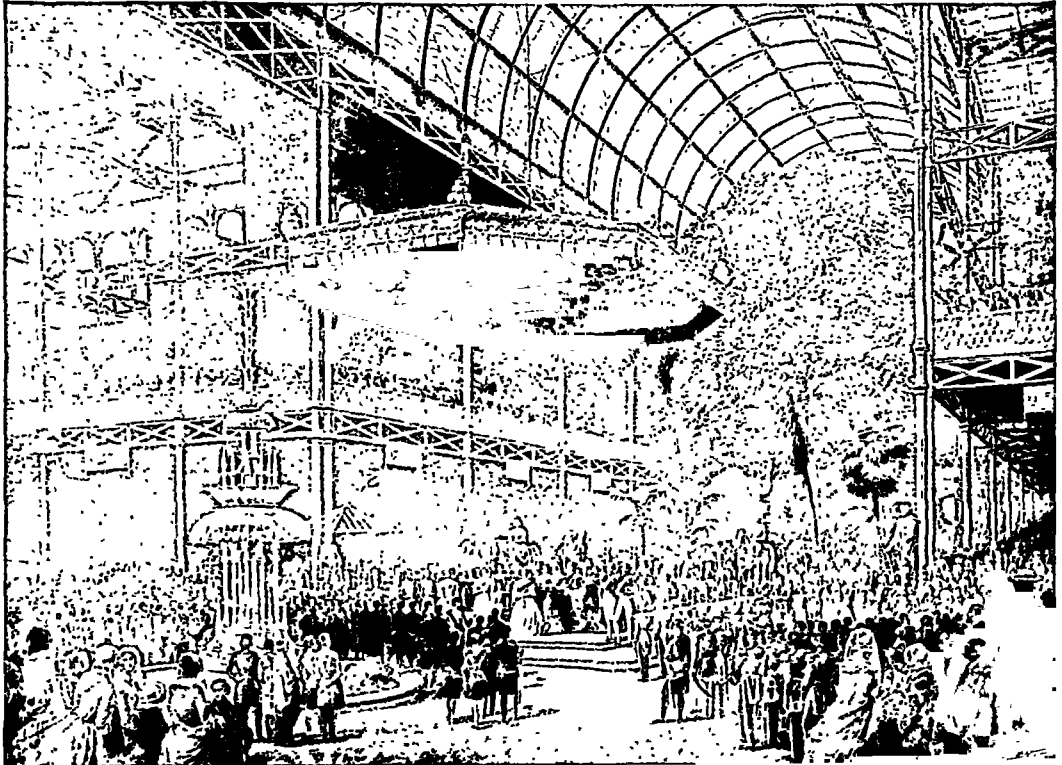
by the splendid waterway of the Thames, now far purer than it used to be, are so completely neglected in our time.

Probably the most memorable event of the boyhood of the King was the opening of the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, the darling and gloriously successful project of his father, in Hyde Park. As usual, the Queen's diaries contain the best description of it. "In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his

hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight, as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair (which I did *not* sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain in front of it, was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt—as so many did whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees,



THE KING'S FIRST PUBLIC FUNCTION. OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE IN 1849



From the picture by

THE STATE OPENING, BY QUEEN VICTORIA, OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION, HYDE PARK, IN 1851

LOUIS FUGERE



From the picture by

THE PROCESSION DOWN THE FOREIGN NAVE OF THE EXHIBITION

King Edward is seen walking to the right of Queen Victoria

Joseph Nash



SCENE FROM RACINE'S "TRAGEDY OF ATHALIE"

King Edward as "Abner"

(From a drawing by Queen Victoria in 1853)

(From the Collection Rischgitz)

His fortune was that of his brothers and sisters also.

Touching to all of us, and particularly to the King himself, are two little pictures from the hand of Queen Victoria herself, which serve not only to show that there were bright moments in the life of the Royal Family, but also that, even in very early childhood, the subject of these chapters was well versed in foreign languages. One displays him as Abner, in Racine's *Athalie*; in the other he is Max Piccolomini in that portion of Schiller's *Wallenstein* which is called Piccolomini. There is also a record, by the late Duchess of Teck, of the playing of *Box and Cox* in the Rubens-room at Windsor, in which the

statues, fountains, the organ (with 200 instruments and 600 voices which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband, the author of this 'Peace Festival' which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was, and is, a day to live for ever."

A few years passed away without domestic events of any consequence, save that the Prince of Wales grew in wisdom and stature, continued to be kept at his tasks, and had an attack of the measles, from which he soon recovered, in 1853.

Prince of Wales in a kilt played in spite of two nasty black eyes, the result of a fall on an iron



SCENE FROM SCHILLER'S "WALLENSTEIN"

King Edward as "Max"

(From a drawing by Queen Victoria in 1853)

(From the Collection Rischgitz)



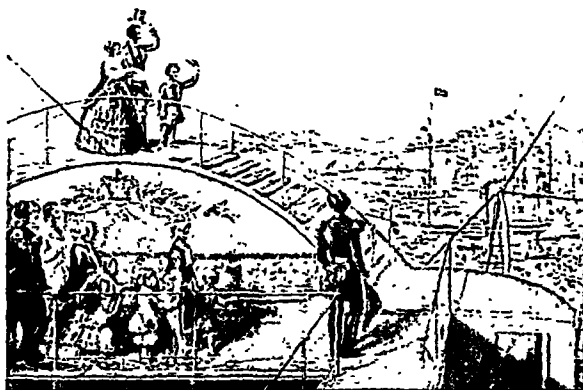
THE KING AT THE AGE OF 11

(After Winterhalter)

THE KING AT THE AGE OF 12

(From a print)

gate. Later in the year he visited Ireland again with the Queen, crossing from Holyhead, the purpose being an inspection of the Irish Industries Exhibition. Then, in 1855, came two important events, the first being the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to



THE FIRST VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT AND KING EDWARD TO IRELAND

The Arrival at Kingstown

England in the spring, and the next being the return visit of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, to the Imperial Court in the autumn.

This second occasion was unique in point of historical interest. Since the Coronation of



OPENING OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1853, BY QUEEN VICTORIA

From a drawing by

King Edward stands to the Queen's right

Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



From the picture by

AN EVENING AT BALMORAL—1854

Carl Haag, R.W.S.

Henry VI. in 1422 no British sovereign had made a ceremonial entry into Paris, although James II., in flight before William of Orange, had found there a resting-place and a refuge under the protection of Louis XIV. The very emblem, too, of the Prince of Wales, the badge of the three ostrich feathers and the motto *Ich Dien*, recalled to the historical memory of the French an episode which it cannot have been grateful to remember. But Englishmen and Frenchmen had been blood-brothers then for some time, since it was but a month before the fall of Sebastopol. With the Crimean War, however, with the questions which were raised



THE KING IN 1855

(From a drawing by R. J. Lane)

in it, with the policy of which it was the result, we have happily no present concern. It is of the past, and its consequences must be made the best of; that is enough. More important is it to note that on this visit the Prince won his father's admiration, no easy matter, by his behaviour.

"*Qui est si gentil*," wrote Prince Albert to the faithful Stockmar, of the Prince of Wales; and to the Duchess of Kent, "I am bound to praise the children greatly. They behaved themselves extremely well and pleased everybody. The task was no easy one for them, but they discharged it without embarrassment and with natural simplicity." It is

also plain that, at this time, the Prince of Wales conceived that personal affection for the Emperor which he retained until, broken and ruined at Sedan, the Emperor died in exile in England. Yet among the leaders of the victors at Sedan was that Crown Prince of Prussia, who, at the time which our narrative has reached, was simply Prince Frederick. And that Prince Frederick, the "Fritz" of the Queen's diaries, was a few years later to marry the Princess Royal of England and to be the father of the German Emperor of to-day.

Wars came thick and fast in those days, but the rumours of wars, the news of battles fought and men

killed, came far more slowly than in our time, in which circumstance may be found, perhaps, some explanation of the fact that the men and women of the middle of last century conducted themselves at trying times with more appearance of dignity and self-control than we can compass. They did not live, as we do, in complete communication by cable with all the civilised world and with a great deal of that which is not civilised.

Hardly was the Crimean War over before the mutterings in India, the warning voices to which none listened, began. In England men went on marrying and giving in marriage, so to speak,



THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON 1855

(From an engraving)

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE 1855

(After Winkelmann)

QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT AND KING EDWARD VISITING THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. IN THE INVALIDES, PARIS, 1855

(From the picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., now in Buckingham Palace)



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT, WITH KING EDWARD AND THE DUKE OF COBURG, VISITING THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF THE CRIMEAN ARMY AT BROMPTON HOSPITAL, CHATHAM, 1855

(From the drawing by J. Tenniel)

without so much as knowing what was going on and had actually happened. Thus, on the 29th of June, 1857, the Queen, her four elder children, and one honoured guest, who shall for the moment be nameless, went down to Manchester to open an Art Treasures Exhibition. This was worthy, no doubt, in its day of the great manufacturing city

which has always been celebrated for its encouragement of Art and of Music. As they travelled down and while they were engaged on that peaceful task, they were in blissful ignorance that more than six weeks before, on May 10 in fact, the awful tragedy of the Indian Mutiny had begun. To quote from Sir George Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," as vivid a book



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY RECEIVING A COMPANY OF GUARDS (HEROES OF THE CRIMEA) AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FEBRUARY 20, 1855

King Edward being to the right hand of her Majesty

(From the picture by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

as ever came from the pen of mortal man, is to show that even in India the news travelled slowly. "Before the month of May was half over, the English residents at Cawnpore were beginning to be made uneasy by the disagreeable character of the intelligence from Agra. Something had happened at Meerut, and it was feared that something had happened at Delhi." Something had indeed happened. It was known in the bazaar that "the Third Light Cavalry had turned upon their officers; that murder and arson had been the order of the day; that the vast native garrison of Delhi had risen to a man, and had butchered every Englishman on whom they could lay their hands." Yes, in very truth, something had happened. May had passed away, hundreds of tender women and gallant men had caught the last home-mail in May and had written their last letters home on earth. The

relentless siege of Cawnpore had ended in that act of unutterable treachery which will keep the memory of the Nana blood-red so long as English history shall be written. Three days before the 29th of June had that hideous scene of bloody betrayal been enacted. And on that 29th of June, in sheer and happy ignorance of these terrible facts, Queen Victoria went in the brightest of moods, with her children around her, to open an Exhibition specially devoted to the arts of peace. The contrast between the stress in India and the calm in England then, astounding as it is, is not more striking than that between the England of 1857, unconscious of its loss, and the state of things which would exist in the England of 1902 three days after so dire an event.

Our duty, however, is to deal with things as they were in England on this bright day of June 1857.



THE KING IN 1830

(From a drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.)



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT, ACCOMPANIED BY KING EDWARD AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL, VISITING THE ARCTIC SHIP "RESOLUTE," DECEMBER 16, 1856

(From the picture by W. Simpson)



THE ART TREASURES EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER, 1857

when, unconscious of the storm that had already broken out in the East, the Queen was at Manchester, a joyful mother of her children and of her people. All things seemed bright, and the presence of the honoured guest who has been mentioned, but not named, seemed to complete the happiness of the occasion. He was none other than the Prince Frederick William of Prussia, then in the prime of his youth and strength, and as noble a figure as the eye of man or woman could desire to look upon. To the delight of his parents, afterwards the first German Emperor and Empress of modern times, and to the equal joy of the Queen and the Prince Consort, he was engaged to the Princess Royal of England.

Never did alliance promise better, and seldom, perhaps, have the high hopes of anxious parents been more abundantly fulfilled than in this case. The young prince was "a veray parfit gentil knight" of the kind, as the sequel unhappily proved, whom the gods love; for he died young and all too soon. Princess Victoria, the "Vicky" of the journals and the "little lady" of the letters, was to her father and mother as the apple of their eye, quick-witted, charming, perfectly

educated, and young. So much for the domestic and personal side of the matter, but there was the personal and political aspect of it also to be considered.

Certainly no man knew, probably no man dreamed, in that summer of 1857, that the day would come when the Crown Prince of Prussia, after taking a warrior's part in the awful conflict of the Franco-German War, would in due course become German Emperor, and so remain until he was called

upon to relinquish the reins of earthly power in favour of that Imperial son who is at this moment far and away the most commanding influence in shaping the destinies of Continental Europe. Yet that was to be the future of the Crown Prince, and it follows that no sensible man can doubt that the marriage between him and the daughter of the Queen of England, a union founded upon personal affection no less than upon political expediency, has been of distinct and practical value to the British people. There are those who, in sheer obedience to instinctive prejudice, are prone to belittle the influence of Royal personages. But they are men who, speaking with-



PRESENTATION OF THE CORPORATION ADDRESS TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION

King Edward is seen standing with his brother Prince Alfred to the left of the picture

out knowledge and without thought, have not paused to reflect that wise alliances on the part of our Royal Family must necessarily have one distinct and invaluable influence. They tend, they cannot help tending, to promote the priceless boon of peace. One hears much in these days of German Anglophobia, which is really rather an inaccurate way of saying that many Germans of the baser sort, being misinformed as to facts, hate rather than fear the portrait of the English character shown to them in their newspapers; and we hear something of English resentment over the expression of that hatred. Newspaper writers boil over in verbose fury; there is talk from time to time of friction and of crisis, terms dear to the journalistic heart. But the thoughtful man never fails to keep in memory the solid fact that the German Emperor of to-day was Queen Victoria's grandson and is the King's nephew, and that at times of suffering and sorrow he has always been among the English mem-

bers of his family. It is not said that war between the British and the German Empires, the prospect of which is surely sufficiently awful in contemplation to give both sides pause, is a thing inconceivable or impossible; but it is said that, largely by reason of the close relationship between the Imperial House of Germany and our own Royal House, any such war is simply impossible save upon an issue of vast importance, and that, should such an issue arise, the sword would not be drawn on either side until the resources of peaceful negotiation had been tried more persistently than would be natural in other cases.

The King and the German Emperor have been companions in joy and in sorrow. When one followed a mother and a sister to the grave, the other was following a grandmother and a mother. They have ridden together; they have shot in company at home and abroad; they are familiar friends who respect as well as like each other. There need be no



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF ENGLAND

Married to H.R.H. Prince Frederick William of Prussia, January 25, 1858

(From the painting by F. Winterhalter)



H.R.H. PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

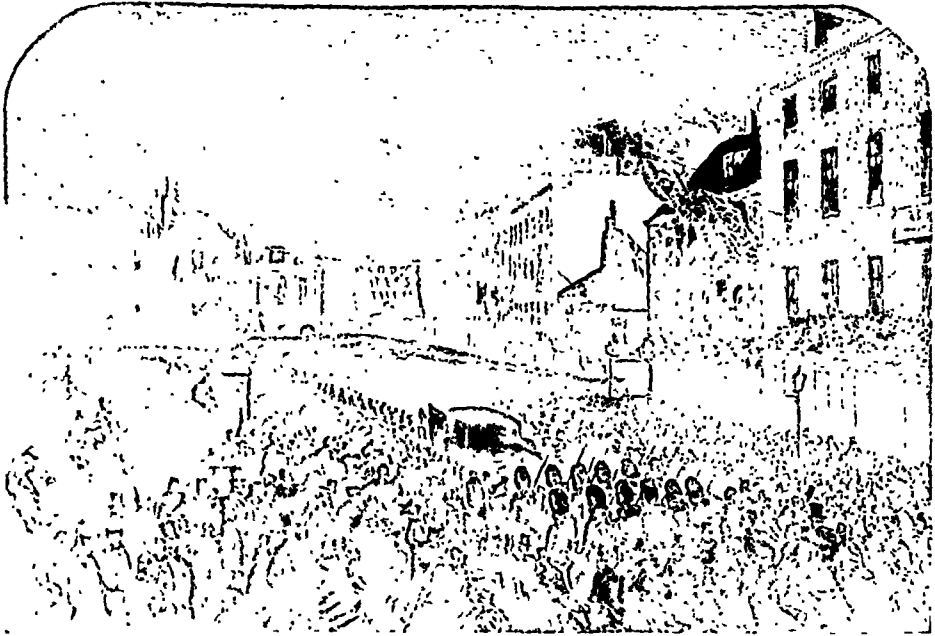
Married, January 25, 1858, to H.R.H. the Princess Victoria of England



MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND WITH H.R.H. PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

January 25, 1858

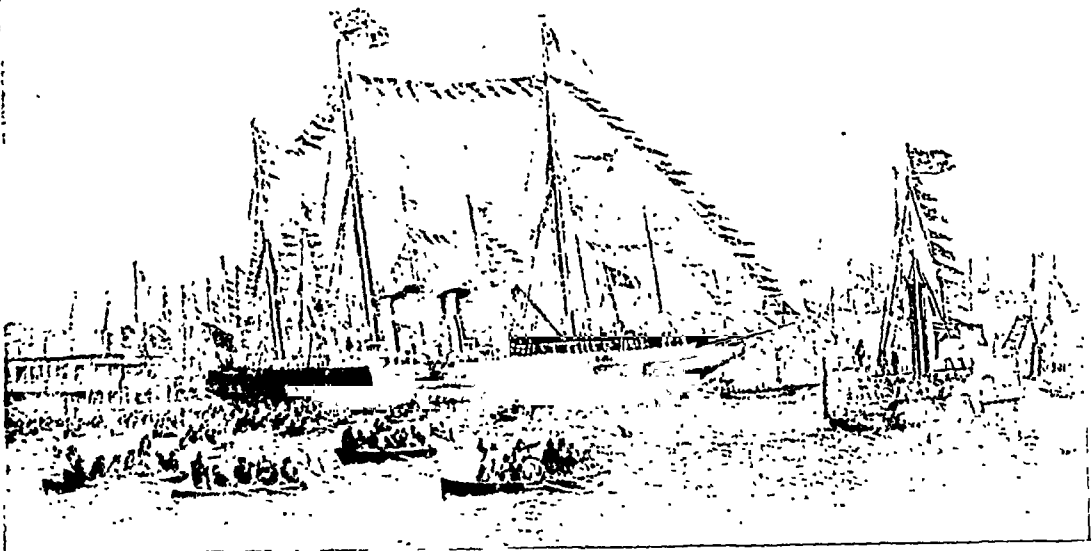
(From the pictures by John Phillips, R.A.)



THE ETON BOYS DRAWING THE CARRIAGE OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA
FROM THE STATION TO WINDSOR CASTLE

hesitation in saying that statesmen and diplomats, while they are bickering with one another upon trivial questions, are perfectly conscious all the while of that relationship between the monarchs of the two countries which forbids the raising of a serious quarrel over any issue which is not absolutely

vital. Perhaps some apology is needed for the intrusion of this political reflection. It is to be found in an abiding conviction that the personal influence of Sovereigns in promoting the inestimable blessing of peace is not sufficiently valued, especially by Englishmen.



THE DEPARTURE OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA FROM GRAVESEND IN THE ROYAL YACHT
"VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

The engagement had been entered into at Balmoral in the autumn of 1855, and was thus noted by the Queen (29th September 1855).

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us on the 20th of his wishes, but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt that it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of good luck), which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and good wishes which led to this happy conclusion."

In quoting this passage, Mrs. Oliphant (*Queen Victoria*) could not be, and in fact is not wrong, and it is amusing to see how, after the manner of her sex, she was particularly interested in the exact method of the proposal. But, oddly enough, in relating the story of the marriage ceremony, in which also she might be expected to take a feminine interest, Mrs. Oliphant made every possible mistake, including some that would have seemed impossible if she had not fallen into them. For example, the Princess Royal was very young, fifteen only, when she was engaged to be married, but Mrs. Oliphant

places the marriage ceremony "in the beautiful Chapel of St. George at Windsor, the Chapel of the Garter, and, next to Westminster, the most royal and stateliest of all English sacred places," and in 1856. But the cold-blooded and masculine chronicler is compelled to observe that, as a matter of hard fact, the marriage was not solemnised until 1858, and that the scene was not St. George's at all, but the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace. There is the less excuse for the errors in that Queen Victoria herself, who delighted in these family ceremonials, wrote quite a full account of the wedding.

Some facts from this description may well be selected. "The sun was shining brightly; thousands

had been out since very early, shouting, bells ringing, &c. Albert and uncle, in Field-Marshal's uniform with their bâtons, and the two eldest boys went first. Then the three girls in white satin trimmed with Newport lace, Alice with a wreath, and the two others with only bouquets in their hair of cornflowers and marguerites; next the four boys in Highland dress." (Here a note from the Queen's own hand informs us that cornflowers were the favourite flower of Queen Louise of Prussia, and have been so to all her children and descendants.) Then we have a picture of the procession which was "formed just as at my marriage, only how small the

old Royal Family has become! Mama last before me—then Lord Palmerston with the sword of State—then Bertie and Alfred, I with the two little boys on either side (which they say had the most touching effect) and the three girls behind."

More than this, there is reference to the foreign princes and princesses, to the bridesmaids with bouquets of pink roses and white heather—a reminiscence this of the day of betrothal on the Scottish hillside—to the drums and trumpets and the organ, to the "innocent, confident and serious expression" of the bride, to the clear enunciation of the bridegroom and the nervousness of the Archbishop. The whole scene, the crowd of illustrious personages, the



THE KING AS COLONEL IN THE ARMY, 1858

(From the picture by Winterhalter)

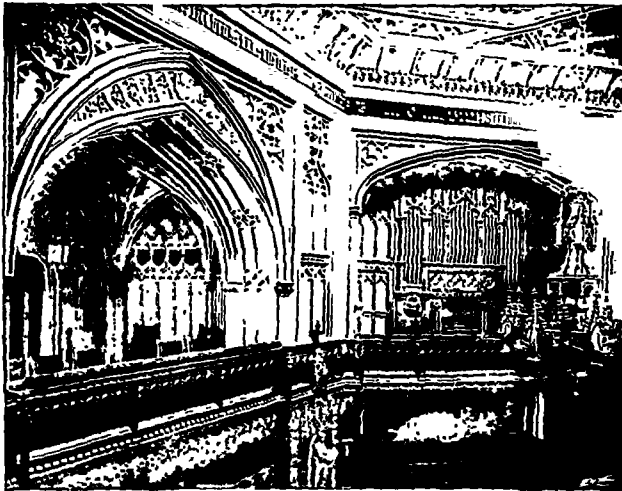
narrow limits of the chapel—it is "too small"—rises before the mind, conjured up by a masterly pen which understood the artistic value of simplicity. In this very chapel, on that very spot, the Queen herself had joined hands with Prince Albert; it was but natural that she should notice every detail with minute particularity; and in this same chapel several other members of the Royal Family have been married since.

How the young couple went to Buckingham Palace and showed themselves to the crowds from the window above the archway, and then went to Windsor, where the Eton boys dragged their carriage from station to castle; how two days later Prince Frederick was invested with the Garter; and how on

Tuesday, February 2, farewell was said, has been related at length in the *Life of the Prince Consort*. Our concern is rather with the Prince, who was left behind to continue his studies, and to take those occasional walking tours *incognito* which were regarded as a part of his education.

For him 1858 was an important year, for in the course of it he made his entry into Christian manhood as a member of the Church of England by being confirmed, and into the profession of Arms by being gazetted a Colonel in the Army. The former event was, if anything, somewhat later than is usual, for having been born on the 9th of November, 1841, the Prince was over sixteen years of age on the

thinking him to be eighteen, when in fact he was only seventeen. Oddly enough, an analogous and almost identical mistake was made by Prince Albert's grandson, the German Emperor, and by a



THE
ROYAL PEW
(Photo by
H. N. King)



Photo by

THE PRIVATE CHAPEL, WINDSOR

Russell & Son



DR. SUMNER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
Who confirmed the King

(From an engraving by D. J. Pound)

1st of April, 1858, when he was confirmed in the private chapel at Windsor. But the latter was long before its time, and it is quite clear from the published correspondence that the Prince Consort, in calculating his son's age, made a downright mistake,



GERALD WELLESLEY
Afterwards Dean of Windsor
(From photo by H. N. King)

number of other persons of less exalted rank, in connection with the opening of the New Century.

old. The Prince Consort thought otherwise, and believed his son to be eighteen when he was seventeen,



LORD JOHN RUSSELL



LORD PALMERSTON



LORD DERBY

The German Emperor was humorously autocratic in the matter. As the captain of a King's ship ordains occasionally, for reasons of domestic convenience, that Sunday shall be Monday, so, with *sic volo, sic jubeo*, he commanded that the last year of the nineteenth century should be treated as the first year of the twentieth. The others argued; and that was fatal to them. But many persons, for some occult reason, are incapable of perceiving the arithmetical fallacy of the argument, so it may be well to convince them by ocular demonstration. Let them write



THE WHITE LODGE

(Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond)

and, if he could not dictate to the Calendar or to the Gods of Arithmetic, he could at least cause his son to be made a Colonel before he had attained his Royal majority at law.

It is hardly necessary to say that, in a deeply religious family, the Confirmation was taken very seriously. The Queen wrote to her son a long and earnest letter, by which, it is said, he was so much affected that he burst into tears on showing it to Gerald Wellesley, and one can well believe that this was so. There can be few men living, careless as



MAJOR LINDSAY
(Afterwards Lord Wantage)

(From a photo)

down in parallel columns the years from 1841 to 1858, and the age of the King in years. They will find that until November 9, 1842, he was 0 years but various months old, and that on November 9, 1858, he was seventeen years

they may have become in after life, who, having passed through that solemn period of preparation by father and mother and spiritual adviser, have forgotten how serious was the surrounding atmosphere, how imposing in



LORD VALLETORT
(Afterwards Lord Mount-Edgcumbe)

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

externals and impressive at heart was the ceremony itself in this case. It was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, present also being the Bishop of Oxford (as Lord High Almoner), the Bishop of Chester (Clerk of the Closet), the Dean of Windsor (the Rev. the Hon. Gerald Wellesley—Resident Chaplain to the Queen), the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell (Chaplain to the Prince Consort), and the Rev. J. H. Ellison (Vicar of Windsor), who sat within the Communion Rails of the Private Chapel at Windsor during the ceremony. Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell, of whom the two last named were then at issue over the

main object of his life at White Lodge, there were chosen military associates for the young Prince. The Prince Consort's words to the faithful Stockmar in this connection are interesting and in some respects amusing. Lord Valletort, afterwards Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, is chosen because "he has been much on the Continent, is a thoroughly good, moral and accomplished man, draws well and plays, *and never was at a public school, but passed his youth in attendance on his invalid father.*" (The italics are not those of the Prince Consort.) Major Teesdale, V.C., had distinguished himself greatly in the Artillery at Kars; Major Lindsay, afterwards Lord



THE ROYAL FAMILY ABOUT 1897

(From a photo by Lombardi & Co.)

India Bill, were also present; and the Prince Consort notes that the examination by Gerald Wellesley of the Prince's religious views and knowledge had consumed a full hour. Nay more, it had been conducted before the Archbishop, the Queen, and the Prince Consort, a remarkably trying ordeal, in which the last named, no lenient judge, pronounced that "Bertie had acquitted himself extremely well."

Now began the regular education in practical life. After a brief run to the South of Ireland for relaxation, the Prince was installed at White Lodge. Mr. Gibbs was about to retire; the Rev. Mr. Tarver, afterwards Canon of Chester, was appointed in his stead; and, since military education was to be the

Wantage, received special commendation. He won his V.C. "for Alma and Inkerman, where he carried the colours of the Regiment, and by his courage drew upon himself the attention of the whole Army. He is studious in his habits, lives little with other young officers, is fond of study, familiar with French, and especially so with Italian," and so on. In later years this same Major Lindsay, as Lord Wantage, did yeoman's service to his country in many ways, in connection with Army Reform, with the Red Cross Society, with the National Rifle Association, and, not least perhaps, as a model country gentleman on his extensive estates in Berkshire. Perhaps, in this exceptional case, the writer may be permitted to say that he knew Lord

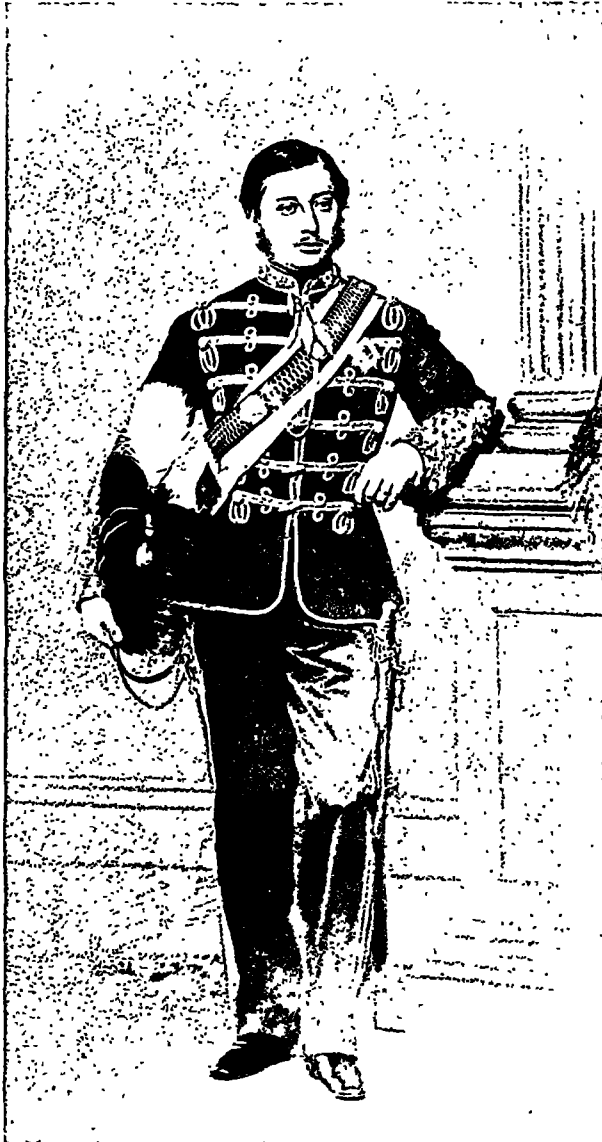
Wantage in later years, and that in that perfect gentleman—the phrase is not used in any conventional sense—were combined in a degree rare among men, dignity, purity of mind and motive, steadfastness of purpose, and intellectual culture.

To these military studies there is no doubt that the Prince of Wales of 1858 devoted himself ardently, and in later years he was particularly interested in the 10th Hussars, with whom he went to Salisbury Plain in 1871. He also has been present more than once as a keen and critical spectator of military manoeuvres on the Continent. The following is the cut and dried list of the military ranks held by his Majesty at home, to say nothing of foreign countries, up to the time when he ceased to be Prince of Wales: Appointed Colonel in the Army 1858; a General 1862; Field-marshal 1875; Colonel-in-chief 1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards (Blues) and Gordon Highlanders, Colonel 10th Hussars, Captain General and Colonel Honourable Artillery Company of London, Honorary Colonel Norfolk Artillery, E. Division, R.A., 3rd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, 4th Battalion Princess of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment), 4th V.B. Suffolk Regiment (C.U. Volunteers), 1st V.B.

Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 6th V.B. King's Royal Rifle Corps, 2nd V.B. Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's), Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, 2nd Regiment of Goorkha Infantry, 6th Bengal Cavalry, Ceylon Light Infantry Volunteers, 1st Regiment of Montreal Volunteers, Prince of Wales' Regiment of Fusiliers of Montreal.

If there be one regiment which the King prefers

to all others it is the 10th Hussars, into which he sent his eldest son; and here a personal reminiscence may be permitted. For reasons into which it is not necessary to enter, the writer was present a few years ago when the King, as Prince of Wales, examined a block of the Rowton Houses with the object of seeing whether they contained ideas for that reform of barrack accommodation which he, with Lord Roberts (then commanding in Ireland), was keenly desirous to promote. On the threshold of the house he stopped, and, addressing the superintendent, said, "One moment. You and I have met before somewhere. I remember. You were in the 10th, and were with me on Salisbury Plain in 1871." Such was the exact case, and the 10th have as much cause as that happy superintendent, who received a portrait later, to congratulate themselves on the King's attachment to them and upon his faithful memory.



THE KING AS COLONEL OF THE 10th HUSSARS

(From a photo by Vernon Heath in 1863)

CHAPTER III

UNIVERSITY CAREER



THIS chapter is concerned mainly with the completion, by a University education, of the training of him who was the Prince of Wales for the latter half of the nineteenth century. The years which it covers were not spent entirely at the three Universities of Edinburgh, Oxford and Cambridge, which have the right to claim him among their *alumni*; for University vacations are long, and one of them left time for a summer visit



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

(Photo by Mayall)

to the Curragh, and there the Prince, already deeply read in military studies, devoted himself to those soldierly exercises which were the necessary complement to his book-learning. Moreover, the last of those years was broken into by the first great sorrow of his life, the death of his father. Still, the main business of those years was life at the Universities, and for that reason the session at Edinburgh, the days at Oxford, and those at Cambridge are all treated together.

Before the University career began, however, there was a duty to be performed, and a pleasant tour was in prospect. The duty was the presentation of colours to the rooth Regiment of Foot (the Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment) at Shorncliffe, and the young Colonel's first public speech is the more worthy to be placed on record, having regard to the position which since those days the Dominion of Canada has taken in the British Empire.

"LORD MELVILLE, Colonel de Rottenberg, and officers and men of the rooth Regiment: it is most gratifying to me that, by the Queen's gracious permission, my first public act since I have had the honour of holding a commission in the British Army, should be the presentation of colours to a regiment which is the spontaneous offer of the loyal and spirited people of Canada, and with which, at their desire, my name has been specially associated. The ceremony on which we are now engaged possesses a peculiar significance and solemnity, because in confiding to you for the first time this emblem of



BARON STOCKMAR

(From the painting by F. Winterhalter)

military fidelity and valour, I not only recognise emphatically your enrolment into our national force, but celebrate an act which proclaims and strengthens the unity of the various parts of this vast Empire under the sway of our own Sovereign. . . . Although, owing to my youth and inexperience, I can but very imperfectly give expression to the sentiments which this occasion is calculated to awaken with reference to yourselves and the great and flourishing province of Canada, you may rest assured that I shall ever watch the progress and achievements of your gallant corps with deep interest, and that I heartily wish you all honour and success in the prosecution of the noble career on which you have entered."



H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

(From a photo by H. N. King)

Of the tour, the first of many grand tours projected for the Prince of Wales on the principle of Bacon that "Travaile, in the Younger Sort, is a Part of Education," the object was in part instruction, but we may take it that relaxation, which the Prince had certainly earned as honestly as any young gentleman of his age and time, was the principal object. It began with a visit

to Berlin to greet once again the sister of his youth, from whom he had never been so long parted before.

It was intended to be prolonged during a considerable period of extensive Continental travel. For this purpose the Prince, who could no longer hope to travel really *incognito*, as he frequently succeeded in doing on his walking tours in the United Kingdom, used his Scottish title of Baron Renfrew, and he was accompanied by Mr. Tarver as "Tutour or grave Servant," and by Colonel Bruce as governor. Unfortunately, by reason of troubles in which France and Italy and Austria were involved, the tour came to an abrupt end; for, as the Prince Consort wrote to Baron Stockmar, it was clearly impossible that the Heir Apparent to the British throne should

be at large on the face of a disturbed continent. So the Prince had got no farther than Rome when he was recalled to Gibraltar, but there is no doubt that the Roman part of his tour remains indelibly in his memory to this day.

It was not, indeed, a fortunate time at which to visit Rome, for Pius IX. was on the verge of losing

his temporal power. As a matter of fact, before 1859 was ended, the Papacy had lost almost all its temporal estates. Ancona had been taken, and the Legation Marches and Umbria were incorporated with the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and nothing but a French garrison maintained the Pope himself in Rome. Moreover, this same Pius IX. was the occupant of Peter's Chair who restored, so far as he could, the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, and he was the aggressor against whom the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was aimed. Feeling, therefore, ran strong in England against the Pope, who combined a liberality of view, rare in one of his position, with a determination which destroyed itself, to aggrandise the Roman Catholic Church. The Prince, consequently, paid an interesting visit. He was the first Prince of the Blood Royal who had visited the Vatican for many centuries. Not since Stuart times had a Prince of Wales waited upon the Pope. In this particular case the interview seems to have been particularly friendly. The ordinary etiquette is that during visits the Pope does not rise and the visitor remains standing, and even in the case of an Emperor, it is the host, and not the guest, who suggests the termination of the visit. Custom forbids that even an Emperor should turn his back upon the Pope when retiring from his presence. But on this occasion Pius IX. would have no ceremony. He rose when

his Royal Highness entered with Colonel Bruce, met him at the door, asked him to be seated, and an easy conversation in French followed between the Supreme Head of the Roman Catholic Church and the young man who was to be later the Sovereign of one of the most Protestant States on earth.

So, after a very brief visit to Southern Spain and Lisbon, the Prince returned to England in June, and very soon became a member of Edinburgh University. Neither there, nor at Oxford, nor at Cambridge, was he permitted to live exactly as an undergraduate; for it was not until his younger brother, Prince Leopold, who died in the prime of life as Duke of Albany, went to Christ Church, that it was realised that a Prince of the Blood might associate with under-

graduates on terms of equality, and might live their life, without exceptional privilege, and be all

the better for it. At Edinburgh, therefore, the Prince was installed in the historic palace of Holyrood, concerning the memories of which it would be easy to write many chapters, were it not for two unfortunate facts. In the first place, they are perfectly well known not merely to Macaulay's schoolboy but to ordinary people of commonplace education, and they are so romantic that they are not easily forgotten. In the second place, they would be off the point. A picture of Holyrood is, however, always welcome.

The educational



CANON TARVER

Who accompanied the King to Rome and directed his studies from 1854 to 1859

(From a photo)

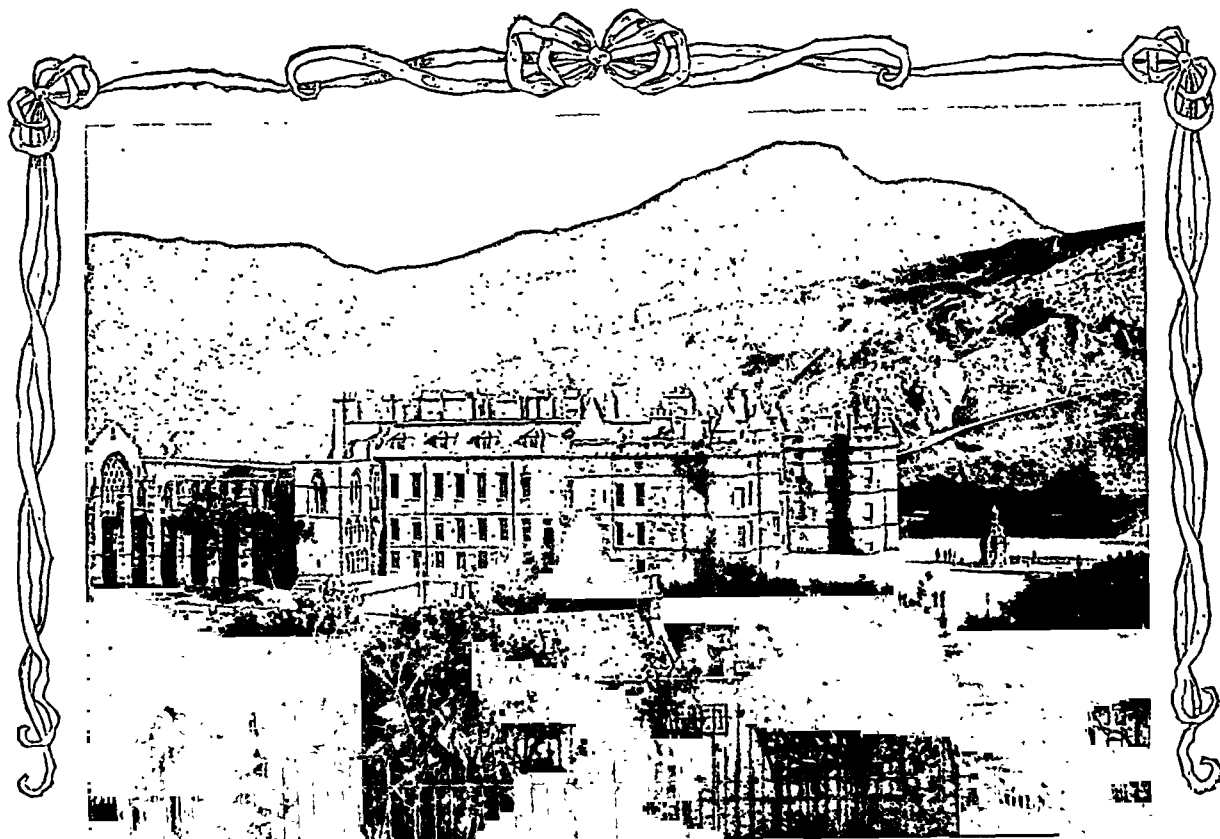


THE POPE PIUS IX

(From a print by Metzmacher)

course at Edinburgh was taken very seriously by the Prince Consort, who, three months after his

science seems to have been considerably impressed by the earnest way in which the young



HOLYROOD, FROM CALTON HILL

(From a photo by Valentine & Sons, Dundee)

son had gone into residence, himself made a pilgrimage to the Athens of the North, and summoned a conference of those who were supervising the Prince of Wales's education. Amongst these was Mr. Herbert William Fisher, a Student of Christ Church, Oxford—a studentship at Christ Church was equivalent to a fellowship elsewhere—upon whom had fallen the honour of being chosen to be the Prince's private tutor when he should migrate to the banks of the Isis. His main reading was in History under Dr. Schmitz, the Director of the High School at Edinburgh, of whom the Prince Consort notes with satisfaction that he was a German. But the most interesting course of lectures which he attended were those given by Professor Lyon Playfair, afterwards Lord Playfair, on Chemistry. The great man of

Prince followed the lectures and by his absolute confidence in the omniscience of his teacher; and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, that prince of gossip in good taste, relates that in after years Lord Playfair was in the habit of telling an amusing story. It was that, after making the Prince wash his hands in ammonia to get rid of any particle of grease that there might be on them, he said to him: "Now, Sir, if you have faith in science, you will plunge your right hand into that cauldron of boiling lead, and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by." "Are you serious?" asked the pupil. "Perfectly," was the reply. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince. "I do tell you," rejoined Lord Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect impunity.



LORD PLAYFAIR

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)



EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL

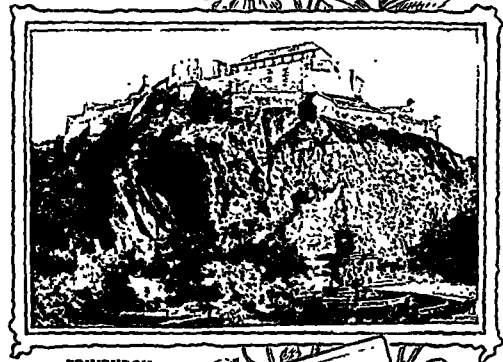


THE OLD TOWN

There are probably very few people who, ignorant of science, would cheerfully submit to such an ordeal. The writer is certainly not one of them; and he ventures to construe this action as evidence of the cool nerve which in later years the Prince showed time after time in the face of real danger.

Edinburgh was also a witness that the Prince did not neglect his military duties; for here the presence of the 16th Lancers enabled him to obtain a little military training of a practical kind. Of a walking tour in the Highlands, during which the Prince ascended Ben Muichdhui, there is some record, and it is worthy of note that his birthday was celebrated in the company of his whole family, for the Princess Royal had come across from Berlin expressly to honour him. Otherwise the records of the Scottish period are scanty.

From Edinburgh, which, for architectural and scenic beauty of its own striking kind, yields to no city in the whole Empire, the Prince was transferred to Oxford, of which the sight is, in its own way, equally wonderful. To compare the two: to say that the bold environment of Edinburgh renders it superior to the peaceful beauty of the Oxfordshire country, to draw a contrast between Arthur's Seal and Headington Hill or Hinksey, to try to decide whether Prince's Street or the Oxford High Street is the more lovely or inspiring spectacle, would be to commit one of those commonplace blunders for which there is no excuse or necessity. Each is perfect after its kind, each has historical associations of a distinct character. The wise man enjoys both to the full without the folly of instituting comparisons. One thing only may be said in special favour of Oxford. If its romantic memories, many though they be when the mind goes back to Stuart times, are less impressive than those of Edinburgh, it has the atmosphere of academic repose and of old-



EDINBURGH CASTLE



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE



BURNS MONUMENT

VIEWS OF EDINBURGH

(From photos by G. W. Wilson)

world quiet in greater completeness than any other home of learning; and it had them in greater measure in the Prince's Oxford days, when tramways were not in existence, when the married tutor and Fellow was as yet undreamed of, when trim villas had not invaded the vicinity of the parks, and the town existed far more obviously than it does now simply as an accessory to the University.

Mr. *Punch*, by the pen of one of his young men, was humorously anxious concerning the situation :

To the South from the North, from
the shores of the Forth,
Where at hands Presbyterian pure
science is quaffed,
The Prince in a trice, is whipped to
the Isis,
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæ-
val on draught.

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture, lest that prove a fixture,
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam,
Where dynamics and statics and pure
mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful
cargo of cram.



Photo by MAJOR TEESDALE, V.C. Mauld & Fox
Equerry to the King at Oxford

Possibly there may have been an undercurrent of seriousness in the jingle (which, by the way, hardly tends to show that *Punch* has degenerated), and there is no sort of doubt that, for men of ordinary and even high rank, one complete University course would be better than a mixture of three. But the migrations were unavoidable. Edinburgh, perhaps, stands on a somewhat different footing to Oxford and Cambridge, and it may well be that Trinity College, Dublin, felt that it had some cause to complain that it was neglected, but, particularly in those days of



FREWIN HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF KING EDWARD WHILE AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

(From a photo by Hills & Saunders)

keener jealousy between Cam and Isis, "it would never have done," to use a homely phrase to choose one only of the great English Universities for the honour of being Alma Mater to the future King.

So to Oxford the young Prince of Wales went in the autumn of 1859, receiving his certificate from the Vice-Chancellor just in the same manner as any ordinary undergraduate. It ran thus :

Term. Mich.

Oxonie, Die Oct. 17. Anno Domini 1859. Quodcumque paruit coram me Albertus Edwardus Wallie Princeps e Coll. ex Æde Christi Reg. Angl. Fil. Nat. Max. et admonitus est de observandis statutis hujus Universitatis, et in Matriculum Universitatis relatus est.

Franciscus Jeune
Vice-Can.

The form of the certificate, it may be noted, does necessary violence to the Latin language, which acknowledges no letter "W," and to the feelings of the sons of Christ Church, who prefer that Christ Church, Ædes Christi, should be known as the House, and are roused to fury by those who speak or write of "Christ Church College." Moreover, on this word "House" hangs many a tale of the proud bearing of successive Deans of Christ Church,

which some have set down to arrogance, while others, who love every stone in the place, think it to be appropriate to the historic dignity of the House where a Dean, if he so pleases, can close the gates and so debar the Bishop of Oxford himself from ingress into the cathedral.

The home companions of the Prince at Oxford were Colonel the Hon. Robert Bruce (Governor), Major Teesdale, V.C., (Equerry), and Mr. Herbert Fisher, M.A., who had been at Edinburgh already with him as tutor. He lived at

Frewin Hall, a fine old house within easy access of the House. Hence came it that of the noble institution of which he was an undergraduate member the Prince saw more than he did of Trinity College, Cambridge, which was his next academic home.

In the first place he was, as an undergraduate, regular in keeping his chapels, which is a rare virtue; for some there are whom sleep overcomes, and others, comparable to objectors to vaccination, who have conscientious scruples of which the origin is sometimes traceable or suspected to be traceable to causes



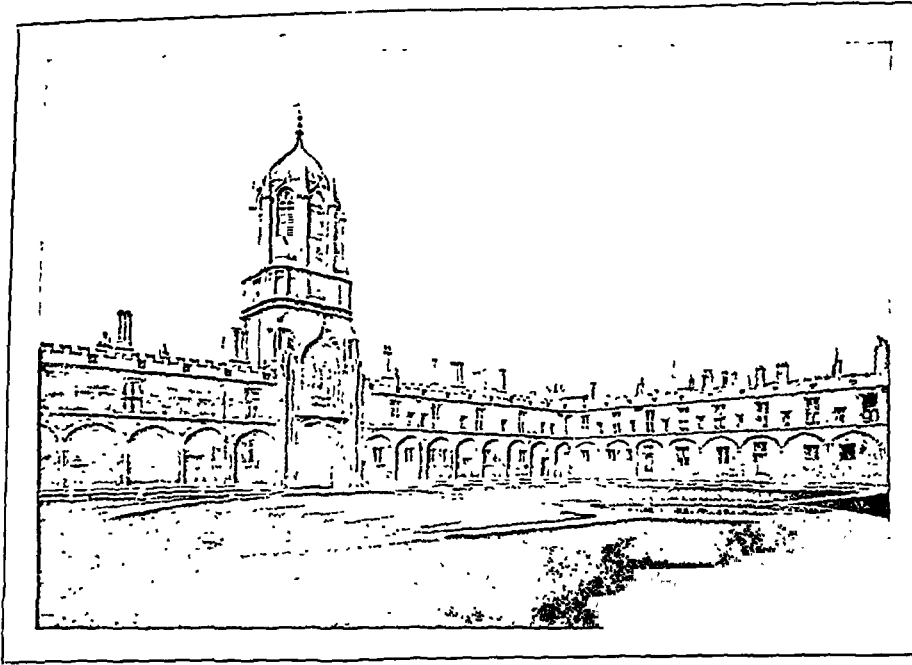
KING EDWARD AND HIS TUTORS, OXFORD, 1859

(Photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford)



THE KING IN CAP AND GOWN

(From a photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford)



"TOM QUAD," CHRIST CHURCH

(From a photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford)

other than qualms of conscience; for example, to the hour at which the services are held. Certain it is at any rate that, some twenty years after the Prince had "gone down," there were quite a large group of conscientious objectors who were cured by a very summary method. "Hauled"—that was the short phrase—by the Censor for "cutting" chapel, they one and all declared that they were tortured by religious doubts, and they were received with a politeness which augured consequences. Conscience was respected, but laziness met with no mercy; a roll-call, considerably before the hour of morning chapel, was instituted, and consistent absence from it was visited with severity. Conscience then began to show signs of reconversion, but the repentance was not found acceptable immediately in the sight of the powers that were. Meanwhile, candid sluggards, who had confessed the true cause of their absence, went scot free, and lay abed with impunity almost as much as they liked. This is by the way, of course; but it serves to amuse, and to throw a sidelight on Oxford life.

Neither at Oxford, however, nor in later life, was the Prince of Wales given to lying in bed in the morning; indeed, his early rising habits have always been, and still are, a rare blessing to him, and, on occasion, a trial to those whose duty lies about him. Those were the days of four "chapels" in the cathedral, which is the chapel of Christ Church, with Latin prayers in the morning at 7 in summer

and at 8 in winter, prayers in which the words *Principis Consortis* were used on December 15, 1861, for the last time. To go to them the Prince had to pass daily under the archway above which Wren's grand tower rises, one of the noblest landmarks of Oxford. From that tower he heard Great Tom telling every night the number of students and junior students, and thereby giving to the undergraduates a few more minutes of liberty than were accorded to those who were not

members of the House. Then his path lay across Tom Quad and past Mercury, a fountain rising from a basin containing goldfish (and sometimes in the night season unwilling undergraduates), towards chapel door. Tom Quad, indeed, is haunted with memories grave and gay. There, with the eye of the mind, one may



DEAN LIDDELL

(From a photo by Lyddell Sawyer)

see the stately form of Dean Liddell, stalking off towards the library through the passage known as Killcanon, possibly because the draughts through it were so piercing that the venerable dignitaries feared it. As a matter of fact they were mostly long lived. There, in days before the privilege and the troubles of episcopacy, Canon King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, walked from his rooms to the cathedral to preach some of the most inspiring sermons ever heard in Oxford. There, in the corner at the right hand as one entered Tom Gate, lived and learned and studied Edward Bouverie Pusey, the mildest-mannered man who ever was the centre and one of the causes of a great storm. Here, too, barely ten years before the Prince "went up," Liddon had graduated (actually in the second class), and here in after years his eager figure, his quick walk, and his keen and earnest face, which seemed to look through into the next world, were familiar to all eyes. In the Prince's time Liddon was engaged, not at Oxford, but hard by, at Cudjlesdon.

Another well-known figure, almost the only one left in Christ Church now of those who were there in those days, was that of the Rev. T. Vere Bayne, the kindest and the firmest Censor who ever admonished an undergraduate for error small or great.

It is not pretended that this scholarly and ecclesiastical Christ Church was that in which the Prince of Wales moved principally. The Prince Consort did, indeed, report to Baron Stockmar, in December of 1859, "the Prince of Wales is working hard at Oxford," and no doubt Mr. Fisher, and the Senior Censor

of the day, the Rev. Osborne Gordon, who was the Prince's official tutor, did all that was necessary in the way of pursuing his education. Certainly he attended some lectures, in the lecture-rooms of the University as well as in those of the House, and it is right to assume that he took his University life with a proper measure of seriousness. As a matter of fact, he did attend the English History Lectures of Professor Goldwin Smith and the Chemistry Lectures of Sir Benjamin Brodie, thus carrying on a part of his Edinburgh course. Professor Walker also lectured to him on Experimental Philosophy. The ordeal of "Collections,"

or an examination at the end of each term, took the form with him of an examination in history by the Dean.

But to the natural and healthy man, unless perchance he shall have achieved success in the Schools, and have become a "Don," the essence of Oxford life does not, when he looks back to it in later years,

appear to have been concentrated entirely in its studious side. It is not that, not that only at any rate, which makes the memory of Oxford delightful in the retrospect. One looks back to the days of fresh air in the rain and the sun, to cricket on the beautiful ground away through Christ Church meadow and across the Cherwell, to walks beneath the shade of the immortal elms of the Broad Walk, to the straining crews on the river, to the ring of the skates over the frozen floods covering Christ Church meadow, or other fields in the Iffley direction. One thinks of

great days with the South Oxfordshire or the Bicester, of the cracking of hunting-whips as men in smart and honourably mudstained pink came back



THE REV. DR. PUSEY



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)



PROFESSOR FARADAY

Whose lectures King Edward attended in 1858



F.R. H. 1880



*Christ Church
- from the meadow.*



*Oxford
from Magdalen Tower.*

who some of his associates were. The Bullingdon Club, indeed, calls for a word or two of notice. It is not, and it never was, a studious club, although studious men have been known to belong to it. It has not, or certainly it had not twenty-five years ago, any other territorial home than its cricket-ground; and it played cricket, but not, as a rule, serious cricket. It was social, quiet ly and decently convivial,

and it played cricket, but rule, serious cricket. It ly and decently convivial,

*"Tom" Tower
Christ Church.*



*in
Christ Church
Meadow.*

(From photographs by G. W. Wilson)

to their rooms in Peckwater or in Canterbury Quad, when the day's hunting was over. That also is Oxford, and a very valuable part of it too.

The Prince, we read, mixed freely in the social life of the University, and the group showing him in the centre of his companions of the Bullingdon Club gives point to the statement, and shows us

its members required to be possessed of a good deal of money; most of them hunted, and all of them possessed a uniform. By day their distinguishing mark was a ribbon of blue and white stripes, which they wore on straw hats (and sometimes on hard white felt hats which looked terrible), and as a stripe on the sides of their flannel trousers.



J. A. Pepps Sir F. Johnstone W. H. Dyke T. Baring H. Davenport Hon. W. B. Fortman Sir G. Grant Hon. H. Somerville T. Brassey J. S. Mott
H. Chaplin King Edward J. Carpenter

KING EDWARD AT CRICKET WITH THE BULLINGDON CLUB

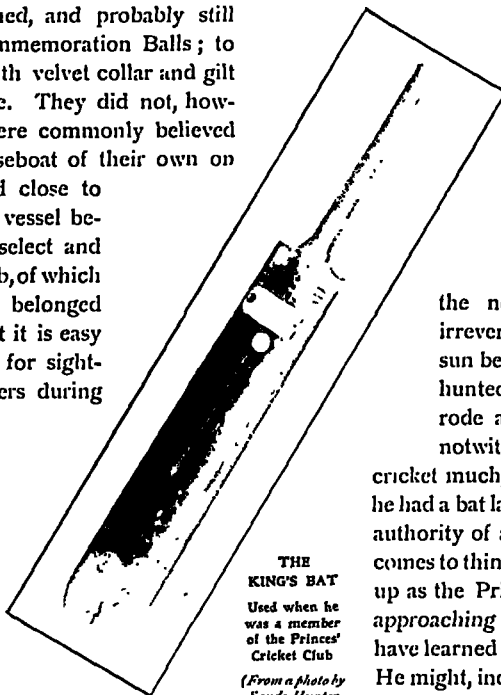
(From a photo in the Richgits Collection)

They had, and no doubt still have, an evening dress uniform too which astonished, and probably still startles, young ladies at Commemoration Balls; to wit, a dress suit of blue, with velvet collar and gilt buttons, and bright blue tie. They did not, however, have, although they were commonly believed to possess it, a barge or houseboat of their own on the river, which was moored close to Christ Church barge. That vessel belonged to the "Loders," a select and expensive Christ Church Club, of which most of the members also belonged to the Bullingdon Club; but it is easy to see how that barge, used for sight-seeing and for merry dinners during the "Summer Eights," came to be called the Bullingdon barge. Out-College men, however, have belonged to the Bullingdon in large numbers, but they would have to wait for an invitation from a "Loder" before dining in the barge.

Amongst the Prince's associates one notes Mr.

Henry Chaplin and Mr. Thomas Brassey, to say nothing of others well known by name and fame, and it need not be doubted that with them, according to immemorial and innocent custom, the Prince was often one of a group of undergraduates, standing lazily on the gravel of

the noble Palladian Quadrangle irreverently known as "Peck," in the sun before luncheon. With them he hunted frequently, and with them he rode a good deal, but, the flannels notwithstanding, he did not play cricket much, although, as a picture shows, he had a bat later, as the writer learns on the authority of a contemporary. When one comes to think of it, no young man brought up as the Prince had been, in something approaching to solitude, could possibly have learned the national game of England. He might, indeed, have been taught to bat, to bowl, and to field; but that would be



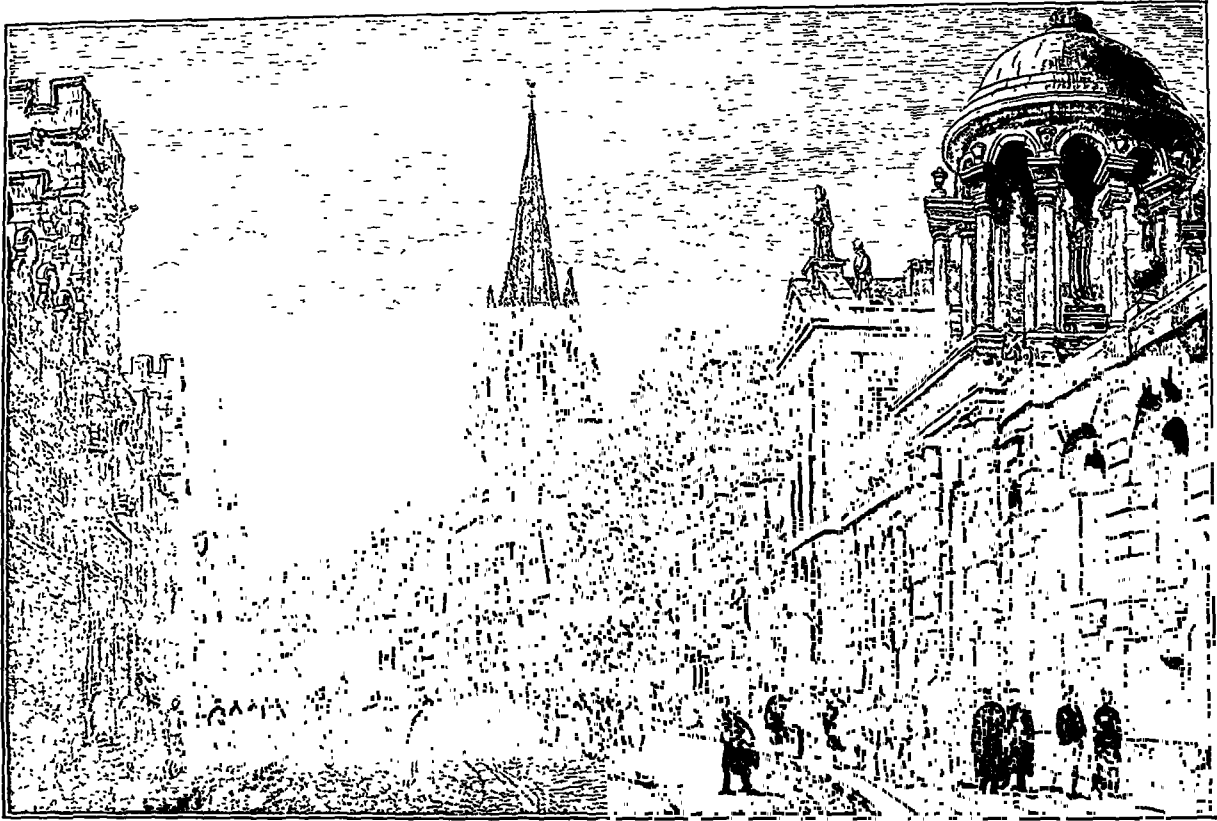
THE KING'S BAT
Used when he was a member of the Princes' Cricket Club

(From a photo by Sands Hunter & Co.)

a long way from learning the spirit of combination, of fairness and self-sacrifice, which, *pace* Mr. Kipling, is the soul of the noblest game known to mankind. So the Prince was never a "flannelled fool"; nor yet was he a "muddled oaf"; for football was then a game of schools and of village boys of which Oxford knew nothing. Indeed the first Inter-University match was not played till many years later.

We do not hear either that the Prince ever resigned himself to the tender mercies of the aquatic coach,

good architecture. Here, in the ordinary course, he would dine at the Noblemen's table at the southern end of the *daïs*, for in those days the outward marks of class distinctions had not been done away with at Oxford, and the noblemen, who wore gold tassels to their caps, were segregated from the common herd. (Hence the obsolete appellation, "tuft-hunter.") The first historical occasion on which the Prince dined in Hall, at his own expense, with five other noblemen and a few "strangers" at the table was the College gaudy of November 1, 1859,



THE HIGH, OXFORD, DURING TERM

(Drawn by H. W. Brewer)

nor is it likely that he did so, for Isis of Berks and Oxfordshire may not be so mysterious as her Egyptian namesake, but she is a jealous mistress who brooks no rival, and the undergraduate who rows earnestly may bid goodbye to all other bodily joys. Moreover, the monk in *Hypatia* was not far wrong when he remarked plaintively to Cyril that "of rowing, as of other carnal pleasures, cometh satiety at the last."

Very soon after going into residence the Prince was to pass on his way into Christ Church Hall up the celebrated staircase with its exquisite and fan-traced roof, which is appreciated by every lover of

the occasion being a great one for those past-members of the House who, having kept their names on the books, were able to reunite on this quietly festive evening.

It is on record too that, two days later, the Prince attended his first debate at the Union, where, as in the similar institution at Cambridge, many and many a statesman has fleshed his maiden sword and flashed his boyish wit. The subject was the "Abolition of Church Rates," and one can imagine that the streams of oratory, like two mountain torrents running down opposite sides of a valley into the same pool, surged as in a boiling caldron,



CHRIST CHURCH
STAIRCASE

(From a photo by
Hills & Saunders,

for the topic was one on which feeling ran high. But the Prince, when asked which way he had voted, replied that he had not voted at all, which, it may be remarked, was in harmony with his conduct in later life, when his vote might have carried practical weight, for in the House of Lords he has never voted except in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

For evening

amusements he would, when he was not engaged in quiet reading with Mr. Fisher, entertain a select party of friends at Frewin Hall, or sometimes go to a concert, or dine out, or attend one of the rare treats of those days, a Dickens reading in the Town Hall, with Charles Dickens himself for reader. On Sundays, from time to time, he attended the University sermon at St. Mary's, the beautiful old church half-way down the "High," with its curious spiral columns cloaked in Virginian creeper flashing scarlet in the autumn.

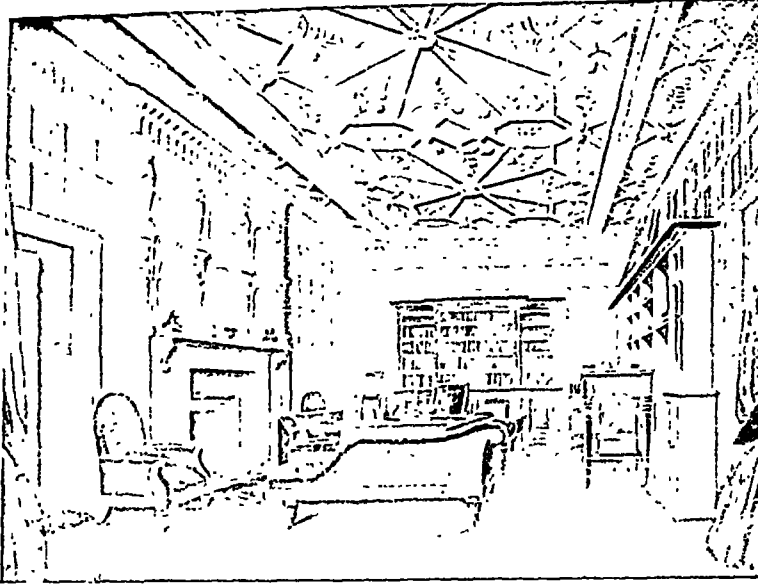
Needless to say the Prince's birthday was not forgotten that year at Oxford. First the poor were remembered. Three hundred poor women received blankets and three thousand children were regaled at a full meal in the Town Hall. There were fireworks at a bonfire in Merton Fields, and it is reported, probably quite truly, that in the general excitement there was one of the most thorough "Town and Gown" rows ever known. With this spirited celebration of a boisterous custom, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, it needs hardly



From a photo by

THE DINING-HALL, CHRIST CHURCH

Hills & Saunders



THE STUDY, FREWIN HALL, OXFORD

Occupied by the King in 1860

to be said that the Prince had no connection at all. Colonel Bruce, now a D.C.L. *honoris causa*, would have seen to that if it had been necessary. Nor is there any logical defence for the custom, now fallen into complete disuse, of an annual fight between townsmen of the baser sort and gownsmen of the more robust type. It belongs to another age, and all that can be said in its favour is that participants in it, who became perfectly respectable afterwards, looked back upon it with gleeful remembrance.

Since the Prince, before he came to the throne, always maintained his dignity without standing upon it pretentiously—for, in fact, he has that indefinable air which prevents any man from dreaming of presuming upon his kindness—and since he had been brought up on the principle that obedience *in statu pupillari* is the true foundation for wise exercise of authority, we may take it that, before going away for his Christmas vacation, he presented his "epistle" to Dean and Censors. The quaint old-world form, in the case of the Dean, would run thus:

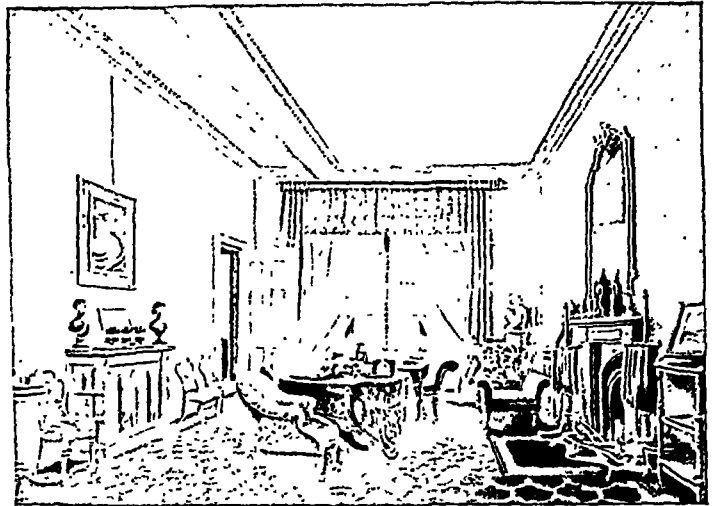
Reverendo admodum doctissimoque viro,
Henrico Georgio Liddell, D.D., hujusce
Ædis Decano dignissimo, termino jam ritè

peracto, veniam abeundi petit favoris tui studiosissimus.

Albertus Edwardus Princeps.

And all Christ Church men will feel perfectly confident that the Dean asked the Prince, before the latter passed onward at the high table in Hall to the Censors, whether he knew "the day of returning." It was a question never varied in form, and never forgotten; and woe to him who knew not the answer.

Then came Christmas at home with father and mother and brothers and sisters—that is the way one likes to think of it, picturing the well-built, handsome young man returning to his family of all ages down to Princess Beatrice, almost a baby—and then



THE DRAWING-ROOM, FREWIN HALL, OXFORD

Occupied by the King in 1860



CHARLES DICKENS

the second term at Oxford. Of that term the King probably remembers one set of incidents most vividly of all. Severe frost set in early in February (at Oxford it has a horrid way of going hand in hand with fog), and the floods, which were "out" on Christ Church meadow, were frozen, so that the Prince could enjoy two hours of perfectly safe skating in the afternoons; and, on the evening of the first day after



KING EDWARD VII. AS AN
UNDERGRADUATE

(From the picture by Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A.)

the ice was strong, there was skating by torch-light also. Fen men may boast, if they must, but there is no place like Oxford, when the frost is hard, for skating in the best of spirits and in the best company of all—that of one's equals in age. That is what makes the true delight of Oxford. Horace, shrewdest as well as merriest of philosophers, went to the heart of human nature, when he reproached the charmer of the lovelorn Roman youth with having kept her victim out of the company of his equals in age. "*Cur apricum oderit campum, neque militaris inter æquales equitat caleras?*" "Why shuns he the sunny plain? why does he not ride in knightly exercise among the companies of his equals in age?" There is a world of human nature in that last phrase. "When all the world was young, lad!" That is the golden time.

The same human nature, young, full of spirits, irrepressible, innocent, ebullient, broke out then as now at Commemoration, which the Prince, to be

made a D.C.L. later, attended in the early summer of 1860. It was little better than an apology for a summer. *Punch* complained that the Zodiac was broken, and Jupiter Pluvius worked his wicked will. But youth recked nothing of that, and the Sheldonian Theatre at any rate was water-tight. The Prince, arrayed in robes of "maroon and gold" (so we read but do not quite believe), sat at the right hand of the Vice-Chancellor, and the undergraduates made the old roof ring again with their rough and not too ready wit. Shouts of "Lord John and his little Bill"; cheers for "the Dons with black hair, the Dons with white hair, and the Dons with no hair

at all," were heard galore. The Ministry, the *Record*, Bomba Junior, Lord Ebury, Hugh Allen (heaven knows why!) and John Bright (more was the shame, but undergraduates will be boys) were in stormy disfavour.

John Bright came off worst of them; but, after all, the cries of the undergraduates in the Sheldonian mean very little, and when once the noise has begun it really makes very small difference to the enjoyment of the young men whether they are shouting approval or disapproval, or whether they have any

idea what the shouting is about at that particular moment. This was exemplified in one of our Universities beyond seas last year, when the students of Sydney University made so terrible a noise while the Duke of Cornwall and York took an honorary degree, that respectable folk were very much shocked and startled; but it was noticeable that this feeling was confined to those who did not know from experience that the



PRINCESS HELENA AS
"PEACE"

PRINCESS LOUISE AS
"PLENTY"

STATUETTES BY MARY THORNEYCROFT

undergraduate is by nature a vociferous animal.

He can shout generously too; and the opportunities for whole-hearted acclamation were more than commonly abundant that year. Upon many men whose names bulked large in the public mind at that moment, stentorian voices asked the verdict of the undergraduates. Excellently well received were the names of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, who, by their combined qualities, had done a great deal to rescue the Conservative Party of the day from an insignificance which, apart from all question of its political creed, it may almost be said to have deserved for its sheer lack of intellectual quality. Garibaldi,



PRINCE LEOPOLD AS
"FISHERMAN"



KING EDWARD AS "WINTER"



PRINCE ARTHUR AS
"HUNTER"



PRINCESS ALICE AS
"SPRING"



PRINCESS ROYAL AS
"SUMMER"



PRINCE ALFRED AS
"AUTUMN"

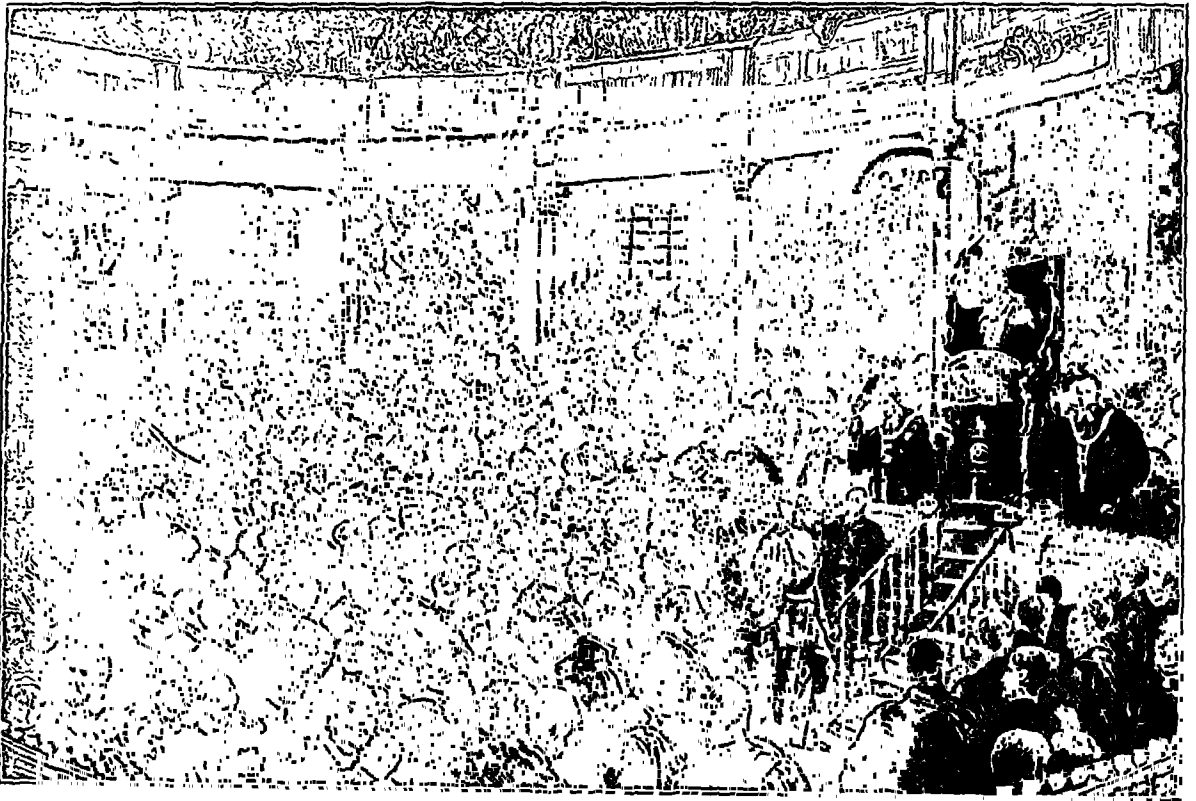
STATUETTES BY MARY THORNEYCROFT

Pretty memories of childhood executed for Queen Victoria and which interested Her Majesty when her children were far away from home

too, was the idol of Europe or of that part of Europe which had no Austrian sympathies. The memory of Como and Camerlata was fresh and green. Men had only to whisper "Garibaldi," and the world cheered, and half the women of England, in honour of their hero, wore a nondescript garment (remarkably like a tailless shirt), which they called a Garibaldi. Singular, when one comes to think of it, is it that the name of a very masculine hero should be perpetuated in a feminine garment.

In those days, too, the name of Samuel Wilber-

Of the actual candidates for the degree of D.C.L., if men can be called candidates who are present by invitation as the principal and central cause of a gorgeous ceremony, some were honoured by a tremendous reception. There was John Lothrop Motley, Harvard's most brilliant son, once a comrade of Bismarck at the University of Göttingen, brightest and most industrious of historians, and besides that almost alone among authors in defying the judgment of publishers, and at the same time securing a financial triumph. Half the world has



COMMEMORATION AT OXFORD

(Drawn by Sydney P. Hall)

force, Bishop of Oxford, acted like a charm. A few years before he had been unpopular by reason of his opposition to Dr. Hampden and his relationship to Manning, in whom the world recognised then only the dangerous pervert, and not the great Cardinal of later years. But those days were past, and the extraordinary charm of his manner had reconciled to him many of those whom he was unable to silence by the greatness of his intellect. Men called him "Soapy Sam," but there was an undercurrent of affection in the nickname, as indeed there is in most nicknames. Charles Kingsley was at the height of his popularity.

forgotten that no publishers would accept Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, that he published it at his own expense, and that within a few months it was translated into French, German, Dutch and Russian, and became the admiration of Europe. Never did Oxford bestow her honours more worthily than on the intimate friend of Lowell and Longfellow.

Past the Prince, too, walked Lord Brougham—by this time very old, for he had been born in 1778. But the part which he had played in promoting the abolition of slavery, and in pushing forward, in the face of vested interests, legal reforms which were really necessary, had been remembered when his

eccentricities, his vanity, his instability and his occasional factiousness had been forgotten. Naturally, the most popular although far from being most important of them all was the Reverend James Harris, of Brasenose, saluted in the Latin speech as "*vir reverende et fortissime.*" He had stroked the Brasenose Eight, and he had been chaplain during the awful siege of Lucknow. Three years only had passed since that long agony and glorious triumph, and it was but in the nature of things that Harris of Brasenose should for the moment outshine Brougham and Motley, and be received almost as well—if not quite as well—as Captain

the keenest interest in masonic institutions and customs, visited the Masonic Fête in the gardens of St. John's College.

At this point the Prince's Oxford career may be relinquished with the hope that some idea has been left of the atmosphere in which it was passed. For the moment he went up to London to be present at the party given by the Duke of Wellington, son and successor of the Iron Duke, in honour of the Queen's Accession. Very shortly afterwards came his memorable tour in Canada and the United States; but that, to use an expression which has



GARIBALDI

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)



SAMUEL WILBERFORCE

Bishop of Oxford

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



LORD BROUGHAM



CAPTAIN SIR LEOPOLD MACCLINTOCK, R.N.

(From a photograph)

Sir Leopold MacClintock, R.N., then fresh from his fourth Arctic expedition, the one equipped by Lady Franklin, in which he had discovered on the north-west shore of King William's Land, conclusive evidence of the death of the gallant and ill-fated Sir John Franklin. He had just been knighted, and his book, *The Fate of Sir John Franklin*, had been widely read.

Other and minor festivities incident to Commemoration, the Prince of Wales no doubt attended, so that the balls had never been so brilliant before as they were that year. Very naturally, too, the Prince, who has always shown

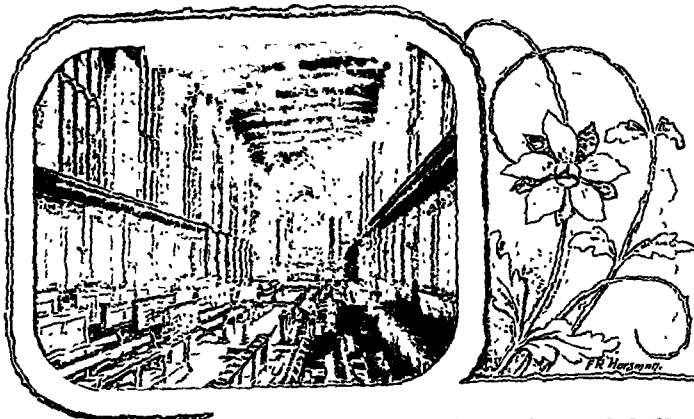


CHARLES KINGSLEY

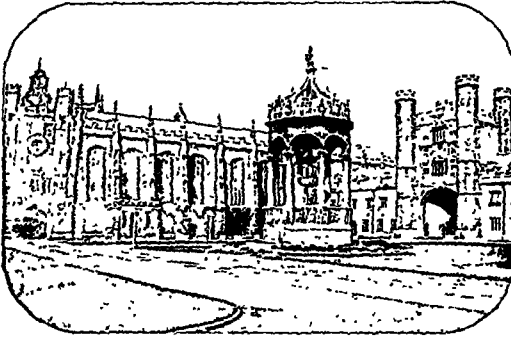
(Photo by W. Atkins)

become classical, is another story, and will be told in another place. For a short time, in the following October term, the Prince again visited Oxford, but the climax of his Oxford career was the great scene in the Sheldonian at Commemoration of 1860.

Fresh from his inspiring and inspiring tour in the New World, the Prince of Wales betook himself to Trinity College, Cambridge, still accompanied by General Bruce, his Governor. It was early in 1861 that he took up his residence at Madingley Hall, a beautiful house, situated in a small village some three miles out of Cambridge, so that under-



TRINITY
COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE



FOUNTAIN, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

(From photos by Valentine & Sons)

records of his career at Cambridge are more scanty than those which relate to his Oxford days. No doubt he belonged to the Pitt; doubtless he attended debates at the Union. Probably, like every other undergraduate at Cambridge with any taste for the Turf, he visited Newmarket. But the stories told of little escapades at Cambridge may safely be put down as apocryphal, and not even that, though the alleged episodes themselves would have been quite innocent if they had ever occurred. Certainly it is not necessary to waste these pages idly by repeating them. Indeed it may perhaps be worth while at this point to state with all gravity and as the result of a somewhat extensive experience in recording the doings of Royalty, that Royal personages really do suffer far more than the inexperienced man can possibly imagine from rumours which have absolutely no other ground than sheer invention. On a recent occasion it has been

graduate society of Cambridge saw less of him than his contemporaries at Oxford had seen, and public

the high privilege of the writer to be present from beginning to end of the Imperial tour of

THE KING'S ENTRY, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE		THE QUEEN'S ENTRY, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE	
1. Entrance	Charles Gabriel Beale	William John	Birmingham
2. Entrance	Henry Birchholes Thomas	Griffiths	Cardwell
3. Entrance	Charles Loftus Thorpe	Francis	London
4. Entrance	Charles Girdell	Wharton	London
11. Entrance	William A. Hanes	John	Leamington
12. Entrance	John Williams Stowell	John	Leamington
13. Entrance	Robert Edward	Albert	London
23. Entrance	William Henry Fildes Palmer	Wm Henry Fildes	Borden
24. Entrance	George C. Redpath	John	Marlow
25. Entrance	Walter Hensley	George	Donwood

THE KING'S ENTRY, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

(From a photo by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)



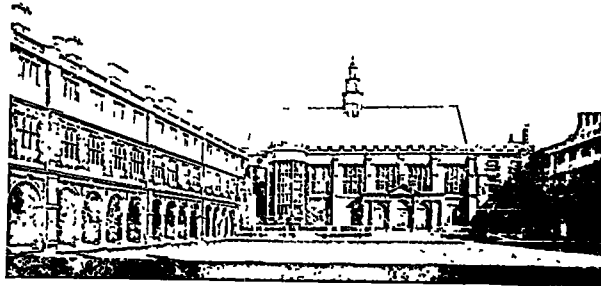
KING EDWARD IN 1861

(From a photo by C. Strey)

those who were then known as their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and he wishes to state, as a matter of solemn fact, that during the course of that tour he heard repeated "on the best authority" an immense number of stories, creditable and discreditable, some laudatory, others malicious, and many simply foolish. Of these a large majority were to his positive knowledge absolutely false, while none were to his knowledge even partly true. The simple truth of the



DINING-HALL,
TRINITY COLLEGE

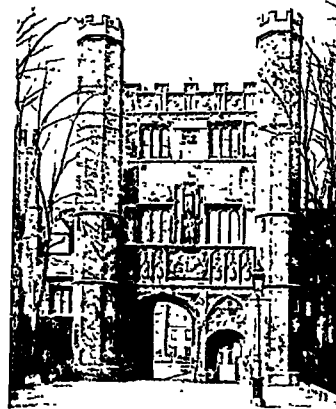


CLOISTER COURT,
TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE



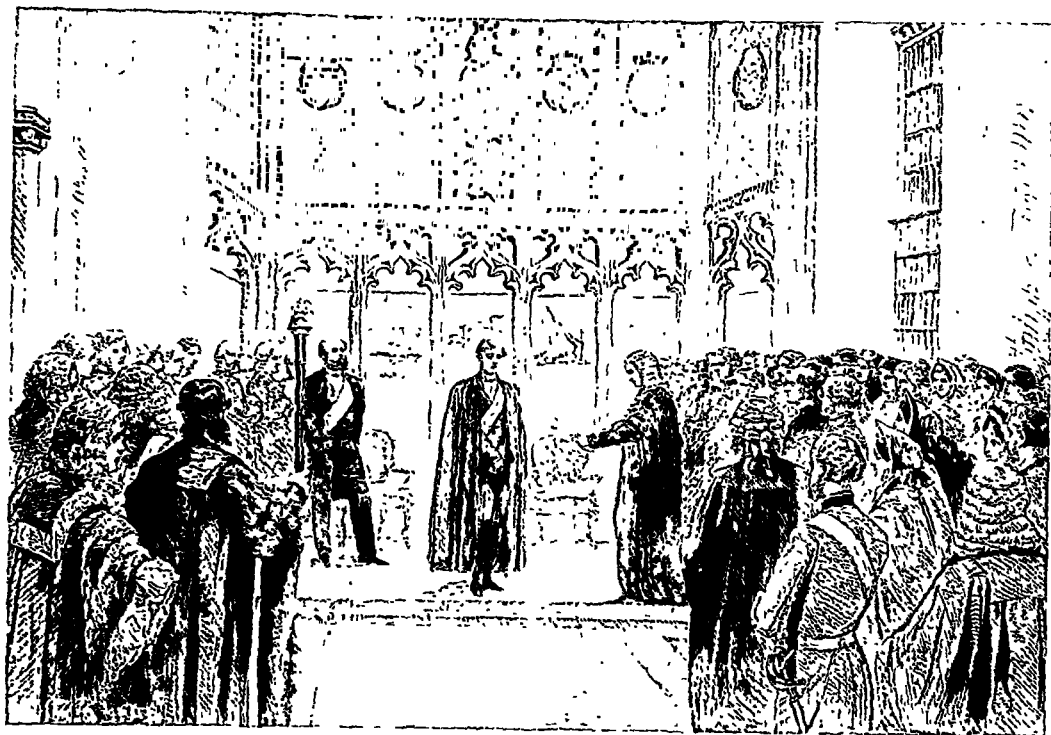
TRINITY BRIDGE, CAMBRIDGE

matter is, that the inquisitive appetite for intimate knowledge of the sayings and doings of Royal Princes is so keen and so general that reports are fabricated wholesale, with a total and cruel disregard for the feelings of the persons concerned. With such reports, however, save by way of condemnation, this book has no concern whatsoever.



KING'S GATEWAY,
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
(Photos by Valentine & Sons)

As to Cambridge, therefore, suffice it to say that the Prince was a student of Trinity College, then presided over by that extraordinarily learned man, Dr. William Whewell, of whom Sidney Smith used to say that "Science was his chief *forte* and omniscience his *foible*"; that Mr. Mathison was his tutor, and that he paid proper attention to his University lectures. One little incident is worth recording. The Master absolutely forgot to enter in the College books the name of Trinity's most distinguished son; and it was not until 1883, when the Prince went up,



KING EDWARD OPENING MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY IN 1861

(From an engraving)

like any other father, to enter his son, Prince Albert Victor, that his own name was registered in the official book which is kept in the Library. There,

however, it is put at its proper date in the King's own handwriting, where it stands next to that of John Strutt, afterwards Lord Rayleigh, who was, in his

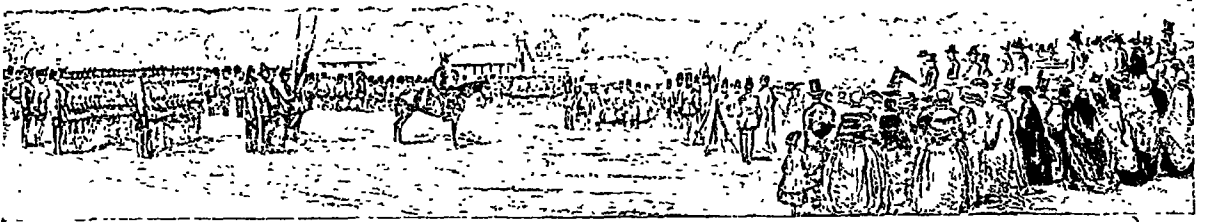


KING EDWARD REVIEWING THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY VOLUNTEERS AND THE INNS OF COURT CORPS, AT CAMBRIDGE, IN 1861

(From an engraving)

time, a Senior Wrangler. It may safely be said that no two men whose names came together in the books of a college have ever had so many degrees between them. Lord Rayleigh is an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, an honorary LL.D. of McGill University of Montreal, of Dublin, Glasgow, Edin-

A pleasant memory of his Cambridge career is associated with the name of Charles Kingsley, who, at the special request of the Prince Consort, as Sir Theodore Martin notes, delivered a course of lectures to the Royal undergraduate of Trinity, which were regularly attended by him and eleven



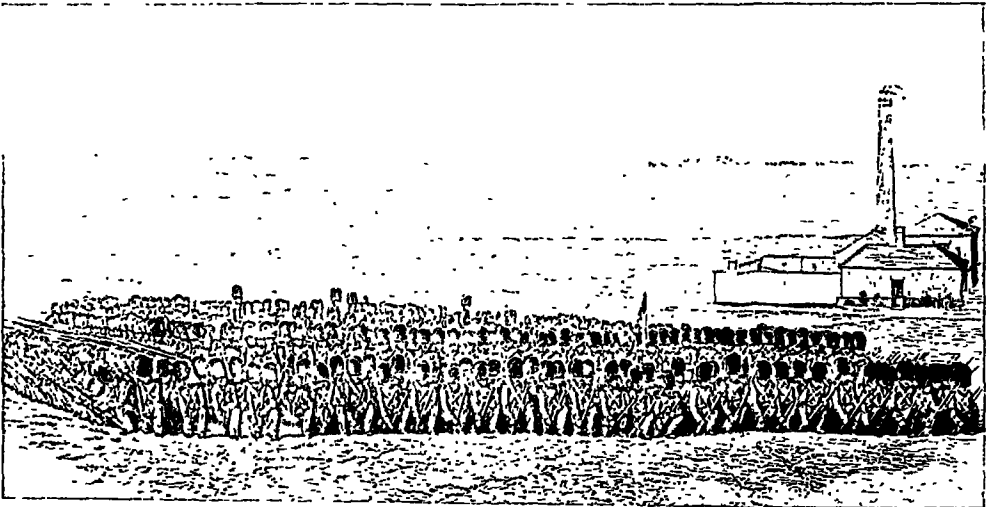
KING EDWARD PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE 36th REGIMENT AT THE CURRAGH CAMP, 1861

(From an engraving of the period)

burgh, and Cambridge, Doctor of Philosophy at Heidelberg, Doctor of Science of Dublin, and so on. The King is D.C.L. of Oxford, LL.D. of Cambridge, Glasgow and Trinity College, Dublin, Calcutta University, and of the University of Wales. This last degree, by the way, is also held by Queen

selected undergraduates. Both then and in after life the relations between the Queen's eldest son and the vigorous apostle of muscular Christianity were of the most friendly description.

One little feature more, and this chapter may well conclude. During his time at Oxford, the Prince of



SQUARE OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, TO WHICH, BRIGADED WITH THE 36th REGIMENT, KING EDWARD WAS ATTACHED

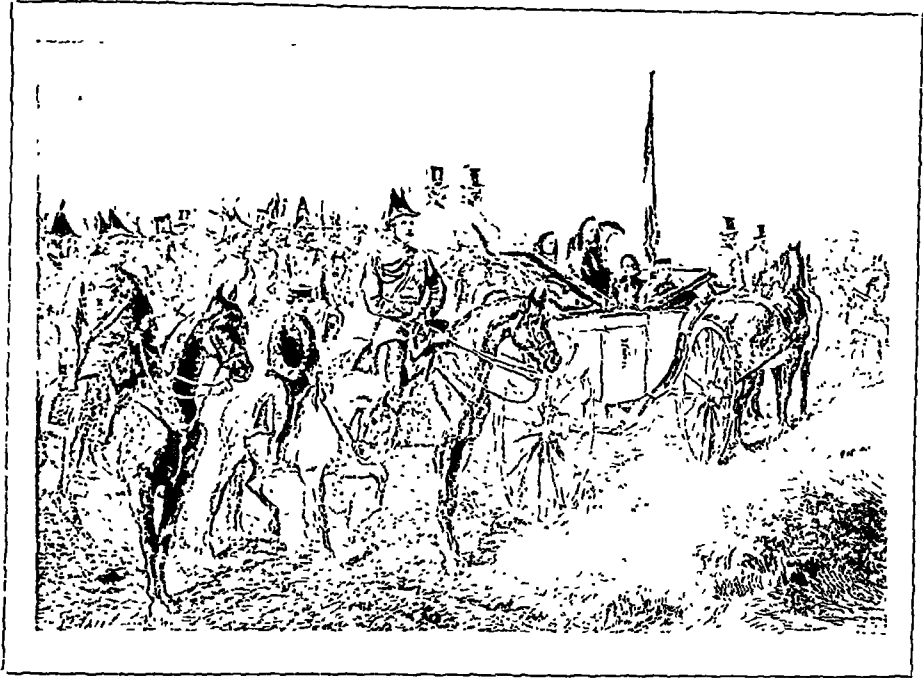
(From an engraving of the period)

Alexandra, whose stately grace was never better displayed than when she assumed her cap and gown at Aberystwyth before an enraptured assembly. Finally, the King is a Doctor of Music of the Royal University of Ireland, and a Bencher of the Middle Temple, of which he opened the Library in 1861.

Wales was a member of the University Volunteer Rifle Corps in more than name. He took an active interest in its progress, which at that time, immediately after the Crimea and the Mutiny, was very vigorous, and himself played his part in field-days as they were understood then, and in battalion and

company drills. He did the same at Cambridge. At the present day the King is Colonel of the two battalions which represent the two Universities' Volunteer Rifle Corps, under their territorial titles.

commands the Guards, and Bertie is placed specially under him. I spoke to him, and thanked him for treating Bertie as he did, just like any other officer, for I know that he keeps him up to his work in a



QUEEN VICTORIA REVIEWING THE TROOPS ON THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE

(Drawn by F. Skiff)

Also, into the years covered by his University career, he contrived, by the help of his father, to introduce a good deal of military training, irrespective of the University Corps; for, in 1861, he went to the Curragh for quite a long time, and took a regular part in military duty, living in one of the huts brought back from the Crimea, which until recently were so familiar a feature at Aldershot. While at the Curragh, he was visited by the Queen, the Prince Consort and his sisters, and the event and the manner of the Prince's life were recorded in Her Majesty's diary:

"At a little before three we went to Bertie's hut, which is in fact Sir George Brown's. It is very comfortable—a nice little bedroom, sitting-room, drawing-room, and good-sized dining-room, where we lunched with our whole party. Colonel Percy

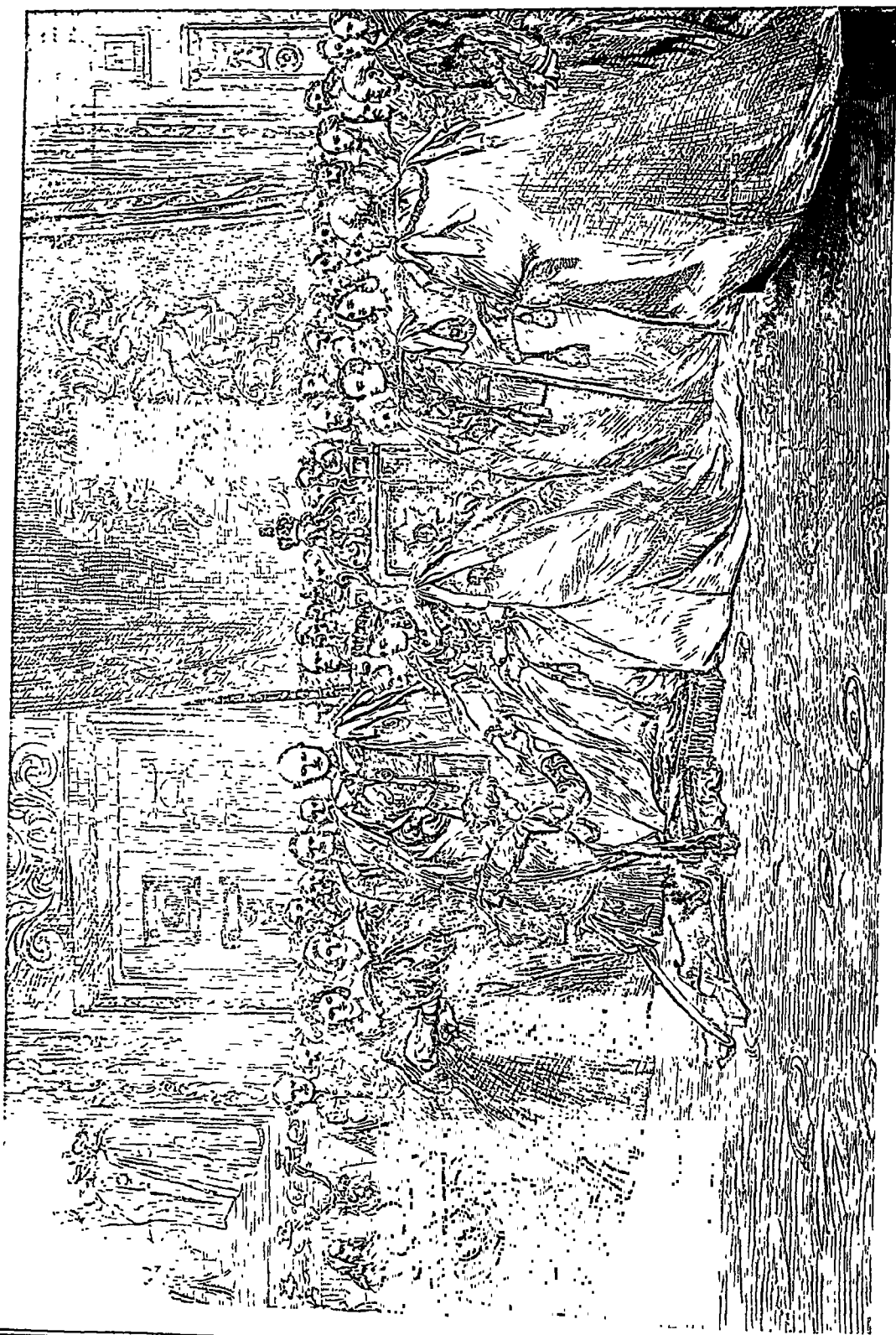
way, as General Bruce told me, that no one else has done; and yet Bertie likes him very much."

It was almost the last meeting of the family, for events in the domestic history of the Royal House began to move very fast. Before returning to Cambridge, the Prince went to Germany to prepare the way for his own engagement to her who is now Queen Alexandra; and he paid the penalty of his high position in that the papers got hold of the object of his visit and commented upon it with their customary lack of delicacy. Then he returned to Cambridge for a while and was visited by his father, and very soon after came the sad event, the death of the Prince Consort, which altered the whole course of the life of the Prince of Wales and the Queen. Of these, after dealing with the Trans-Atlantic tour, a full account will be given.



KING EDWARD'S DOG AT OXFORD

(Photo by Hills & Saunders)



THE FIRST INVESTITURE BY QUEEN VICTORIA OF THE MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA IN THE
THRONE-ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE, 1861.

King Edward stands to the left of Queen Victoria

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

CHAPTER IV



FOR reasons which are so obvious as hardly to require even a passing explanation, the University career of the eldest son of Queen Victoria has been treated as one coherent whole, to the exclusion of a most important event—or series of events—which in point of mere time came in the middle of it. That event was, of course, the visit of the Heir-Apparent to the Throne to Canada and to the United States—a visit of which the first part was repeated last year by another Heir-Apparent under vastly different and far more glorious conditions. Perhaps, however, it is not too much to say that the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860 to Canada was the first important outward and visible sign of the germination of the Imperial idea.

In a recent chapter, we saw the young Prince of Wales, a newly fledged colonel in the army, presenting colours to the Royal Canadian Regiment, and we listened in the spirit while he addressed to those representatives of the assistance given by a distant part of the Empire one of the first of those tactful and well-expressed speeches for which he has been famous through life. Canada had, in fact, found a regiment for the Crimea in the days when the mother country was in difficulty, and Canada may claim to have been the first to show in the day of stress and anxiety that practical loyalty of a world-wide people of which the South African War of the last few years

has given to all the world so tremendous an illustration.

Looking backwards on those days in the light of present knowledge, and of the wisdom and breadth of view which have been gained as the fruit of bitter experience, it seems little short of miraculous that Canada should have done anything of the kind. Indeed the more one reads of colonial history and of Government by the Colonial Office, described by Sir William Molesworth as "government by the

misinformed with responsibility to the ignorant," the more astonishing does it seem that our colonial Empire did not fall to pieces altogether long before common sense obtained sway. That in the case of Canada it did not collapse was due mainly to the exertions of those far-seeing men—Lord Durham, Sir William Molesworth, Charles Buller and the rest of a strong body of reformers. This is not the time to tell again the story of their heroic labours, of the persistency which reaped its ultimate fruit in the conversion of their fellow countrymen, and in Lord Durham's case at any rate met its customary recompense of ingratitude. Let us simply quote a passage from Lord Durham's report when he



KING EDWARD VII

From a photo taken shortly before his departure for Canada by John Watkins)

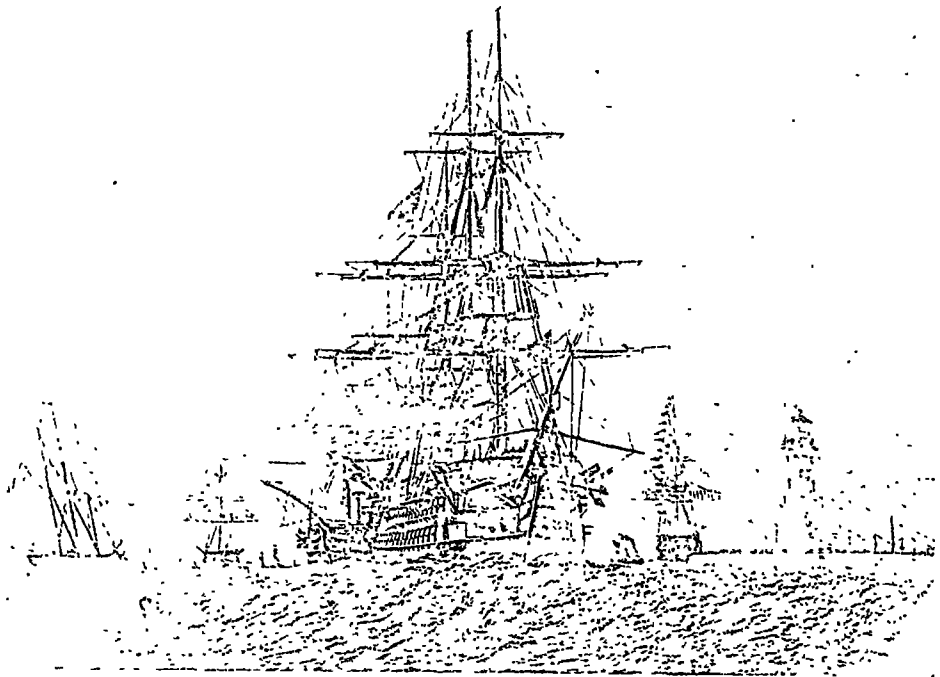
went out as High Commissioner, and the concluding words in which Mrs. Fawcett describes his success and its penalties: "As I expected," said Lord Durham, "I found a contest between Government and a people; I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state; I found a struggle not of principles but of races, and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or of institutions

until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosity that now separates the inhabitants of Lower Canada into hostile divisions of French and English."

That was the state of things which Durham found. That was the state of things of which the end began in the passing of the Act of Union, under which two races, which in Europe have never been too friendly, live in perfect amity. In fact, there was, to quote Mrs. Fawcett, "Success brilliant and lasting for Canada and for the colonial Empire of Great Britain; failure, official disgrace and death from a broken

as have never been given to other than the dominant race in any other country—least of all their own.

Then, during the ten years preceding the Prince's visit, the beginning was made of those improved communications, of which the Canadian Pacific Railway is the last and most magnificent example, which are the very soul and foundation of Canadian unity. In 1850, Lady Elgin cut the first sod of the Northern Railway, which was opened from Toronto to Bradford in 1853, and was the first locomotive railway in operation in Upper Canada. In 1851 the first submarine cable was laid between New Bruns-



DEPARTURE OF KING EDWARD FROM PLYMOUTH SOUND FOR CANADA

(From an engraving)

heart for the High Commissioner, abandoned and betrayed by the men who ought to have supported him at home."

Success began to come very soon after the meeting of the first Parliament in 1841, less than nineteen years before the Prince's visit. Men of British birth had, after their custom, insisted, in season and out of season, on the necessity of representative government, and upon the essential principle that taxation and representation must go together. In like manner French settlers began to feel, and have since openly confessed, that under these representative institutions they enjoyed such a measure of freedom, and therefore such opportunities of advancement in life,

wick and Prince Edward Island, and it may be worth noting that at this time the population of Upper Canada was 952,000, of Lower Canada 890,261, of New Brunswick 193,800, and of Nova Scotia 276,854. 1852 saw the Grand Trunk Railway begun, and a Royal Charter given to Trinity College, Toronto. The year 1853 witnessed the arrival of the first ocean steamer at Quebec and the opening of the railway between Montreal and Portland. In the next year, the Canadian Great Western began to receive traffic; the first screw steamer from Liverpool appeared in the St. Lawrence, and the first sod of the Railway from Halifax to Truro was cut. In 1855 Niagara Suspension Bridge was opened; in

the following year the Allan Company began a regular fortnightly service between Canada and Great Britain. In 1858 Ottawa was selected by the Queen as the capital of the Dominion and as the seat of Parliament, the Atlantic cable between England and Nova Scotia was laid, and the Hundredth Regiment was recruited in Canada. In the same year gold was found in British Columbia, and in the following year the Allan Line established a weekly Atlantic service. By 1861, the period of the next census, the population of Upper Canada was 1,396,000, that of Lower Canada 1,111,566, New Brunswick 252,000, Nova Scotia 330,857, Prince Edward Island 80,857, Vancouver, exclusive of Indians, 3420.

Canada, in fact, was advancing by leaps and bounds. Her attachment to the throne and the mother country had survived the tyranny of ignorance, and was growing apace under the fostering influence of freedom, and Canada was, like all parts of the Empire, passing anxious to set eyes upon the Queen in person. The colonists, never backward in expressing their opinions either in those days or in these, formally requested that Canada should receive the honour of a visit from Queen Victoria. But the request was not granted. The Canadian deputation who made the request were informed that it would be undesirable to expose the Sovereign to the risks of the voyage, and the fatigue which it must necessarily cause.

It is perhaps needless to say, that in the infant days of the Allan Line, the risks of a voyage across the Atlantic were infinitely greater, and the comforts immeasurably less, than they are now. The voyage across the Atlantic was an undertaking then, whereas now, save to those who suffer from sea-sickness, it is a sheer delight. And the Queen, though young and strong, was nevertheless a woman. Her life also was beyond price to her subjects.

The Canadian deputation, finding that a visit from the Queen was out of the question, promptly returned to the charge in a new formation, and asked that, if the Queen would not come—or could not come—she would at least give them one of her sons as Governor-General. The answer made was that they

were too young; and that perhaps was fortunate, for there really are a good many reasons why a Prince of the Blood Royal, young or old, should never be Governor-General of Canada. The Governor-General is not exactly a figure-head, although there may be times when some Canadian politicians would like him to be such. From time to time there is a contest of will between the Canadian Premier and the Governor-General for the time being, in which the one or the other yields in the long run, and probably no great harm is done whichever way the victory goes. But it certainly would be unseemly and inconvenient that a contest of this kind should

arise between a Canadian Premier and a Royal Prince; and it is obvious to the meanest capacity that, if such a contest did arise, the issue of it would not, and could not, be a matter of small moment.

So, by way of compromise, it was promised that as soon as the Prince of Wales was old enough, he should visit Canada in State, and this promise was fulfilled in the late summer of 1860, which was a trying time, as Prince Albert noted, for the Royal Family at home; for at the same moment Prince Alfred was away at the Cape fulfilling his duties as a naval officer and also performing one of those

ceremonial acts which fall to the lot of Royalty. "It will be a strange and noteworthy circumstance that almost in the same week in which the elder brother is to open the great bridge across the St. Lawrence in Canada, the younger will lay the foundation-stone of the breakwater for the harbour at Cape Town at the other end of the world. What a charming picture is here of the progress and expansion of the British race, and of the useful co-operation of the Royal Family in the civilisation which England has developed and advanced! In both these colonies our children are looked for with great affection and conscious national pride."

The pride of the Cape is not to our present purpose, but that of Canada is very much to the point, and it is much to be regretted that there is an almost complete absence of contemporary record of this highly interesting tour. When the present Prince of Wales made his celebrated tour of 1901 he was accompanied by no less than six special

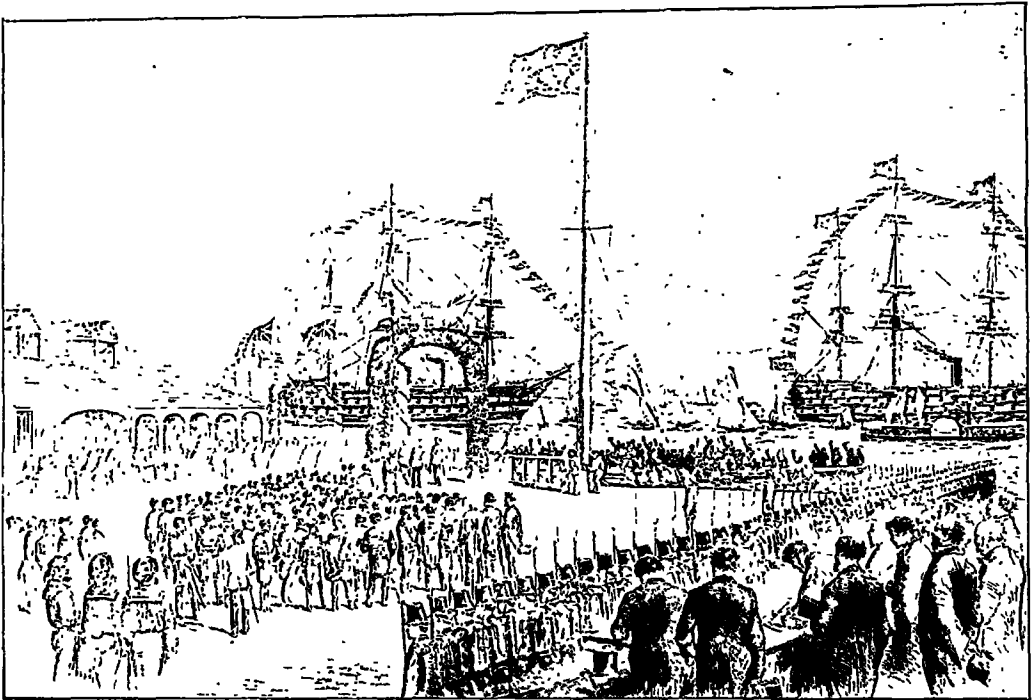


THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE
Who accompanied King Edward on his Canadian Tour
(Photo by John H. Atkins)

correspondents, representing the principal newspapers and news-agencies, to whom exceptional privileges were given. The cable carried brief descriptions, to be amplified by later letters, of all the things that he did and the exact words of every speech that he delivered were known in London as soon as they were known in Canada or Australia, as the case might be, to any save those who actually heard his voice. With his father, on this first grand tour of his life, not a single special correspondent travelled. The fact was that the day of the

made by his son in replying to various addresses, Lord St. Germans, Captain Grey, and Dr. Acland.

We are informed by some writers that the Queen and the Prince Consort chose the Duke of Newcastle to be their son's companion and adviser because they had the greatest confidence in him. But that is not the beginning and the end of the whole matter. The more accurate way of putting it is that the Duke would not have been chosen unless the Prince Consort and the Queen had reposed implicit confidence in his fidelity and



THE KING LANDING AT HALIFAX

(Drawn by G. H. Andrews)

recognition of the value of the Press, which had dawned when Dr. W. H. Russell did his splendid service to humanity during the Crimea, had not attained its fulness; which is a pity, for no doubt these speeches of 1860 would be full of interest if they could be obtained.

What we do know is, firstly, that the special objects of the tour, the opening of the railway bridge across the St. Lawrence and the laying of the corner-stone of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, were in the highest degree worthy; and, secondly, that the Prince Consort went to much pains in preparing his son's mind for the great experience which was to be his, and in selecting his companions. They were, as usual, Colonel Bruce and Major Teesdale, V.C., and to them were added the Duke of Newcastle, to whom the Prince Consort confided notes of points to be

judgment, but that there was another and a very strong reason for selecting him. From 1859 to 1864 (when he died comparatively young—he was born in 1811) the Duke of Newcastle was Secretary for the Colonies. The Colonies, for reasons which have been alluded to before, were only beginning to be understood at home; and, as Sir John Anderson attended the present Prince of Wales in 1901, as much for the benefit of the Colonial Office as for that of the Prince, so it was an excellent thing that the Duke of Newcastle, as Secretary for the Colonies, should have an opportunity of seeing with his own eyes the people of one of the most loyal and ancient among them. Sore, indeed, is the temptation to break away at this point, in order to lay stress on the priceless value of colonial travel to all politicians; but it must be resisted.

So from Plymouth sailed the frigate *Hero*, with the Prince and his suite on board, escorted by H.M.S. *Ariadne*, and, after a pleasant and easy voyage, the two ships dropped anchor in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 24th of July. It was and is the oldest of English colonies—the word *English* is used advisedly, for Sir Humphrey Gilbert raised the flag of England in Newfoundland in 1583, and long before the Union of England and Scotland—and the harbour was, and still is, one of the most picturesque in the British Empire. Then, as

now, the people were for the most part hardy fishermen content to lead laborious lives, intensely loyal, and full of grievances against the French fishermen, against those who entered into the treaties upon which French fishermen and French diplomatists rely, and against the naval officers who had, as they still have, to perform on the Newfoundland coast the most difficult duties which fall to their lot in any part of the world. Moreover, although great progress in developing internal communications had been made since the introduction of responsible government in 1854, the industrial resources of the island had hardly been tapped. This is no place in which to discuss the prospects of New-

foundland, interesting as they are, but the writer may perhaps be permitted to say one thing. The Newfoundlanders were dissatisfied with their position in 1860; they were to some extent discontented with it in 1901, when the Duke of Cornwall and York made his visit to St. John's; but the discontent of to-day is mild and harmless because enterprise has been at work and men of business, as distinguished from politicians, have discovered that salvation lies not in ineffectual complaining concerning the so-called French shore, but in the development of those resources of the island, of copper, and iron and the like, which were unknown in 1860.

No visitor to Newfoundland will be surprised to

learn that the day of the arrival of the Prince of Wales of 1860 was, like that of his son's coming in 1901, gloomy and wet. But the ardour of the inhabitants, who are accustomed to wet weather, was not damped, and the ball given on the second evening by Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Governor, was a colossal success, chiefly because the Prince joined in it with so much good nature and cordiality. A contemporary impression of the Prince is given from a letter written by the wife of the Archdeacon of St. John's to Lady Hardwicke:



KING EDWARD IN 1860

(From a photo by Brady)

"His appearance is much in his favour, and his youth and royal dignified manners and bearing seem to have touched all hearts, for there is scarcely a man or woman who can speak of him without tears. The rough fishermen and their wives are quite wild about him, and we hear of nothing but their admiration. Their most frequent exclamation is, 'God bless his pretty face and send him a good wife.'"

Amply indeed was the aspiration justified, as all the world knows, and there is really no reason why the words of the simple letter should not be accepted literally, even down to the tears. Newfoundland is, in very truth, a long way out of the world; its inhabi-

tants have often a feeling that they are snubbed and slighted and forgotten; it may well be that the presence of a Royal visitor, so distinguished, so boyish, so kindly in manner, may have affected them deeply. As for the addresses, which were presented and received, nothing need be said of them. It is well, always, that they should be formulated and read; but their phraseology is much the same all the world over, and it is not so much the fact of presentation as the fact that they are omitted which is full of significance. The real welcome, in 1860 as in 1901, came from the hoarse voices of the people; and about that there was no sort of doubt.

Well indeed might the wife of the Archdeacon of

St. John's write to Lady Hardwicke: "If all the Colonies feel towards the Prince as Newfoundland does, it was a most politic step to have sent him on this tour," and her anticipations were more than fulfilled. It is worthy of notice that, young as he was, he who is now our King then, as now, charmed all with whom he came into contact by his consideration for their feelings and tastes, and by his courteous and respectful demeanour to his elders. He interested himself naturally and without effort in the things which they had near at heart.

"He came to see our Cathedral. The Bishop and Henry showed him over it" (Henry, no doubt, was the Archdeacon), "and his manner to the old Bishop was very beautiful, so gentle, and quite reverential. Every one remarked it, and the Bishop was so touched, he cannot speak of him calmly, but even now only sobs out, 'God bless my dear young Prince' . . . I hope he will carry away a favourable impression of the almost unknown, rugged land."

That he did so the speech of his son in the same city in the autumn of 1901 bore ample testimony.

Here H.R.H. accepted a present of a Newfoundland dog which he called Cabot, a silver collar engraved with the

Arms of England and with the Prince's badge, and with the inscription "Presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by the inhabitants of Newfoundland."

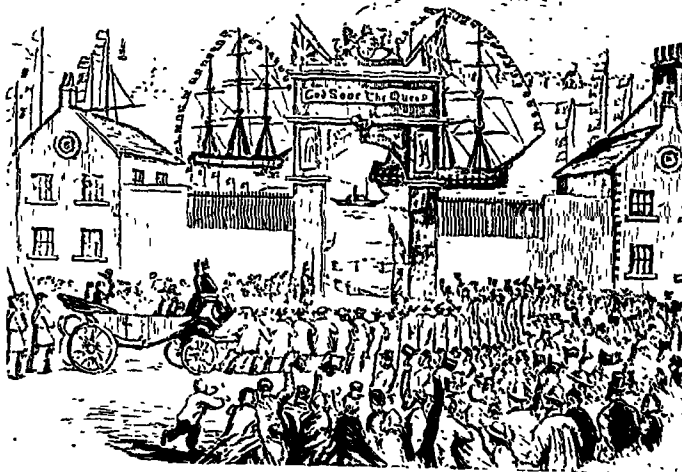


THE GIFT OF A DOG TO KING EDWARD BY THE PEOPLE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

hear anything of him." Still, the Duke of Newcastle, in the capacity of Royal annalist, did his best. Concerning Halifax he waxed enthusiastic, and since receptions and welcomes given to Royalty in the colonies varied then, as now, mainly in point

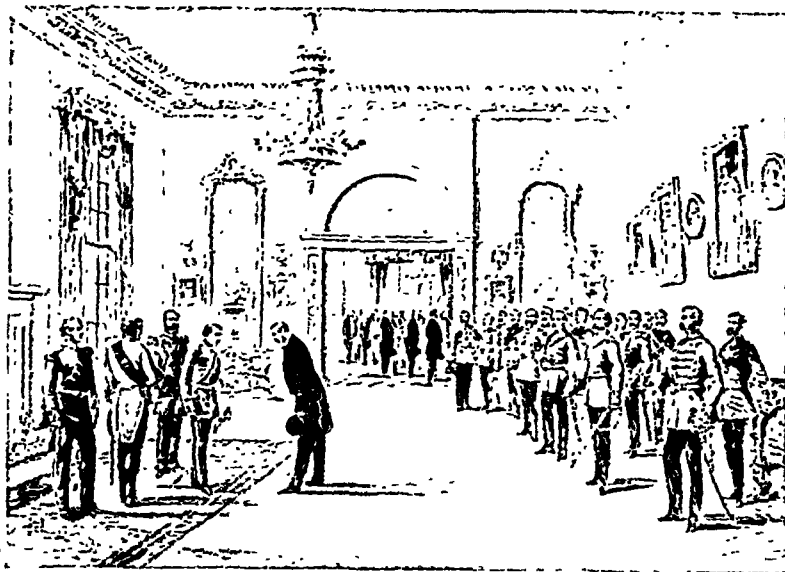
of locality, his views may well be given at length once and for all:

"The procession occupied nearly half an hour, and making every allowance for the fact that the latest impressions are generally the strongest, the Duke of Newcastle feels fully justified in assuring your Majesty that this last demonstration has been the grandest and most gratifying of all that have yet taken place.



THE EMBARKATION OF THE KING AT QUEEN'S WHARF, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

(From an engraving of the time)



PRESENTATIONS TO KING EDWARD AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX

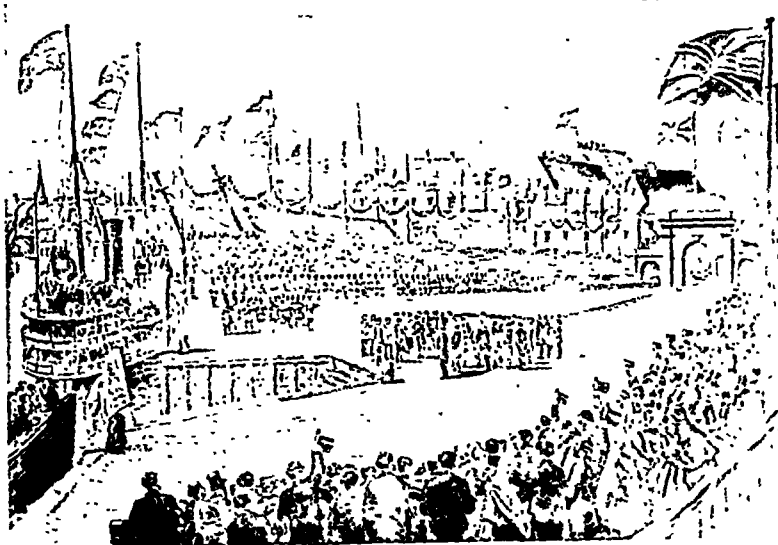
(From an engraving of the time)

"The numbers of people were so great, that it is difficult to conceive from whence they had come. Every window, every housetop, every available place was filled. Hundreds of well-dressed women, not satisfied with such safe points of view, lined the streets and braved the clouds of dust and pressure of the multitude. Enthusiasm rose to such a height as to make its expression by voice and gesture insufficient for the wishes and feelings of the crowd. Many hundreds of bouquets were thrown at the carriage, which was half-filled, though not one in fifty reached its aim. The cheers for the Queen and Prince were absolutely deafening, and when at last the Prince stepped into the boat to re-embark into the *Styx*, the excitement of the many thousands rose to a fever height, which seemed as if it could not be calmed. Numbers of steamers crowded with tiers of people looked as if they must sink with their cargo, whilst innumerable boats dotted the whole surface

of the sea. At length the Prince got on board, the *Styx* got under way, whilst the still ringing cheers from the shores could be heard in the intervals of salutes from all points fired by the Volunteer Artillerymen, and thus ended the first part of this most remarkable and, as it will surely prove, ever-memorable visit."

The Duke, says Sir Theodore Martin, goes on to apologise for his inability to do more than "give slight outlines of events and the merest indications of the spirit and meaning of them," and trusts her Majesty

"may gather a truer impression of all that her North American subjects have done and felt, from the fuller accounts of reporters, Colonial, English and American, who attend these scenes. He may venture, however, to affirm that good has already been sown broadcast by the Prince's visit, and he humbly prays that a rich harvest may arise from it to the honour and glory of your Majesty and



KING EDWARD LANDING AT ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK

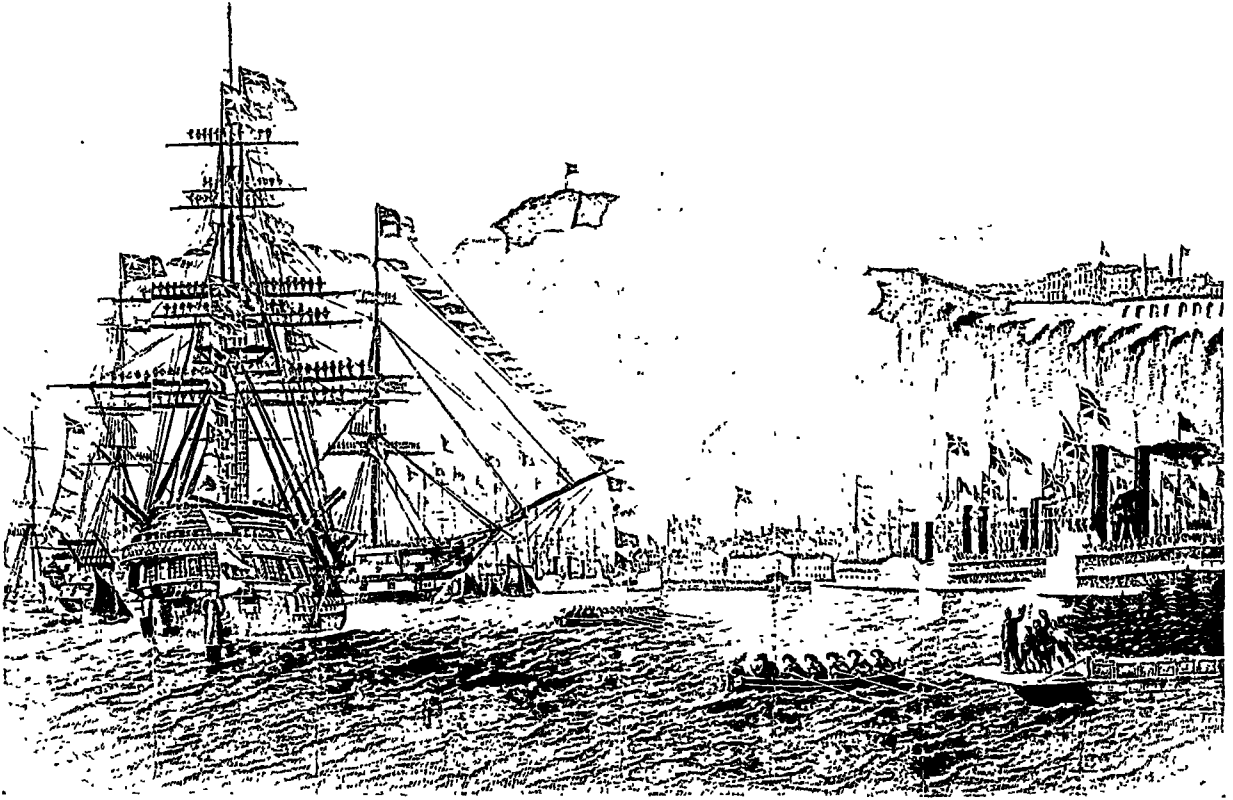
(From a drawing by the Spectator Artist to the Expedition, Mr. G. H. Jones)

your family, and the advantage of the mighty Empire committed to your rule."

A review there was at Halifax, a dinner with Lord Mulgrave, and a ball, which gave the American reporter his first chance. "A capital waltzer," said he of the *New York Herald*, "and a very entertaining partner. He rests his partner frequently and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company. . . . His finest feature is his nose, which is becoming prominent and nearly Roman."

trated the freedom from party bias in which he has been trained."

Autres temps, autres mœurs. In the light of the tour which was accomplished last year by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, it is perhaps open to doubt whether the Duke of Newcastle's policy in their case was really quite so sapient or necessary as Sir Theodore Martin appears to have believed it to be. Irishmen of all parties, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Nationalists and Unionists,



THE KING LANDING AT QUEBEC

(From a drawing by the Special Artist to the Expedition, Mr. G. H. Andrews)

All the way through Canada the story was the same, and twice only was there anything in the nature of a *contretemps*. Sir Theodore Martin relates that there was "an attempt at Kingston and Toronto of the Orangemen to secure a semblance of countenance to their opinions by getting the Prince of Wales to pass under arches decorated with their symbols and party mottoes. This attempt, thanks to the tact and firmness of the Duke of Newcastle, entirely failed of success, and indeed it only served to elicit in other quarters a more enthusiastic recognition of the young Prince who so effectively illus-

have one quality in common. Like the lady in the familiar nonsense verse, they always insist upon expressing their feelings in a clamorous fashion; and it does them no harm, perhaps even does them good. What, when all has been said and done, did it really matter what decorations and mottoes were on the arches so long as they were not absolutely outrageous? Did not the "tact and firmness" of the Duke of Newcastle really give far more importance to these mottoes and decorations than they really merited? Did not it make men talk more upon the matter than they would have talked if the

Prince had simply driven under the arches and had taken no notice of them? That was the course adopted in 1901 by the Duke of Cornwall in some fairly flagrant cases—in Australia in particular—and the results were general good temper and no harm done. But, perhaps, in making this criticism more than forty years after the event, one may be reckoning too little for changed ideas and an improved feeling of toleration.

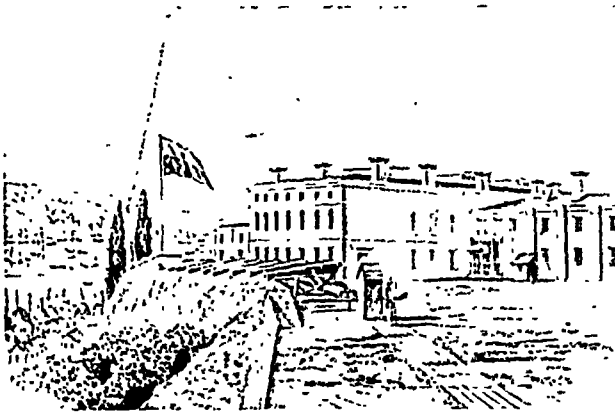
It is interesting to note that Hantsport, on August 3, became Princetown in honour of the Prince's visit and that at St. John, New Brunswick, the "City of the Loyalists," he met a German lady from Gotha and remarked in German how glad he was to meet one from "my father's home."

Canadian travel was in its infancy in those days, and the comfort in which the Prince of Wales moved then was as Spartan discomfort compared with that

in which his eldest surviving son journeyed last year. Indeed that last journey across the American continent and back again, the two special trains conveying the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York

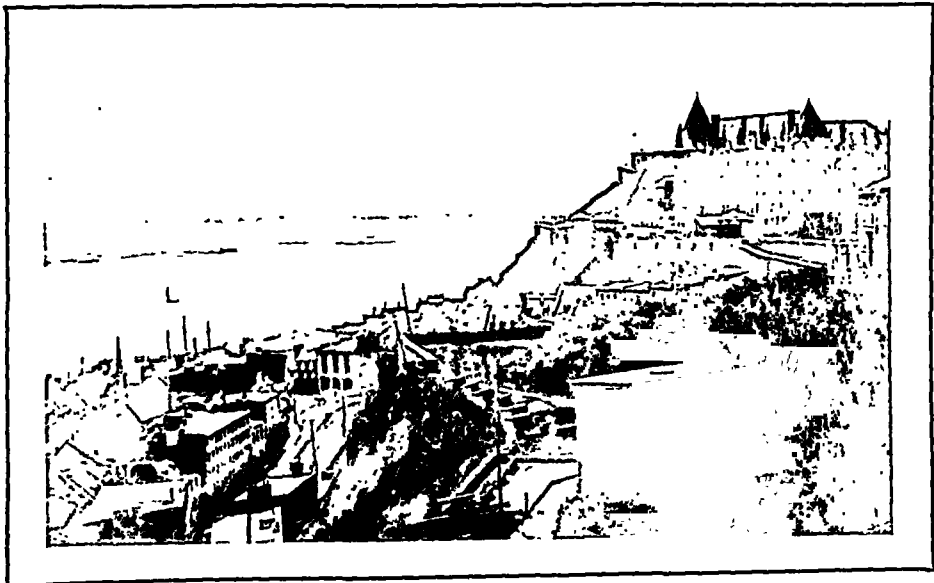
and their suite, and the Governor-General (Lord Minto), Lady Minto and their suite, respectively, to say nothing of an army of Pressmen, were a miracle of luxurious ease in travelling even in these days. For nearly five weeks off and on, sleeping on board the rushing train more often than not, provided with sleeping rooms, boudoirs, drawing and dining rooms,

kitchens and bath rooms, nay, even with a special dispensary for the doctor who accompanied them, did the present Prince of Wales, his consort and those who had the privilege of accompanying them, make one of these trains their home. In them surely the fatigue which is inseparable from travel by land reached its irreducible minimum.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC

The official residence of King Edward during his stay in Quebec

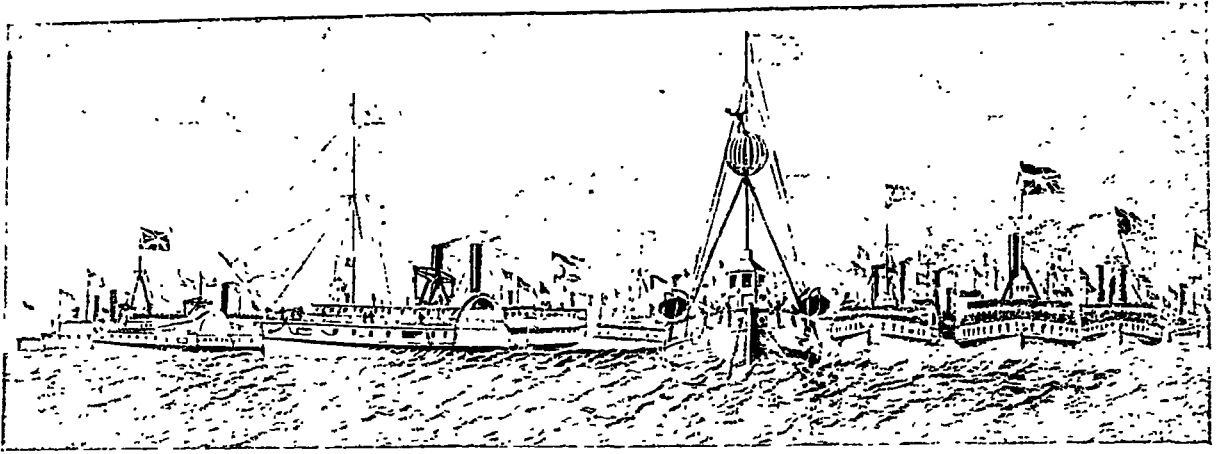


QUEBEC, VIEW SHOWING THE CITADEL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE

(From a photograph)

In 1860 conditions were very different when, on the 18th of August, the Royal visitor landed at Quebec amidst a crowd of boats and flags and went in procession to the house of the Governor, General Sir

conceivable circumstances. Neither under the French nor under the American Republic would the Roman Catholic Church be permitted to enjoy the unrestricted power which now belongs to it in Canada;



KING EDWARD ESCORTED TO MONTREAL BY A FLEET OF LAKE AND UP-RIVER STEAMERS

(From an engraving)

Edmund Head, but the historical associations and the matchless scenery of that precipitous city were as imposing as they are to this day, and as they will be so long as men have eyes to see the most picturesque of human habitations, and minds to reflect upon and to admire the deeds of famous men. The heights of Quebec, which the Prince must needs climb, and the Plains of Abraham, which he visited with great interest, are holy ground.

Then, as now, the French population largely outnumbered those of British birth. Indeed everything about Quebec, the fine and ancient buildings, the speech of the people, their vivacity of manner, their dress, their manner of life, is essentially French. But more perhaps now than then is their loyalty to the British Crown firmly established

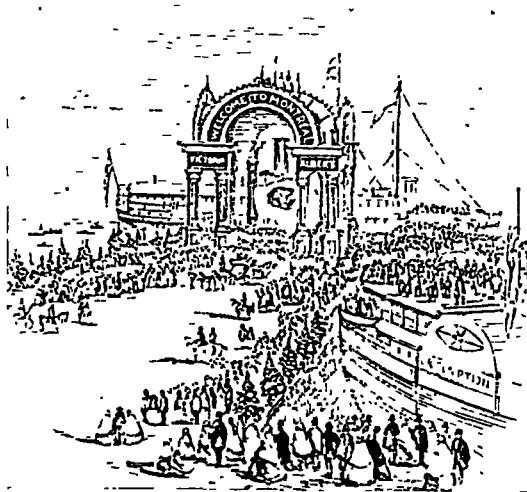
on the ground not so much of sentiment as of assured conviction that they are better off and more free, in political and religious matters alike, under British Administration than they would be under any other

and the French Canadians, who are devout Catholics, are shrewdly aware of the fact. First and foremost, therefore, they are Canadians, and as such they have shed their blood side by side with their fellow subjects in South Africa of late.

But they are Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen too, and the great ball of which the Prince's visit was the occasion was very much to their taste. Of it Mrs. Belloc Lowndes records an incident. The Prince in dancing tripped and fell with his partner, and the "enterprising" American reporter, worthy forerunner of those who have followed in his train, headed his account of the affair, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

At Quebec, too, there was much ceremonial business, including a Levée, at which the Prince received deputa-

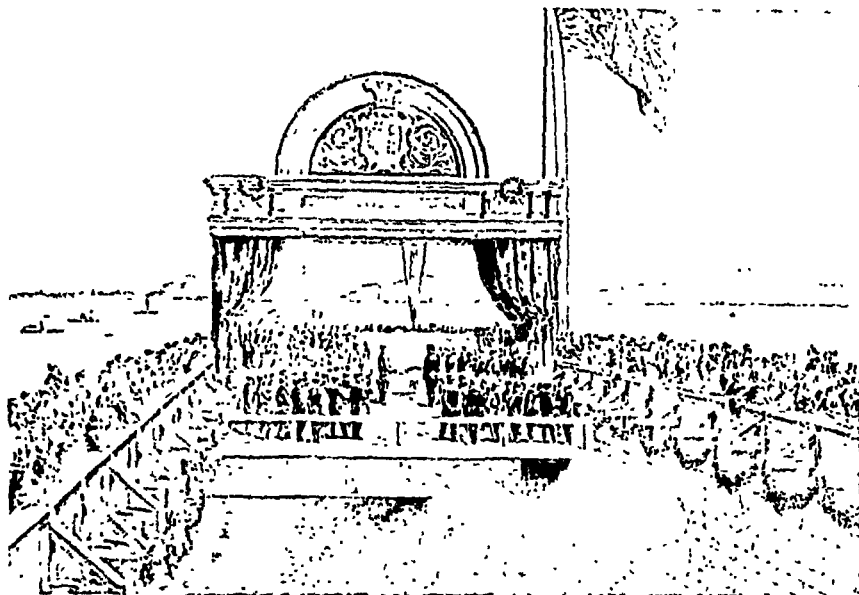
tions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in their purple robes, the members of the Legislative bodies and others. His replies, spoken in French and English, were fluent and happy, and, using the like



KING EDWARD LANDING AT MONTREAL

(From an engraving)

of Newcastle, who was certainly none the worse for a few seltzer-water corks descending on his august head.



KING EDWARD LAYING THE LAST STONE OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE AT MONTREAL

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews)

exceptional power which he gave to his son in 1901, he was able to say to the Speaker of the Upper House, "Rise, Sir Narcisse Belleau," and to knight Harry Smith, Speaker of the House of Assembly. There was also an informal visit to the Montmorency Falls, where the Prince greatly amused Admiral Milne (of the North American Squadron) by harmless practical jokes at the expense of the grave Duke

As the development of internal communication was, and still is, the most potent influence in the fostering of national unity in Canada, so the opening of the great Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal, which was accompanied by every circumstance of pomp and ceremony on the

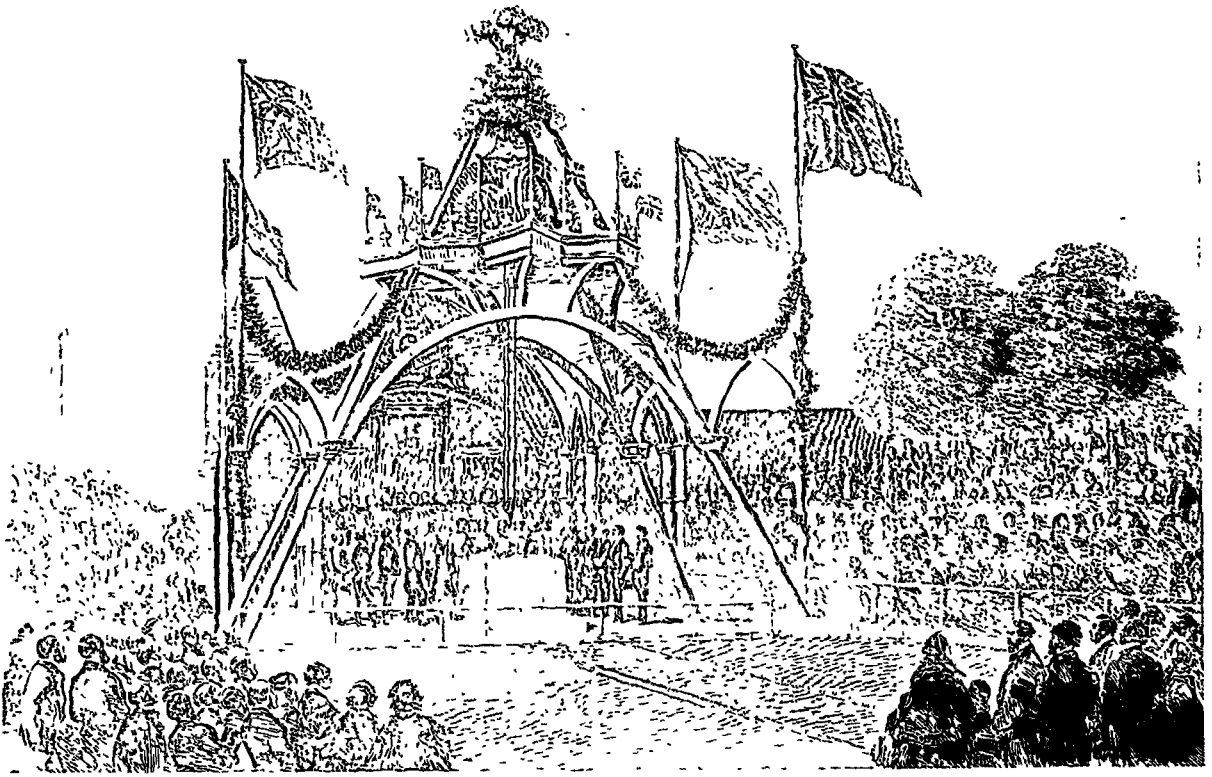


TROWEL USED BY THE KING IN THE COMPLETION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE



KING EDWARD CLOSING THE LAST RIVET OF THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE AT MONTREAL

(From the drawing by G. H. Andrews)

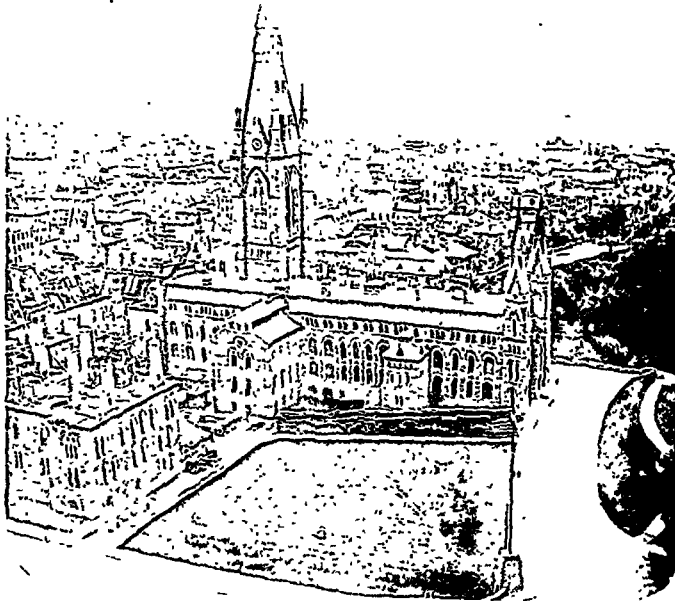


KING EDWARD LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews, Special Artist)

25th of August, was one of the most important public functions he was called upon to perform.

The Prince described the Bridge as "that stupendous monument in engineering skill," and proceeded to the spot with the principal members of the Government in a special car. There he laid a stone "well and truly" and, proceeding to the centre, fastened a silver rivet. Here also a beautiful commemorative medal of gold, by Wyon, the prince of engravers, who



GENERAL VIEW OF OTTAWA

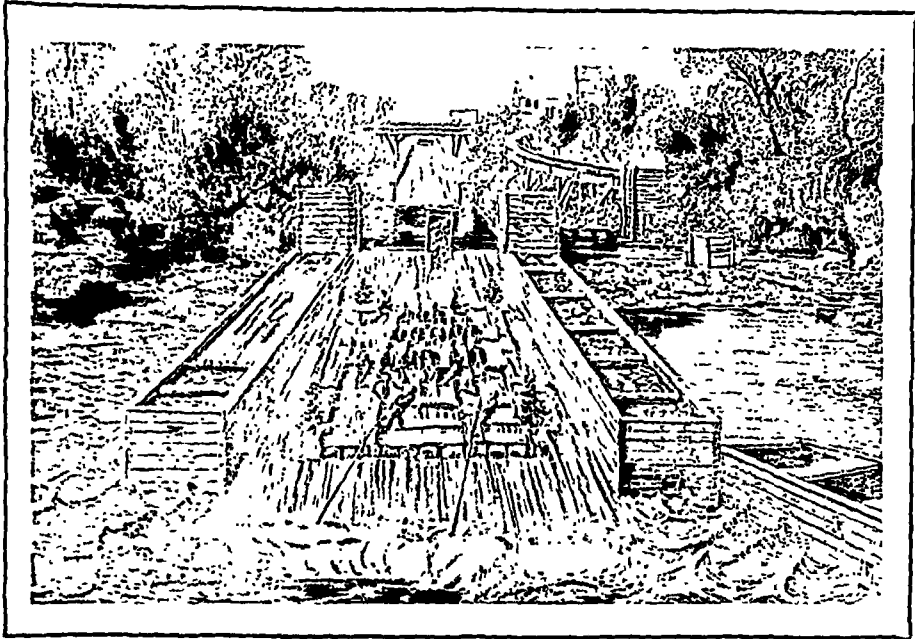
(From a photograph)

used to engrave the Great Seal of England, was presented to the Prince by Mr. Blackwell, the Chairman of the Grand Trunk; and, in a sympathetic address to the workmen, the Prince reminded them that Stephenson himself sprung from their class. Like his son too, he saw Indian war-canoe race, and the Red Man got the better of the White. Before the Duke of Cornwall, however, only white men paddled.

But, most important of all was the laying of the

corner-stone of the Dominion Buildings at Ottawa which now rise as a stately pile in a splendid position, and will bear comparison with any edifice of the kind on the face of the world. These also, in all their majestic beauty and exquisite proportion, were

when he presented his award of valour to the blind hero Mulloy, who, having lost his eyesight in the service of the Queen, gloried in the loss for the sake of the cause, and when the Duchess came forward with tender expressions of womanly sympathy, that was



KING EDWARD DESCENDING A TIMBER-SLIDE AT OTTAWA.

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews)

visited by the present heir apparent to the throne last year, and that more than once. He saw them best perhaps one night when, at the touch of an unseen hand, every arch and tower and window and line of architecture glowed with light, first gentle and then dazzling bright, from that electrical slave of man which, in his father's Canadian time, was but beginning to learn subjection. He alluded often to the fact that his father laid the corner-stone of the huge structure which stands for outward symbol and token of Canadian Liberty. But he will remember most clearly of all that touching scene, immediately after he unveiled a statue of Queen Victoria,

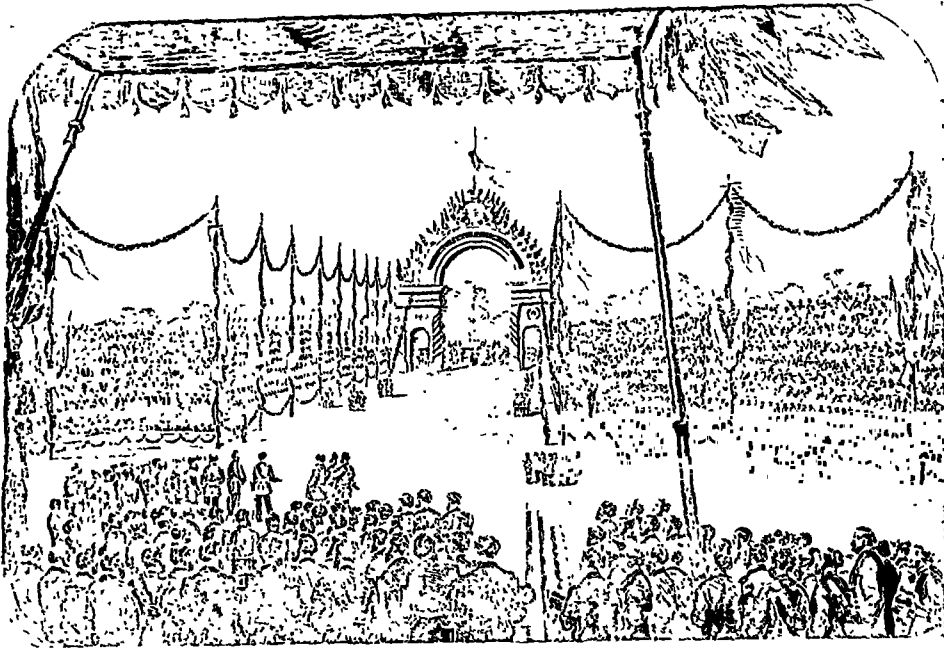
surely a great and a touching moment. The Duke's Royal father had laid the corner-stone in the days of Canada's lusty infancy, in the very spot which

Queen Victoria had chosen specially to be the political capital of Canada after disputes and troubles and riots elsewhere; and now, in 1901, the Royal son of him who had laid the corner-stone unveiled the statue of the great Queen for whom Canadians had fought side by side with English, Scots, Irishmen, Australians, New Zealanders, Natalians, Planters from Ceylon, and all the glorious army of them. And the Duchess set the seal on the day. The memory of her tall figure as she bent towards the sightless hero,



VICTORIA HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE KING WHILST IN OTTAWA

(From an engraving)



RECEPTION OF KING EDWARD BY THE INHABITANTS OF TORONTO

(From the drawing by G. H. Andrews)

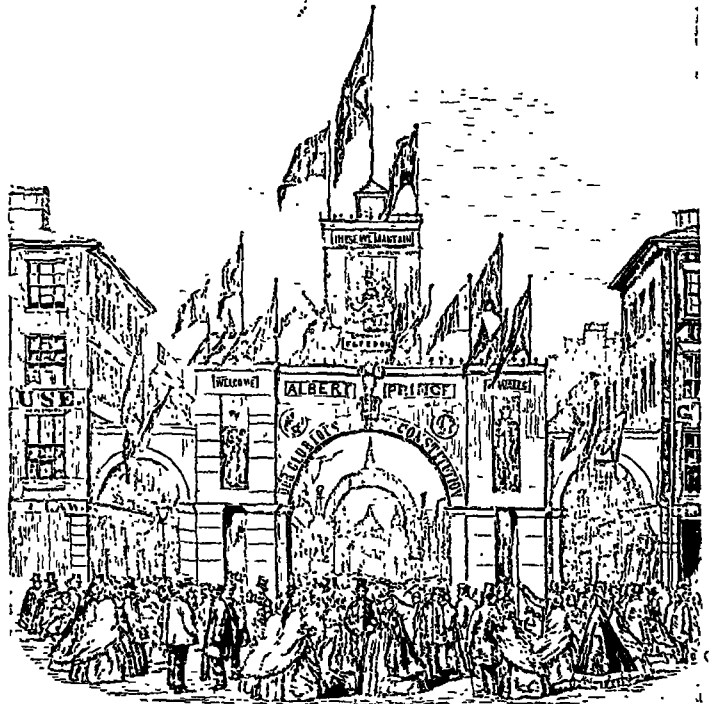
the noble buildings in the background, the great white statue of Queen Victoria towering above, the Duke in his military uniform, the statesmen, Lord Strathcona and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with their bare heads, the grand extent of country visible from that eminence, the huge crowds in the vicinity—this memory, it is expected, will live for ever.

Indians the Royal Tourist saw also at several places although he was not able, as his son was in his tour, to go flying across the plains in an express train or to look upon the rugged beauty of the Rocky Mountains from a perilous seat above the cow-catcher or from the window of a luxurious "observation car," and so to find his way to Vancouver, and Victoria (British Columbia), and the lovely landlocked harbour of Esquimalt. It gives one pause, indeed, to reflect that the year before the visit of 1860 saw the beginnings of Winnipeg, now a flourishing city in the centre of those great wheat plains, well calculated, as the Royal visitor of 1901 said, to be the granary of the empire. Moreover, the Indian difficulty had not been so thoroughly solved as it has been in these later years, when it involves an expenditure which, since 1882, has seldom been less, and has often been more, than

a million dollars a year. But to come away from Canada without seeing Indians would be impossible, and it is felt that without some Indian pictures the atmosphere of the Canadian tour would be incomplete.

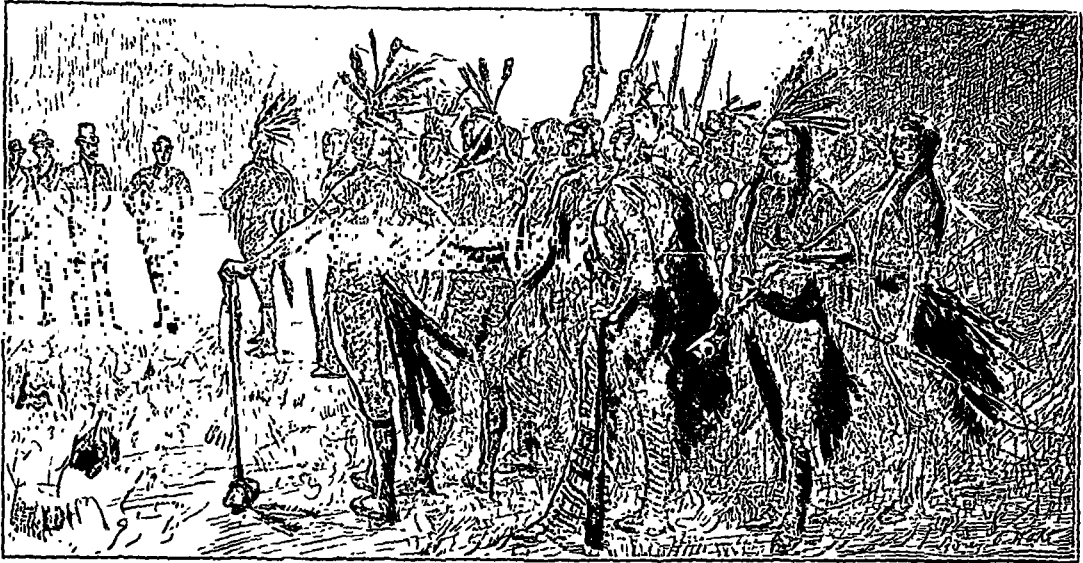
Still more incomplete would the tour have been if Niagara had been omitted; and here, lest it should be thought that

everything is in favour of the present generation, let it be stated at once that the father had the better of the son. In the forty years which have elapsed between the two royal visits the Vandal man



THE ORANGEMEN'S ARCH AT TORONTO

(From an engraving)



CHIPPEWAY INDIANS VISITING KING EDWARD AT SARINA, CANADA

(From a drawing by Sidney P. Hall)

had done all that lies in his power to mar the most majestic spectacle in the world. The factories which he has built on the United States shore are, not merely by reason of their incongruity, but in themselves, among the most hideous structures ever conceived by the Utilitarian mind. They succeed in spoiling the approach to the Falls; that they fail to destroy the effect of the Falls themselves is due only to the simple fact that Niagara, its massive wall of falling water, rolling down

relentlessly for ever, its clouds of hoary spray, its eternal and undying roar, are things so stupendous and overwhelming that they paralyse the spectator's brain, causing him to be utterly oblivious of all things beside, nay, even to forget them, in mute and awe-stricken wonder.

The memory of it casts a spell over the writer not less potent than it exercised upon him as a spectator. It seems almost an approach to bathos to add that,

A DACEE BRAVE
Near Calgary*(From a photograph, by permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway)*

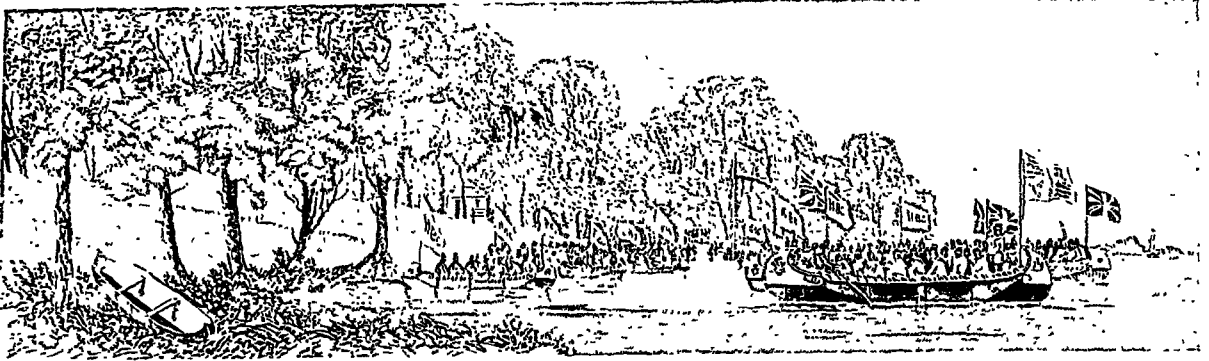
A SIOUX MEDICINE-MAN

(From a photograph by Burgess Chamberlain, S. Dak.)

after seeing the falls on one day in all their untamable majesty, from all points of view, including the *Maid of the Mist* of those days, and after seeing them illuminated by Bengal lights—which may well have been a glorious spectacle—the Prince next day saw the great Blondin cross the Niagara River on a tight-

With Niagara the Canadian tour ended, and this is clearly the proper place in which to print the Duke of Newcastle's impression of it.

"Now the Canadian visit is concluded, he may pronounce it eminently successful, and may venture



GRAND CANOE RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE KING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

The Canoes being manned by Indians of the Iroquois Tribe

(From an engraving)

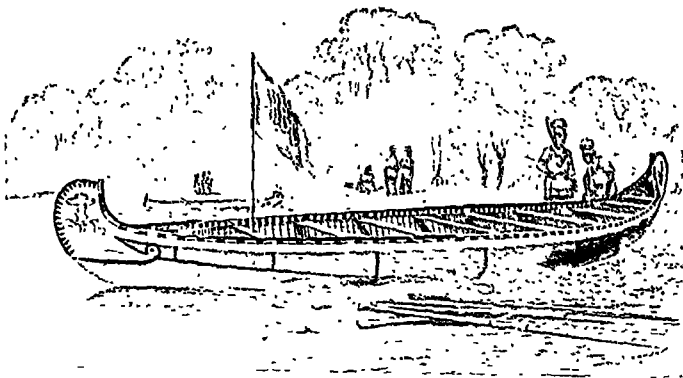
rope and on stilts, carrying a man pick-a-back the while. We are told that the Prince was very anxious, that he begged Blondin most earnestly never to repeat the performance, and that the latter, observing that there was no danger, offered to carry the Prince himself across, but that the suggestion was briefly declined.

It was, of course, impossible, in the French sense, absurd, and insolent; and the whole Blondin business would have been calculated to spoil the effect of Niagara upon the Prince's mind were it not for the ever-present fact that Niagara, once seen, asserts itself again and again in the memory. Even in the most incongruous surroundings,

and years afterwards, he who has looked upon Niagara finds himself remembering at odd moments that the wall of water is still falling, that the mist is still rising in sullen clouds, that the roar and the boom are still going on, yesterday, to-day, now and for ever.

to offer her Majesty his humble but very hearty congratulations. He does not doubt that future years will clearly demonstrate the good that has been done. The attachment to the Crown of England has been greatly cemented, and other nations will have learned how useless it will be in

case of war, to tamper with the allegiance of the North American Provinces, or to invade their shores. There is much in the population of all classes to admire and for a good Government to work upon, and the very knowledge that the acts of all will henceforth be more watched in England, because more attention has been drawn to



BIRCH-BARK CANOE PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD DURING HIS VISIT TO CANADA

the country, will do great good.

"The Duke of Newcastle is rejoiced to think that this is not the only good that has sprung out of the visit. It has done much good to the Prince of Wales himself, and the development of mind and habit of thought is very perceptible. The Duke of

Newcastle will be much disappointed if your Majesty and the Prince Consort are not pleased with the change that has been brought about by this practical school, in which so many of the future duties of life have been forced upon the Prince's daily attention. 'He has certainly left a very favourable impression behind him.'

Before leaving Canada, the Prince of Wales, speaking for the last time for some weeks as the Prince of Wales, said at Hamilton: "My duties as a representative of the Queen cease this day, but in a private capacity I am about to visit, before I return home, that remarkable land which claims with us a common ancestry, and in whose extraordinary progress every Englishman feels a common interest." In other words, he was going to indulge in a somewhat protracted tour in the United States, and for that purpose he was going to use his title of Baron Renfrew. It may be remarked at once that the people of the United States, and especially the newspaper reporters, took very good care that this Court fiction should possess as little value as possible, and that Baron Renfrew was received everywhere precisely as if he had come as Prince of Wales. But the subterfuge had its uses; for the visit was not official, although it was every whit as grand as if it had been official.

Here it is necessary to go back for a moment. No sooner had it become known to the people of the United States that the Heir Apparent was going to pay a state visit to the Dominion than President Buchanan addressed a letter to Queen Victoria,

asking in most cordial terms that the Prince might be permitted to extend his journey to Washington. The reply, equally cordial, was that the Prince would gladly visit the United States in a private capacity.

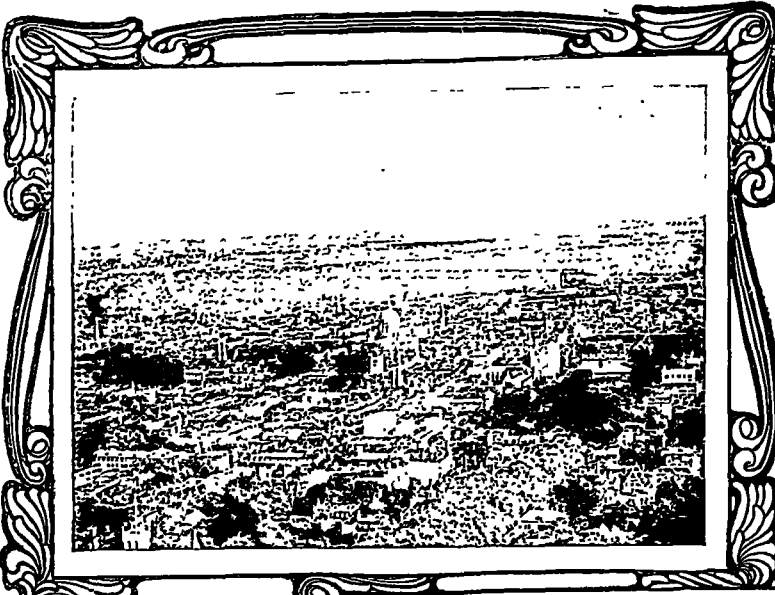


THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

(From a photograph)

And now, the Canadian tour being over, the time had come for the fulfilment of that promise.

James Buchanan, at that time President of the United States, was emphatically not one of those great statesmen who have led their fellow countrymen upon wise courses. He was, as James Russell Lowell said very plainly, a mediocrity; although he had the sense to foresee that at some time or other the annexation of Cuba would become an absolute necessity, it is perfectly clear that his judgment was



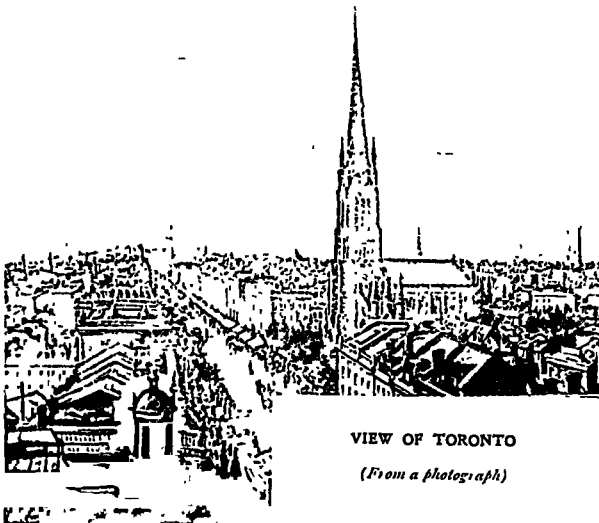
MONTREAL

(From a photograph)

entirely at fault upon the question of slavery—and this is the more curious in that his support of slavery was due not so much to principle as to a pusillanimous fear of the possible consequences of abolition. Buchanan was a party man pure and simple, weak and of commonplace intellect, and it is hardly too much to say that his narrowness of mind and his want of courage were largely responsible for the

PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA*(From a photograph)*

W. H. SCRIVENER



VIEW OF TORONTO

(From a photograph)

disastrous Civil War which followed very shortly after the visit of the Prince to the United States. Personally, however, he was known to most of those who were in the *entourage* of the Prince; for, not very long before the visit, he had represented the United States at the Court of St. James. The first important

place visited by the Prince was Chicago, and the reception at Chicago struck the keynote which was heard everywhere during the rest of his sojourn. The careful Duke of Newcastle seems to have looked forward to the whole business with some little anxiety. He wrote to the Queen: "The reception of the Prince in Chicago is invaluable, as it is by this time known all over the States, and will very much regulate the

proceedings in other cities." The letter begins: "Enormous crowds were settled in this city, which, though little more than a village thirty years ago, now contains about 150,000 inhabitants, but the utmost order prevailed, and indeed nothing could be more remarkable than the mixture of interest and good-humoured curiosity with respect and desire to conform to the expressed wish to avoid outward demonstrations."

The good Duke really need never have felt a moment's anxiety, for the people of the United States are the best and most generous of hosts imaginable, so long as nothing is said or done which seems to reflect upon their honour, or to wound their considerable self-esteem; and the last thing in the world to be expected was that the Prince, already famous for his tact, would fall into any error of the kind.

So, first at Chicago and later at St. Louis, the reception was enthusiastic, but it is pleasant to note that between Chicago and St. Louis there was a halt at Dwight Station—an almost unknown village—for a day's quail shooting; and some indefatigably curious reporter placed upon record the astounding fact that on that day fourteen brace of quails and four rabbits fell to the Prince's gun! This bag, seeing that the

Prince was always a sound and workmanlike shot, shows that the shooting offered to his Royal Highness on this occasion was of moderate quality, to put it mildly. But, after the turmoil and bustle of Chicago, and with the prospect of more turmoil and more bustle to come, there need be no hesitation in saying that the rest and the open air were welcome and necessary.

From St. Louis, the Duke of Newcastle sent a report of a reception by 70,000 or 80,000 people, which was somewhat more informing than that which he had sent from Chicago. The distinction which he draws in it between the manner of the Canadian welcome and that accorded by the United States in two successive cities will be read with interest:

"Nothing could exceed the civility or kind demeanour of the people. None of the cheering or noisy enthusiasm of the loyal Canadians, but great curiosity to see the Prince, much excitement and interest, and great courtesy combined with order and self-respect, which were very remarkable. The same may be said of this great city. The friendly spirit of the people is the same, and the courtesy of the educated classes and of the civic authorities is most gratifying."



THE RESIDENCE OF KING EDWARD AT HAMILTON



JAMES BUCHANAN
President of the United States in 1860

(From an engraving)



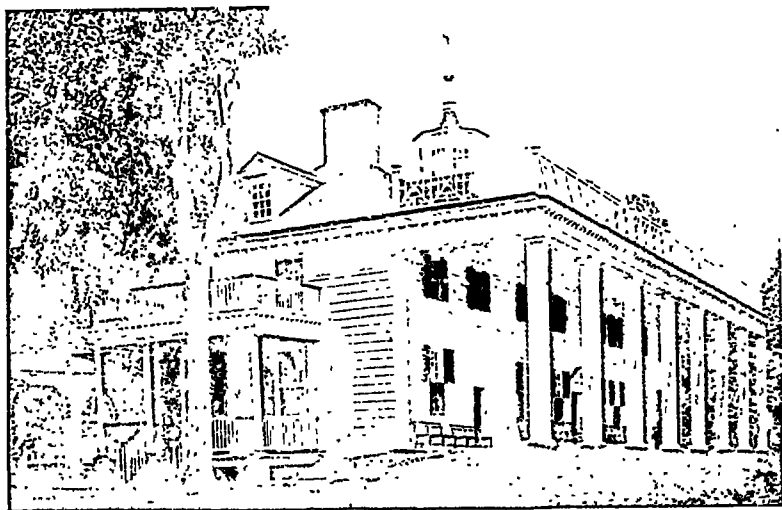
STATE STREET, CHICAGO

(From a photograph)



KING EDWARD SHOOTING ON THE PRAIRIES OF THE FAR WEST
(From an engraving)

From St. Louis "Baron Renfrew" went on to Washington, where he was the guest of President Buchanan, to whom he was introduced by Lord Lyons, at the White House, and festivities were numerous during the five days of the stay, but it is agreed on all hands that the visit to Washington's house and burial-place at Mount Vernon was the scene of paramount and striking interest. Everybody, including Sir Theodore Martin, has quoted the *Times* correspondent's observations upon this scene, and it may be said without any hesitation that they were written with dignity and feeling :



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF GENERAL WASHINGTON
(From a photo)



WASHINGTON'S TOMB
(From a photo)

"Before this humble tomb the Prince, the President, and all the party stood uncovered. It is easy moralising on this visit, for there is something grandly suggestive of historical retribution in the reverential awe of the Prince of Wales, the great-grandson of George III., standing bareheaded at the foot of the coffin of Washington. For a few moments the party stood mute and motionless, and the Prince then proceeded

to plant a chestnut by the side of the tomb. It seemed, when the Royal youth closed in the earth around the little germ, that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West."

Magniloquent as the language is, and unexceptionable as is the conception embodied in it, the investigator into the cold facts of the past cannot tell precisely whether the Prince did in fact bury a seed or plant a tree, and it is not to be denied that the metaphor might have been rounded off very much more happily. At the same time this early example of a practice of planting memorial trees, which is now firmly established in the United States and in the Royal Family, is distinctly interesting. Indeed it would be a pleasant but a long task to

compile a list of trees planted in various parts of the world at one time or another by Queen Victoria, our present King, and the present Prince and Princess of Wales. The

present writer has seen such trees in every division of the United Kingdom, in Canada, and in Ceylon, and in some cases, as in the Paradisia at Kandy, the tree planted by the son is within a long stone's-throw of the one planted years before by the father. To

a movement having for its object the encouragement of a similar practice in Great Britain and Ireland during this Coronation Year it may be permissible here to give a word of encouragement.

After Washington came a debated point, for, having regard to the strong feeling which existed upon the question of negro slavery in Great Britain no less than in the northern part of the United States, it was at least open to doubt whether it was wise that "Baron Renfrew" should accept the invitation of leading Southerners, backed as it was no doubt by the President, and visit Richmond. How-

ever, to Richmond he went, but, says Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, "he flatly refused to have his carriage to visit the negro quarters at Haxall's plantation, and so he returned to Washington, having shown a good

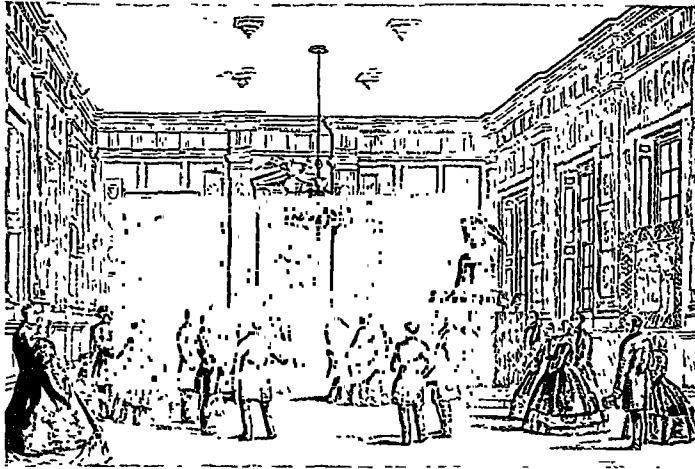
deal more common sense than had those about him." To this sweeping feminine condemnation of Lord Lyons and the Duke of Newcastle it is surely

legitimate to demur. Slavery was bad and intolerable, of course; nobody would dream of urging the contrary view now. But in 1860, at any rate, there was abundant room for two opinions on the subject, even among men of undoubted natural humanity; and "Baron Renfrew" would have departed from

the non-party attitude proper to a Prince of Wales, and would have given a great deal of just offence, if he had refused the Southern invitation altogether.

Next came a visit to Philadelphia, the very shrine of the independence of the United States, and there, for the first time, Baron "Renfrew" heard Patti, by whom, always possessed of a taste for music, he was infinitely charmed. The divine singer, then in the prime of her youth (she was born in 1843) and of her dark beauty (she is of Spanish and Italian extraction) had made her triumphant *début* at New York, but Covent Garden did not yet

know her, and her successes as Amina, Lucia, Violetta, Zerlina, Martha and Rosina were yet to come. This, too, was the first meeting between the Queen of singers and the future King of England.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, VISITED BY KING EDWARD 10th OCTOBER 1860

(From an engraving)



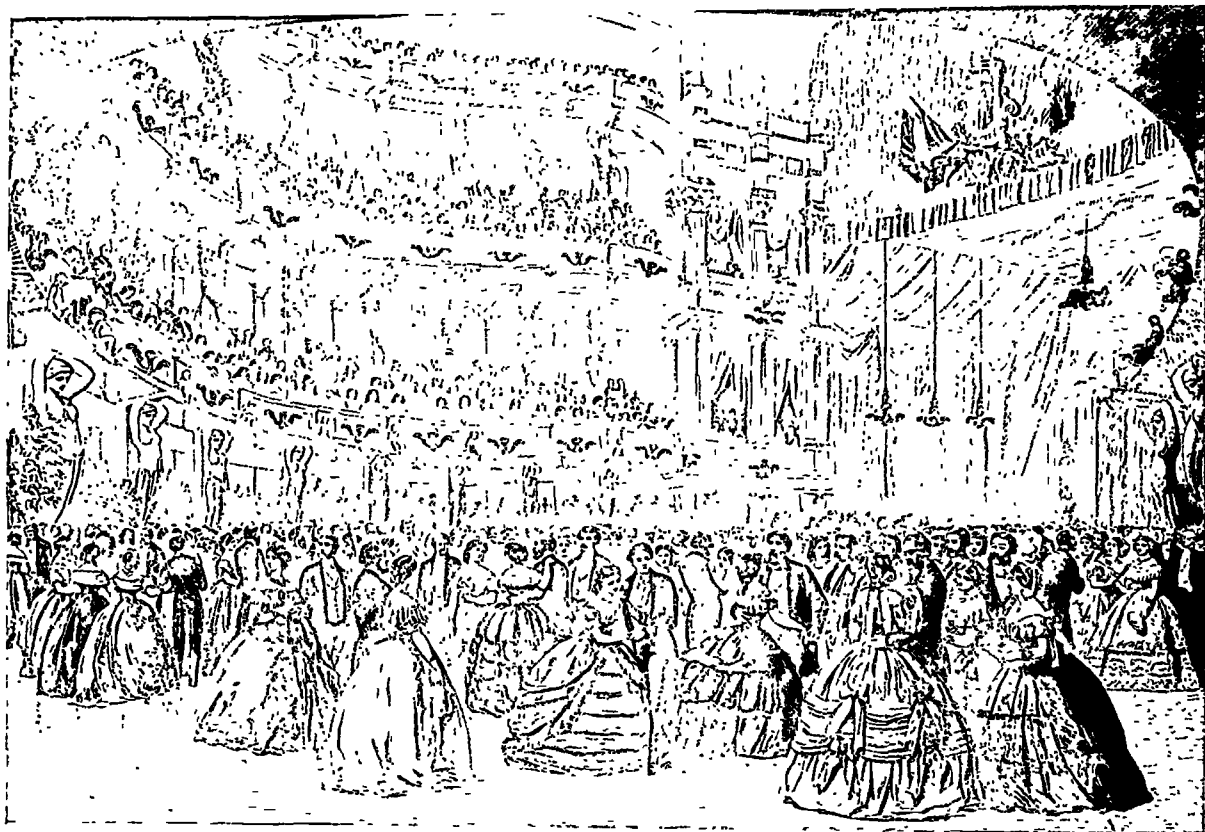
TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF FIRE BRIGADE IN HONOUR OF KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO NEW YORK

After Philadelphia came New York and a brilliant series of festivities, including a huge ball at the Academy of Music, where the floor gave way at one point under the feet of 3000 guests, of whom the ladies, judging by a contemporary picture in the *Illustrated London News*, wore portentous crinolines, and a review of 6000 Volunteer Firemen in Madison Square, with which the Royal visitor was intensely pleased.

Of the impression produced on the citizens of New York, and of the spirit in which preparations were

most excellent family, but because he seems to be himself highly meritorious and of right promise. . . . The greatest difficulty we at present encounter is the want of a house big enough for a portion of our good citizens who desire to pay their respects to him. The structure we have selected is capable of containing six thousand, but, looking to wide crinolines and comfort, we do not intend admitting over three thousand for ball and supper.

"I have never witnessed a more unanimous desire to make the Prince's visit to us entirely agreeable to



GRAND BALL GIVEN AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, IN HONOUR OF KING EDWARD

(From a drawing by F. J. Skill)

made by them, a clear impression is given in a letter addressed by Mr. Davis, a forgotten American humorist, in a letter to a relative in England which subsequently found its way into the hands of the Prince Consort :

"During my absence from town, arrangements were entered upon here to give the Prince a hearty welcome ; and I found my name as chairman of one of the working committees, which duty I have readily accepted. . . . We intend to do the thing rightly, and in all respects most agreeably to his Royal Highness, not only because he belongs to a

himself, and if we do not succeed it will not be our fault. . . . He is decidedly a popular character with us, and may consider himself a lucky lad if he escapes a nomination for President before he reaches his homeward-bound fleet. The funny part of the whole affair is to note the decided unwillingness of our people to be *shabbed* off by another title than 'His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,' a real *up and down and out and out Prince*, of the right stuff too, coupled with a hope that he will remain so for many many years ; for there is not a living being more sincerely beloved by our people than his Royal mother, who, they think, cannot do wrong, even if she

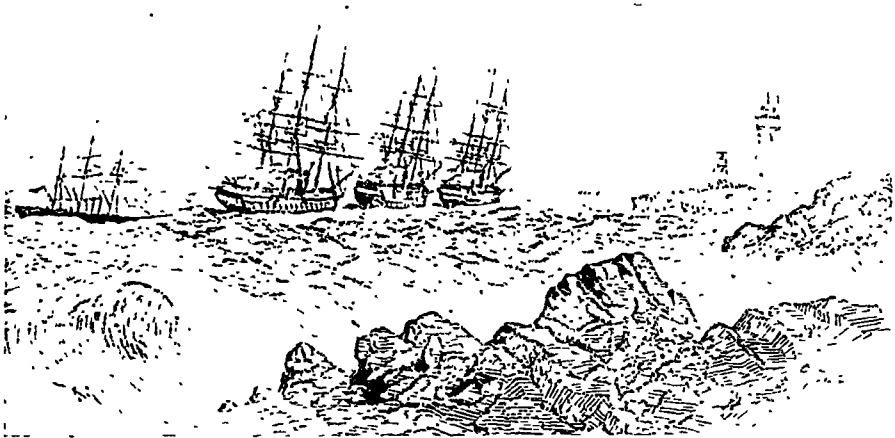
tried to do so. . . . I hope in course of time the whole 'blessed family' of 'the good Queen' may visit hers and our dominions, as I am quite sure the more intimately we know each other the better friends we shall all become."

Such a letter, instinct with good feeling, is eminently worthy of preservation after so many years.

If an antidote for Richmond had been needed it was found at Boston, where the illustrious visitor met Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, wittiest

Anglo-Saxon race. It is a fighting race, but all the enmity vanishes when the fighting is over.

So, on the 20th October the American visit had ended and H.M.S. *Hero*, escorted by the *Ariadne*, *Nile* and *Styx*, sailed for Plymouth, encountering heavy weather on the way, so that it was not until the 15th of November that the anxious parents heard at Windsor that the illustrious wanderer was safe at Plymouth. That very evening he was at home in the happy family circle at Windsor after a tour so successful that Charles Sumner wrote from Boston to



DEPARTURE OF KING EDWARD FROM PORTLAND, U.S.A., FOR ENGLAND

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews)

and shrewdest of easy-going philosophers, and Longfellow, who had already sung :

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties,
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

To the Boston visit Harvard was but a natural corollary, and here two trees were planted, and a drive taken to Bunker's Hill, the classic scene of the Pyrrhic victory of the British troops in 1775. Mixed indeed must have been the feelings of the great-grandson of George III. and of his hosts as they trod this historic ground. But the whole visit showed in unmistakable fashion one traditional merit of the

Deni-on, the great Speaker of the House of Commons :

"I took the liberty of remarking to him (the Duke of Newcastle) that he was carrying home an unwritten treaty of amity and alliance between two great nations." Of that unwritten treaty, in spite of occasional outbreaks of temper rather than that of serious ill-feeling, after years have seen not a little evidence, of which one striking example has recently been made public. No more fitting conclusion could be found for this chapter than the letters which passed between the Duke of Newcastle and the Queen and between President Buchanan and the Queen. Of the last two the former gave

great satisfaction to Lord Palmerston, while the latter was drafted by the Prince Consort.

"The Duke of Newcastle presents his humble duty to your Majesty and cannot say with what pleasure he writes this last letter to your Majesty from the continent of America, with everything that is agreeable to communicate, and nothing now at all likely to detract from the most wonderful and gratifying success of the visit to the United States.

"Your Majesty will remember that the Duke of Newcastle always expected a warm reception for the Prince of Wales, and never believed in the fears of insult and even mischief in this city which were entertained by many, but he certainly never ventured to hope for anything approaching the scene which occurred here three days ago—such a scene as probably was never witnessed before—the enthusiasm of much more than half a million of people, worked up almost to madness, and yet self-restrained within bounds of the most perfect courtesy, by the passage through their streets of a foreign Prince, not coming to celebrate a new-born alliance, or

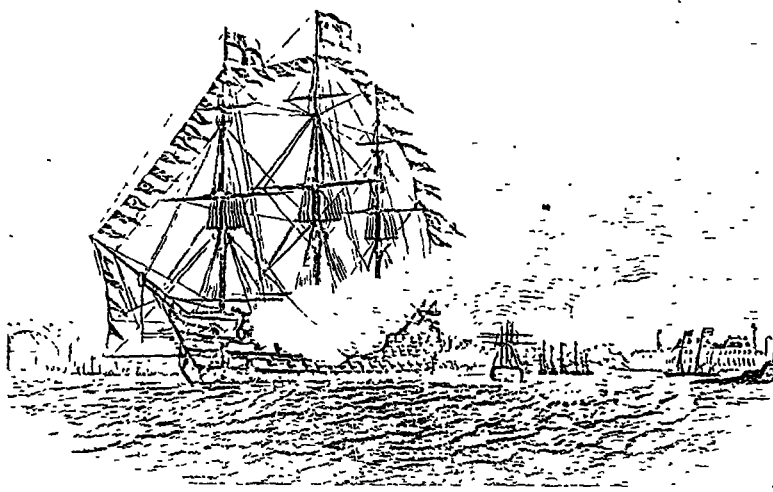
to share in the glories of a joint campaign, but solely as a private visitor, and as exhibiting indirectly only the friendly feelings of the country to which he belongs.

"Two causes have produced this remarkable result—the one is, the really warm affection for England, which has been growing in the hearts of the great mass of the natives of the United States, and which only required the genial influence of such an event as this visit to force it into a vigorous expansion; and the second is the very remarkable love for your Majesty personally which pervades all classes in this country, and which has acted like a spell upon them when they found your Majesty's son actually amongst them.

"There can be no doubt that the most important results will ensue from this happy event, and such

as the ablest diplomatist could not have brought about in a quarter of a century. The Duke of Newcastle does not doubt that the feelings of amity between the two countries will, in spite of the alien element which is so strong in this land, be such for some time to come, as to have an important bearing upon those events which it is too probable will soon arise in Europe. . The President's hospitality was in thoroughly good taste and most agreeable to all most concerned. There is no doubt that pleasant impressions have been left on both sides. The old gentleman was quite touched at parting and promised to write to your Majesty."

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN to HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA



THE ARRIVAL OF KING EDWARD IN PLYMOUTH HARBOUR

H.M.S. Impregnable firing a salute

(From an engraving)

"When I had the honour of addressing your Majesty in June last I confidently predicted a cordial welcome for the Prince of Wales throughout this country, should he pay us a visit on his return from Canada to England. What was then prophecy has now become history. He has been everywhere received with enthusiasm; and this is attribu-

table not only to the very high regard entertained for your Majesty, but also to his own noble and manly bearing. He has passed through a long ordeal for a person of his years, and his conduct throughout has been such as became his age and station. Dignified, frank and affable, he has conciliated, wherever he has been, the kindness and respect of a sensitive and discriminating people. His visit thus far has been all your Majesty would have desired; and I have no doubt it will so continue until the end.

"The Prince left us for Richmond this morning with the Duke of Newcastle and the other members of his wisely selected suite. I should gladly have prolonged his visit, had this been possible consistently with previous arrangements. In our domestic circle he won all hearts. His free and

ingenuous intercourse with myself evinced both a good heart and a good understanding. I shall ever cherish the warmest wishes for his welfare.

"The visit of the Prince to the tomb of Washington and the simple but solemn ceremonies at this consecrated spot, will become an historical event, and cannot fail to exert a happy influence on the kindred people of the two countries.

"Miss Lane [the President's niece] desires to be kindly remembered to your Majesty.

"With my respectful regards for the Prince Consort,

"I remain,

"Your Majesty's Friend

and obedient Servant,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"WASHINGTON, 6 October 1860."

THE QUEEN to THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

"WINDSOR CASTLE,
19th November 1860.

"The Duke of Newcastle knows already how high a sense we have ever entertained of the services he has rendered at all times to the Queen, but especially on the recent very important occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada and the United States, an event of the greatest importance, but attended with considerable difficulties, which has, however, terminated in the most successful and gratifying manner. The Queen is anxious to mark these feelings publicly by offering to the Duke the Order of the Garter, which she trusts he will have no hesitation in accepting. The Duke will be an extra Knight till a vacancy occurs, but the Queen did not wish to wait for that event, being anxious to mark her approbation at once."

The Duke was invested at a Chapter of the Order on the 16th December.

THE QUEEN to PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

"WINDSOR CASTLE,
19th November 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,

"Your letter of the 16th ult. has afforded me

the greatest pleasure, containing as it does such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to the United States have been fully appreciated and that his demeanour and the feelings evinced by him have secured to him your esteem and the general goodwill of your countrymen. I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales's safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us, by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and so delighted with all he has seen and experienced in his travels. He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner in which you have received him; and whilst, as a mother, I am most grateful for all the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express at the same time how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection towards myself personally, which his presence has called forth. I fully reciprocate towards your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity.

"The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may be fitly taken as a type of our present feeling, and I trust of our future relations.

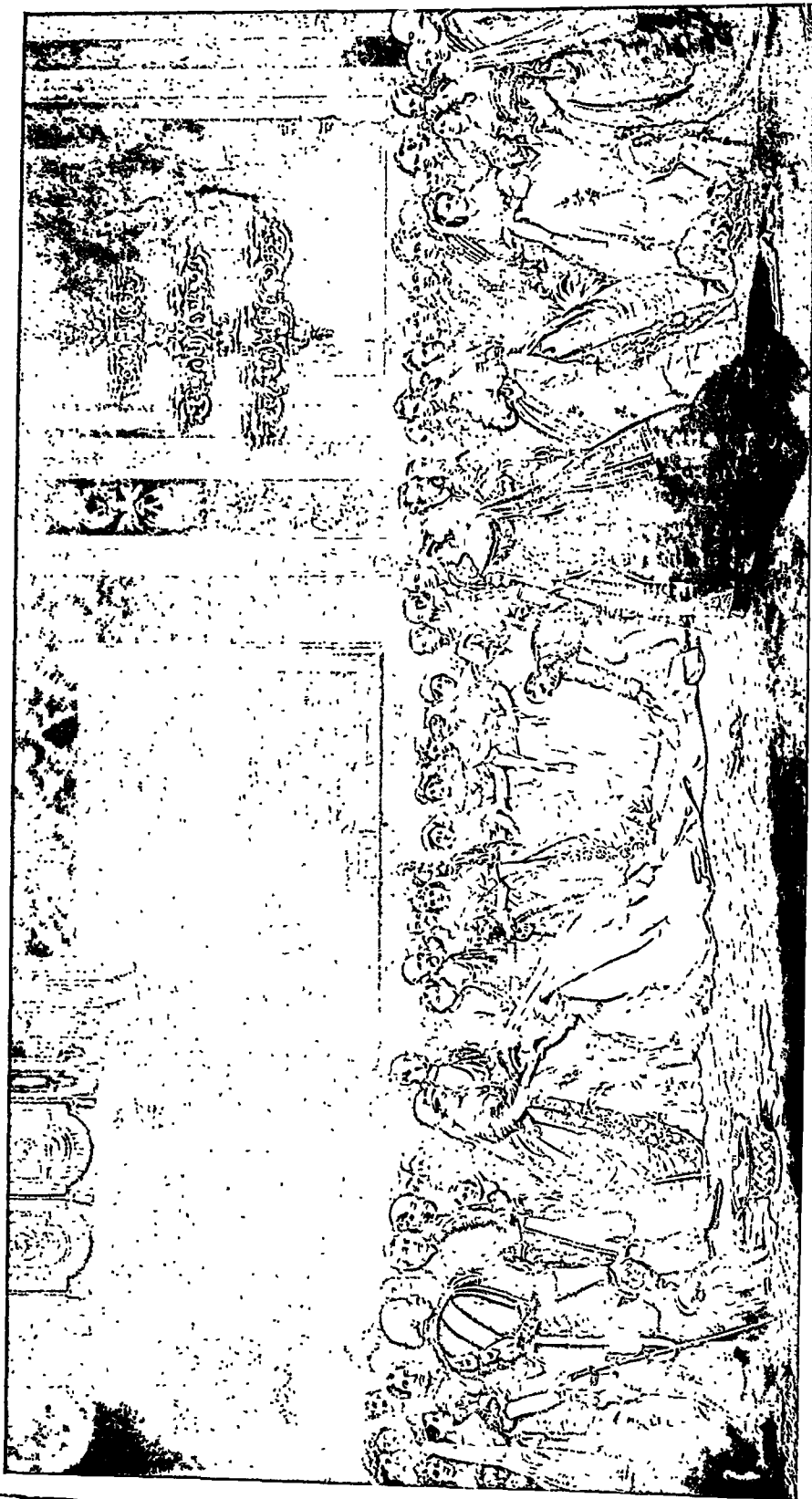
"The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be to Miss Lane.

"Believe me, always, your good Friend,

"VICTORIA REGINA."



MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO CANADA
AND THE INAUGURATION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE



DRAWING-ROOM HELD BY QUEEN VICTORIA AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE IN 1861

(The last attended by the Prince Consort)

King Edward stands between his Father and the Duke of Cambridge

(From the picture by Jerry Barret, Cambridge)

CHAPTER V



HE King, as he is now, spent the autumn of 1861 at Cambridge, and it may very safely be said that at no period of his career have his spirits been higher or have his prospects looked brighter than they were then. He

seemed to possess everything that it could enter into the heart of prince or peasant to desire on this earth; and the varied delights of his existence at that time were thrown into greater prominence by the memory of his gloomy boyhood. As it was, he had done his grand tour, he was in the middle of his third University career, his father—like any ordinary father—had come down to Cambridge to see him, and he was looking forward to a Christmas at home, where he might hope to see all the members of the family except Prince Alfred, who was away on his naval duties, and the Princess Royal, who was in Germany with her husband.

Beyond that, there seemed to lie before him the prospect of pleasant and dignified ease for some time to come. His father, whose knowledge of European affairs was equalled only by his industry, appeared to be in the full vigour of life. His mother, the Queen, was not likely, with the Prince Consort beside her, to ask advice upon Affairs of State from her son. And that son's life had been pretty well mapped out. It was to involve—as was right and proper in the case of the heir to a great colonial empire—much travelling, and this travelling would be done in all lightness of heart, and with the delicious sense of freedom from responsibility,

because the young Prince would know all the time that his father's strong hand was ready to assist the mother. Young as he was, too, his marriage was all but decided upon, but his engagement, and the romantic episodes in connection with it, are not matter proper to a chapter which must needs be sombre.

Then suddenly, almost in a moment, all was changed. Late in November, the Prince Consort,

who had been very much overworked in connection with the *Trent* affair, began to be taken ill. But it does not seem that at first his symptoms obtained quite the notice that they deserved, except from the Queen herself, and she was rather sorry for the patient than really anxious.

There were guests at the palace during all the early part of the illness: they were, to start with, Lord Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Duc de Nemours; and the Prince Consort does not appear to have felt sufficiently ill to be unable to do his duty as a host. Or perhaps it may have been that his strong sense of duty compelled him to undergo exertions which he felt



H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

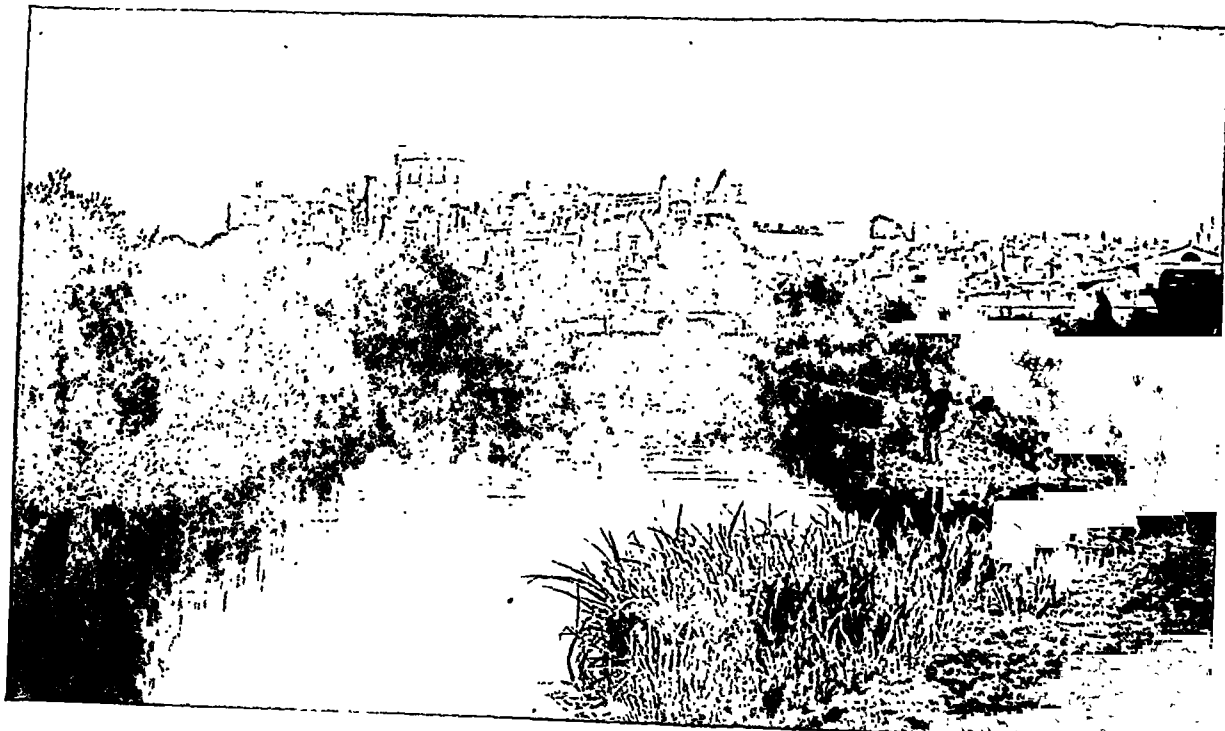
(From the picture by Winterhalter)

were not prudent. Thus, on the 28th of November, the Eton Volunteers were reviewed on the walk below the South Terrace, and entertained at luncheon in the conservatory later. The Queen and the Prince Consort walked round the tables, and the anxious wife noted "Albert was well wrapped up and looked very unwell, and could only walk very slow." "Unhappily, I must be present," were his own words. "Ought not to go, but must," i.e., the version in Dean Stanley's *Life*. In fact it is difficult to read, in these after years, Sir Theodore Martin's account of the Prince Consort's

illness without suspecting that he might have been spared to us if he had spared himself. The next day he seemed a little better, but on the morning of December 1st he rose early and set to work. "He could eat no breakfast and looked very wretched, but still he was well enough to get up to make a draft for me to write to Lord Russell in correction of his draft to Lord Lyons sent to me yesterday, which Albert did not approve." That draft, a fac-simile of which is preserved in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life*, is an intensely pathetic document, containing as it does abundant evidence of the physical weakness of

fatal to him. Of course, as we all now know, his own illness was fever, and was fatal to him.

It was really Lord Palmerston first, shortly after he came to Windsor Castle as a guest, who saw how serious was the Prince Consort's condition and insisted upon having other advice. At first he was not listened to, and Sir James Clark, on being appealed to by the Queen, explained that there was no cause for alarm. But the Prince Consort was no better on the next day, would take no food, and although he liked being read to, could not be satisfied with any book that was begun. The books actually



WINDSOR CASTLE

(From a photograph by J. Russell & Sons, Windsor)

the Prince Consort, and numerous alterations in the firmer hand of the Queen.

Later, he walked a little, and went to service in the chapel; and in the afternoon Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner saw him, and that night he went to bed early. But even yet his condition does not seem to have excited any serious alarm, and although he sent for Dr. Jenner the next morning, and Sir James Clark came to see him, still he saw Lord Methuen and Colonel Francis Seymour, and was eager in asking them all the details connected with the death of the King of Portugal; nay, he even said to Lord Methuen, surely in melancholy prescience of the doom that was impending, that it was well his own malady was not fever, as *that*, he felt sure, would be

tried were George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, Anthony Trollope's *The Warden*, and Charles Lever's *Dod Family*, which last he simply disliked. Again on the 4th the Prince got up, and Princess Alice read to him; but after this interval of time it is almost sickening to read of the doctors and their best bedside manner. Sir James Clark comforted the Queen with the hope that there would be no fever, "of which we live in dread." "Mr. Brown of Windsor came up and was most kind and reassuring, and not alarmed." But Dr. Jenner said the "Prince must eat, and that he was going to tell him so—that the illness would be tedious, and that "completely starving himself as he had done would not do." In fact, at this period of the illness, Dr. Jenner and

Lord Palmerston seem to have been the only persons who had any conception of the real state of affairs, although the Queen was very much distressed at the miserable state of her husband's spirits.

On the 6th the physicians made up their minds; Dr. Jenner told the Queen that "they had all along been watching their patient's state, and suspected fever, but were unable to judge what it might be, and how to treat him till that morning . . . that the fever must have its course, viz., a month, dating from the beginning, which he considers the day Albert went to Sandhurst, the 22nd November or possibly sooner, that he was not alarmed, and that there were no bad symptoms. He could not be better until fever left him. . . . He would tell me everything, I might be sure. . . . Albert himself was not to know

it, as he unfortunately had a horror of fever." On the 8th the Prince Consort was moved, at his own suggestion, to the blue room, which he enjoyed because it was large and bright, and Princess Alice played to him on a piano that was brought into the next room, and the Queen read portions of *Peveril of the Peak* to him.

Then on the 9th, for the first time, the public was apprised of the state in which the Prince Consort was. Again Lord Palmerston, now joined by Lord John Russell, Sir George Cornwall Lewis and the Duke of Newcastle, practically insisted upon more advice, and Dr. Watson first and Sir Henry Holland later were called in. On the 10th and 11th things looked a little more hopeful, and on the 12th

the Prince was decidedly very much worse. On the 13th the Prince of Wales was summoned from



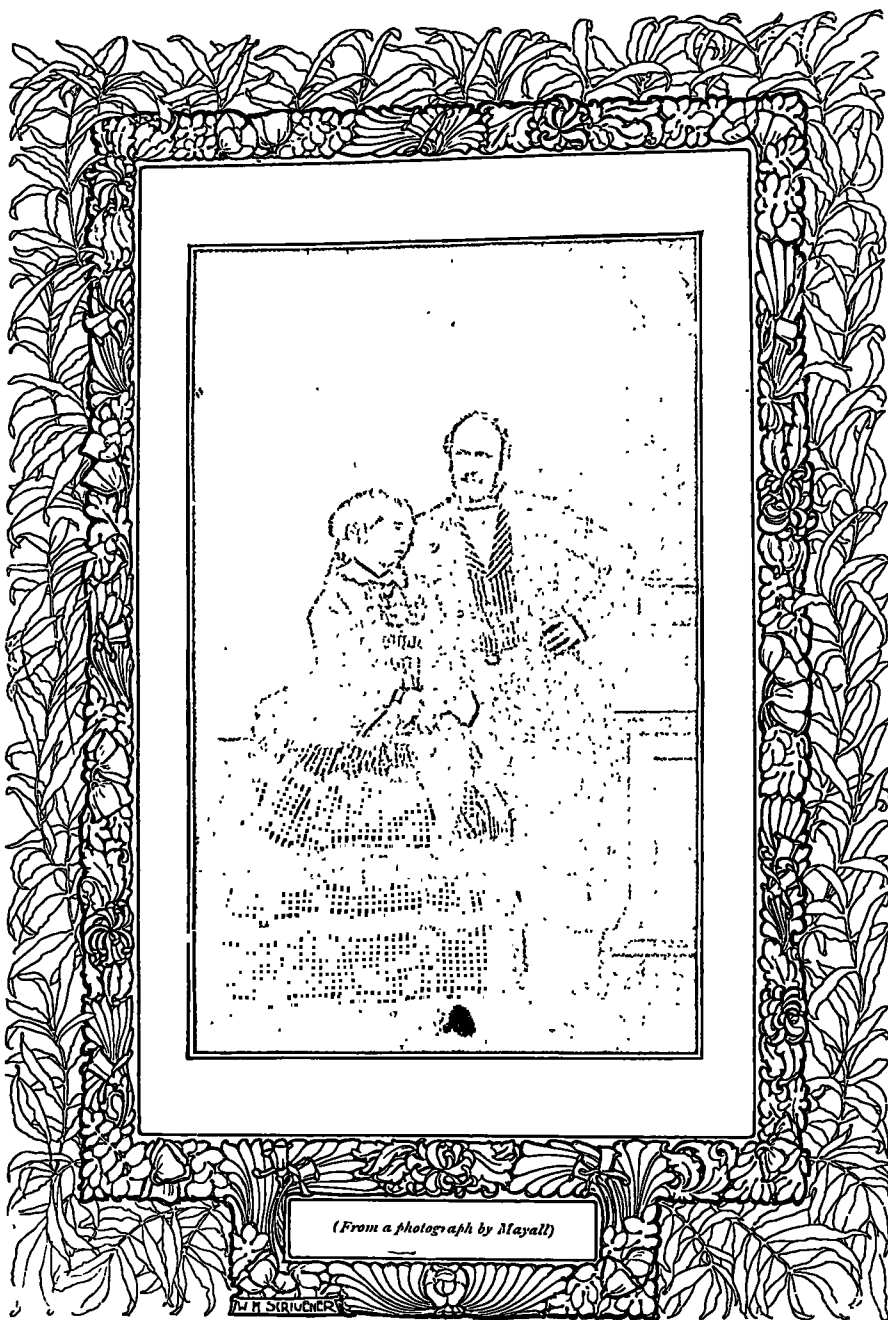
H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE
1st 1861

(Photo by Hughes & Mullins)



PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCESS HELENA IN 1861

(Photo by Hughes & Mullins)



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT IN 1861

Madingley by telegram, sent by Princess Alice, and it is fairly clear that by this time Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner were aware that the end was coming. Nevertheless, that good, comfortable Mr. Brown of Windsor came at six o'clock in the morning to inform her Majesty that he had no hesitation in saying that he thought the Prince was much better, and that there was ground to hope the crisis was over.

As a matter of fact, the end had almost come. That 14th of December 1861, a fine and bright day, was the last that the Prince Consort was to see on earth. In the late afternoon he saw his children, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, Princess Helena, Princess Louise and Prince Arthur, and the faithful Sir Charles Phipps, General Grey, and Sir Thomas Biddulph. Then just before ten he died, there being in the room the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess



H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

Alice, Princess Helena, Prince Ernest Leiningen, General the Hon. Robert Bruce, the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps and General Grey.

So the whole aspect of life was changed for the Queen and for the Prince of Wales. She, who had fondly hoped to rely on the Prince Consort for help and counsel for many years to come, was left a widow surrounded by a large family; and the Prince of Wales, who might reasonably have looked forward

to a few years of easy and pleasant life, suddenly found himself thrust into a position of more than considerable responsibility.

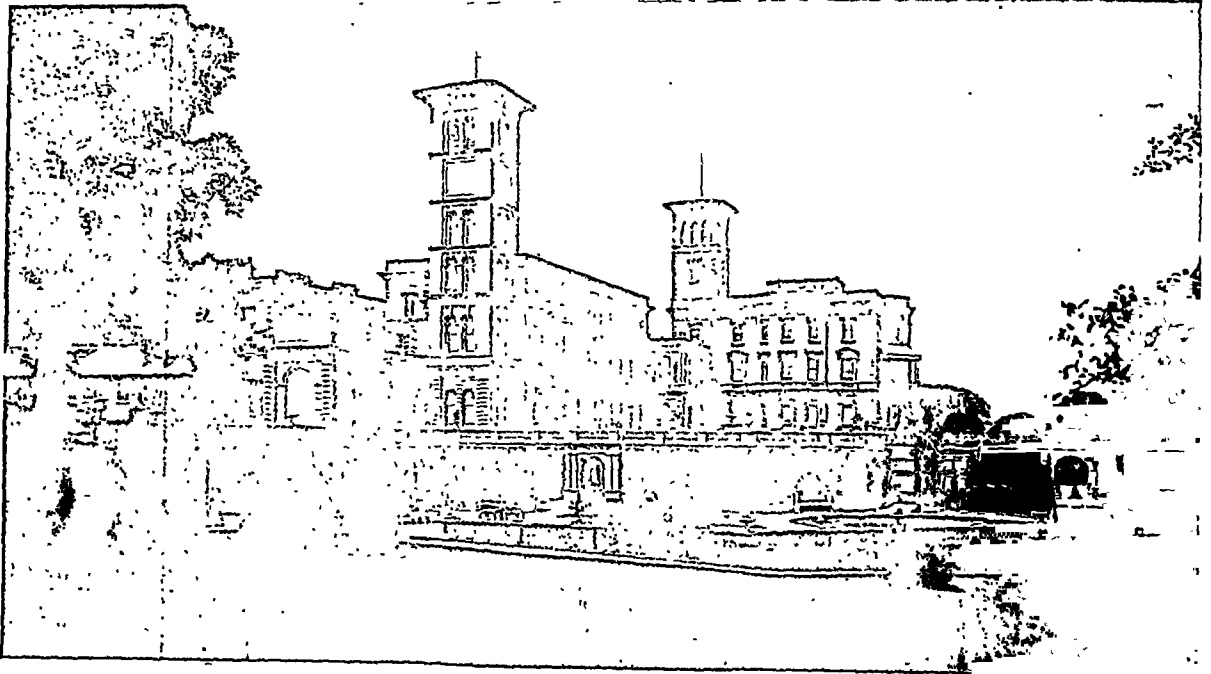
As for the Queen's own grief, it was terrible. Before the last moments came she had found it impossible to remain in the chamber of the sick man and control her emotions, and she had to be summoned specially for the last farewell. Then, when all was over, she went to Osborne, the beloved

home planned by the husband whom she had lost, but before she left she called her children around her and "told them that the interests of a great nation depended on her firmness. Though crushed by the loss of her life's companion, she knew how much was expected of her, and called on them to give her their assistance in order that she might do her duty to them and the country."

To the Prince of Wales himself the death of his father, coming as it did without any preliminary warning, was a severe and almost stupefying shock. His grief, as was plainly to be seen at the funeral service later, was deep and inconsolable, for he had

loss that could have fallen upon it. . . . We shall need time fully to appreciate the magnitude of the loss we have sustained. Every day will make us more conscious of it." Thus the *Times*, which proceeded :

"It has been the misfortune of most Royal personages that their education has been below the dignity of their position. Cut off by their rank from intimate association with young persons of the same age, they have often had occasion bitterly to lament that the same fortune which raised them above the nobility in station had sunk them below them in knowledge



OSBORNE HOUSE

(From a photograph by J. Valentine & Sons)

almost idolised his father. But in the meanwhile he had duties to perform and he accomplished them without flinching. "In that [the Royal] Family"—said the *Times*—"there are two upon whom the eyes of all England will naturally be attracted at this juncture. . . . If the Prince of Wales is ever to be a wise and good sovereign he will now be a wise and good son . . . the Prince of whom we have seen so much yet know so little." It may be written without hesitation that the Prince of Wales, in spite of his sorrow, rose to the needs of the occasion with noble courage.

The national grief, mixed with sympathy for the Queen and with grave anxiety for her health, was deep. "The nation has just sustained the greatest

and acquirements. Thanks to the cultivated mind and sterling good sense of the Prince Consort, no such charge will be brought against the present generation of the Royal Family of England. Possessing talents of the first order, cultivated and refined by diligent and successful study, the Prince has watched over the education of his children with an assiduity commensurate with the greatness of the trust, and destined, we doubt not, to bear fruit in the future stability of our reigning family and its firm hold on the affections of the people. The Queen supports her great affliction with admirable fortitude."

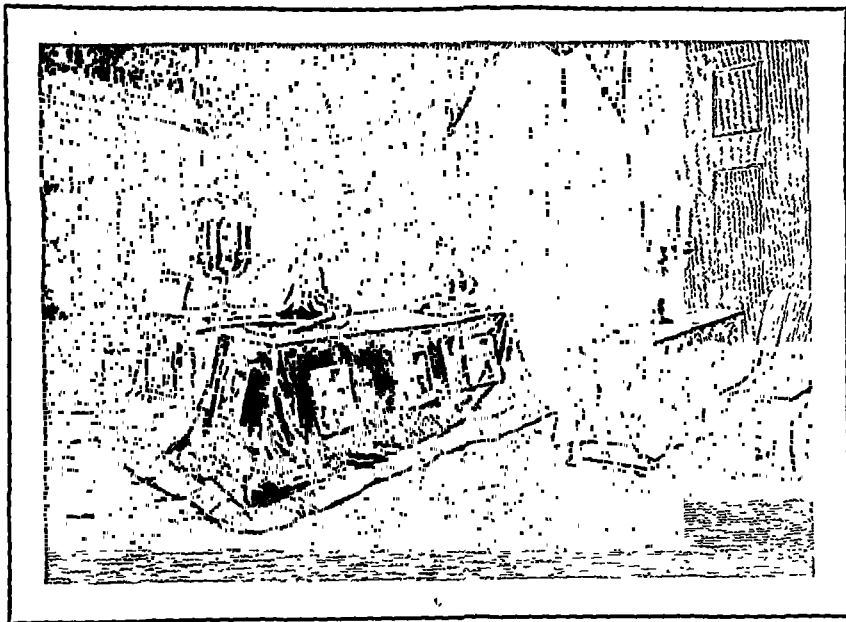
But far and away the most complete tribute

to the memory of the Prince Consort was Alfred Tennyson's dedication to a later edition of the "Idylls of the King," which the Prince Consort had much admired :

"These to his Memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king;

A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his?
Or how should England dreaming of his sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of Peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.



THE PRINCE CONSORT'S COFFIN IN THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER, WINDSOR CASTLE, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL

(From an engraving)

Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who claved to her—
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse
Darkening the world. We have lost him. He is gone;
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot; for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendour."

Never was there elegy more genuine, more heart-felt,
more truthfully expressed; and it was followed by
the sublime aspiration which the rolling years have
seen fulfilled to the letter

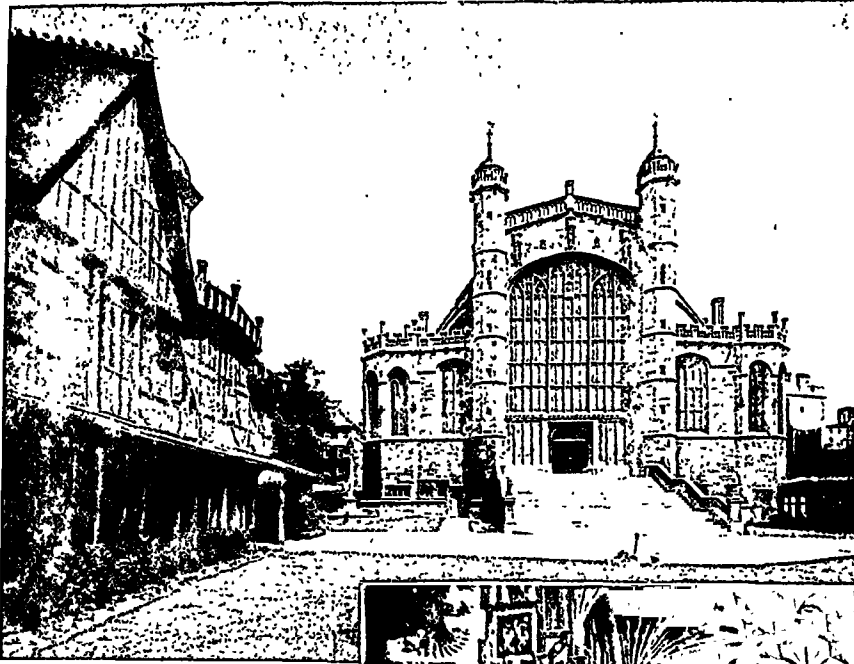
"May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

Upon the Lord Chamberlain, who went to Windsor
on Sunday morning to receive the commands of

the Queen before she left for Osborne, fell the duty of making the formal arrangements for the funeral; but the Prince of Wales, albeit prostrated with grief, had necessarily abundance of occupation during those

and the one of his chaplains whom the Prince Consort trusted so entirely and completely that it was almost his dying wish that the Prince of Wales in the Eastern tour, which was even then in prospect, should have him for guide and companion. It was in the following terms:

DEPOSITUM
ILLUSTRISSIMI ET CELSISSIMI
ALBERTI
PRINCIPIS CONSORTIS
DUCIS SAXONIÆ
DE SAXE: COBURG ET GOTHA
PRINCIPIS
NOBILISSIMI ORDINIS PERIS-
CELIDIS EQUITIS
AUGUSTISSIMÆ ET POTENTIS-
SIMÆ VICTORIÆ REGINÆ
CONJUGIS PERCARISSIMI
OBIIT DIE DECIMO QUARTO
DECEMBRI MDCCCLXI
ANNO ÆTATIS SUÆ XLIII

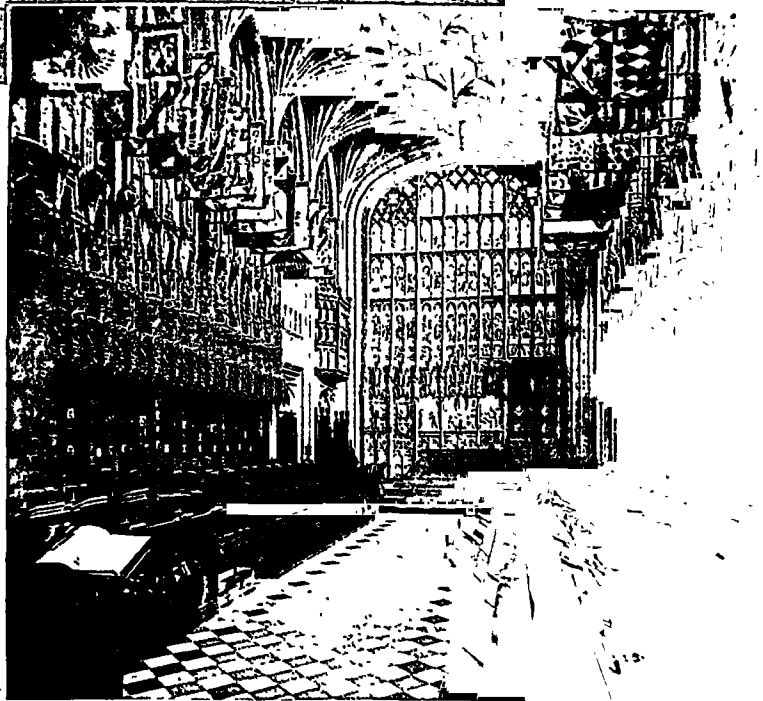


WEST END VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S
CHAPEL, WINDSOR

(Photo by H. N. King)

sad days between the 15th of December, when his father died, and the 23rd, when he was committed to the grave. An interval, not very considerable in the case of a royal personage, was necessary because of the arrangements which had to be made for the representation of foreign Powers. But the processes of Nature will not be denied, and on the 17th of December the officers of the Board of Works sealed down the inner shell and the outer leaden case which contained all that was mortal of a prince cut off in his prime.

The inscription on the leaden coffin, on a massive silver plate, was probably the composition of Professor A. P. Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster,



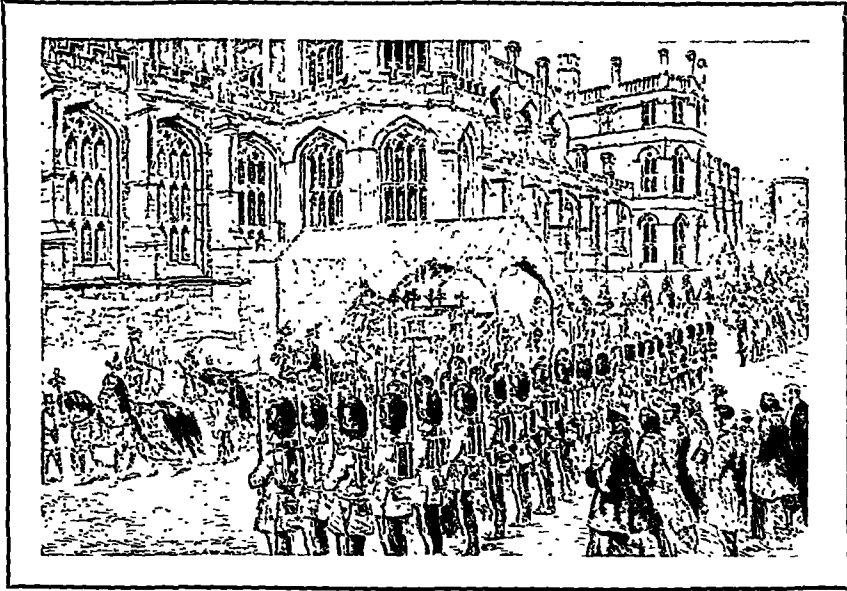
INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

(Photo by H. N. King)

It had been the desire of the Prince Consort that his funeral should be limited in all that relates to funeral pomp and ceremony, in fact that it should resemble as nearly as possible that of the Duchess of Kent, and this modest request was followed in so far

as circumstances permitted. But, in the first place, the Prince Consort had a large number of personal

there were, and the hearse with an escort of 2nd Life Guards and after that the carriages of the Queen, the



THE FUNERAL OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

Scene at St. George's Chapel

(From an engraving)

friends of illustrious position, and in the second place it was essential that the Most Noble Order of the Garter should have a part in the ceremony surrounding the burial of him who had been one of its most distinguished ornaments.

So, on the morning of Monday, the 23rd of December, a long funeral procession moved slowly from the State entrance of Windsor Castle through the Norman Tower Gate to St. George's Chapel, which was draped not in purple as we saw it on the last sad occasion on which it came into use, but in solemn black. Fourteen mourning - coaches

Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Cambridge, all the servants being in State liveries; the line of route was kept by dismounted men of the 2nd Life Guards, and by the 1st Battalion of the Scots Fusilier Guards — a title which sounds strange now — with reversed arms. Upon the Grenadiers fell the mournful privilege of finding a Guard of Honour at the exit from the State Apartments, and at the door of St. George's Chapel during the service. The greater number of the Royal Family and other Royal personages arrived privately from the Castle, and, after waiting in the



EARL SPENCER BEARING THE CROWN OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND LORD GEORGE LENNOX BEARING THE BATON, SWORD AND HAT OF THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

(From an engraving)

Chapter Room, were conducted to their places in the procession by the Lord Chamberlain.

Heading the procession came valets, *jägers*, bailiffs from the farms in which the Prince Consort had taken so deep an interest, librarians, solicitors, apothecaries, surgeons and the like; and then the physicians who had been in attendance during the Prince Consort's last and fatal illness. Next came the chaplains — Professor Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and one of the most distinguished biblical scholars of the century; Professor Stanley, whom the Prince Consort trusted above all others; and the Dean of Christchurch, to whom he had confided his eldest son. After them followed Baron von Boddien, representing the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Sir Edward Cust, representing the

Rear-Admiral Blake and Major-General Ridley; Equerries, Colonel Ponsonby, Colonel Hardinge, Colonel Gordon; the Master of the Household to the Queen, Colonel Biddulph; the Equerry to the Queen, Lord Alfred Paget; the Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, Sir Henry Bentinck; the Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, Lord Camoys; the Lord Steward, Earl of St. Germans; the Master of the Horse, the Marquis of Ailesbury; the Choir of Windsor, the Canons of Windsor, the Rev. E. Moore, and the Rev. Lord Wriothsley Russell (Chaplain to his late Royal Highness), Rev. F. Anson, and Rev. C. L. Courtenay, and the Dean of Windsor, the Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, D.D.

After the Dean of Windsor came Lord George Lennox, bearing the field-marshal's *bâton*, the sword and hat upon a velvet cushion, and Earl Spencer, who was Groom-of-the-Stole to the Prince Consort, carrying the Crown (the silver-gilt "Consort" Crown



H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR IN 1861

(From a photograph)



THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA

Brother of the Prince Consort

(From the picture by R. Thorburn, A.R.A.)

King of the Belgians; Baron von Hammerstein, representing the King of Hanover; Monsieur de Seebach, representing the King of Saxony; the Comptroller and Equerry to the Duchess of Cambridge, Lieut.-Col. Home Purves; the Equerry to the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Macdonald; the Equerry to the Prince of Wales, Major Teesdale, V.C.; Gentleman Ushers to his late Royal Highness,



THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH

(From an engraving)

much resembling that of the Imperial House of Austria) on another dark velvet cushion. Next followed the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, and the Vice-Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, Viscount Castlerosse, and behind them, and in front of the coffin, walked the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, Viscount Sydney. Then

the coffin, the pall-bearers being (on the left) Sir Charles Phipps, General Grey, General Wylde, Colonel Francis Seymour, and (on the right) Lord Waterpark, Colonel Hood, Colonel Dudley de Ros, and Major Du Plat. Behind the coffin moved Garter King-at Arms, Sir Charles Young, in all the glory of his office, and then occupying for the first but by no means for the last time the position of chief mourner, the Prince of Wales, supported by Prince Arthur and by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. After them came General Bruce, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Duke de Brabant, the Count de Flandres, the Duke de Nemours, Prince Louis of Hesse,

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count Gleichen, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the Equerries of the Prince of Wales, Captain Grey and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel; the Governor to Prince Arthur, Major Elphinstone, V.C.; the Gentlemen-in-waiting on the Crown Prince of Prussia, Baron Moltke, Count Fürstentein, Lieutenant-Colonel von Oberrnitz, Captain de Lucadou; the Gentlemen-in-waiting on the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Major von Reutern, Councillor Samwer; the Gentle-

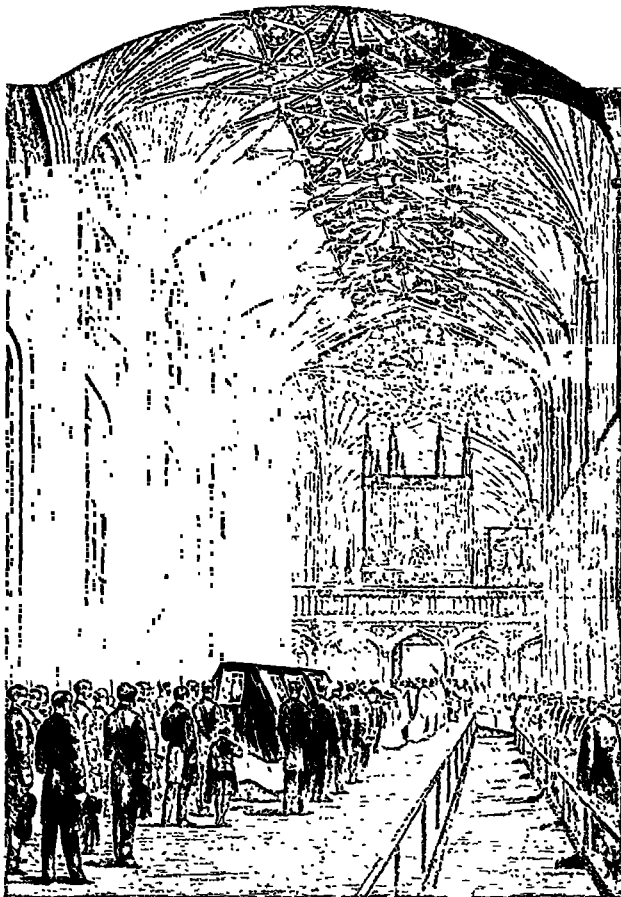
man-in-waiting on the Duke of Brabant, Count de Launoy; the Gentleman-in-waiting on the Count de Flandres, Major Burnell; the Gentleman-in-waiting on the Duke de Nemours, Count de Chabannes; the Gentleman-in-waiting on Prince Louis of Hesse, Baron Westerweller; and the Gentleman-in-waiting on the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Colonel Oliphant.

Then came the funeral service, very similar to

that which was held in February 1901. The crown, *bâton*, sword and hat were placed by the bearers upon the cushion, the mourners took their proper places, the Prince of Wales at the head of the coffin with his supporters on either side, the other royal personages being grouped near him; the Lord Chamberlain stood at the foot of the coffin. Then the service proceeded, the opening sentences being sung to Croft's music and the Thirty-ninth psalm—peculiarly appropriate in its references to the uncertainty of life—being chanted to a funeral chant adopted from Beethoven.

The anthem was Martin Luther's Hymn, the coffin was lowered into

the entrance of the vault only, in accordance with the intention, which was afterwards carried out, of making the Mausoleum at Frogmore, to which members of the Royal Family have paid and continue to pay so many pilgrimages that are pious in the true sense of the word. Finally, Garter King-at-Arms recited in a clear voice the style and titles of the dead Prince, just as in February 1901 his successor in the same office proclaimed the style and titles of the late Queen. It is worth while to add



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE NAVE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

(From an engraving)

FROM CRADLE TO CROWN

that amongst those who were present, were, besides officers of the Queen's Household, Lord Westbury (Lord Chancellor), Earl Granville (President of the Council), Sir George Grey, Bart. (Home Secretary), Earl Russell (Foreign Secretary), the Duke of Newcastle (Colonial Secretary), Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Bart. (Secretary for War), Sir Charles Wood, Bart. (Secretary for India), Mr. Gladstone (Chancellor of the Exchequer), the Duke of Somerset (First Lord of the Admiralty), Lord Stanley of Alderley (Postmaster-General), Mr. Edward Cardwell, M.P. (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster), Mr. Milner Gibson, M.P. (President of the Board of Trade), Mr. Pelham Villiers, M.P. (Chief Commissioner of the Poor Law Board), Earl of Carlisle, K.G. (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), Mr. William Cowper (First Commissioner of Works, &c.), the Hon. Charles A. Gore (First Commissioner of Woods), the Archbishop of Canter-

bury, the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., the Duke of Athole, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Wellington, K.G., the Marquis of Abercorn, K.G., the Marquis of Exeter, K.G., Lord Ebury, the Marquis of Breadalbane, K.T., Earl of Derby, K.G., Earl de la Warr, Earl of Clarendon, K.G., Earl Cowley, Lord Bagot, Bishop of London, Bishop of Oxford, Bishop of Chester, Bishop of Worcester, Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Portman, The Speaker of the House of Commons.

Thus closes the saddest chapter which it will be necessary to write during the early part of this book, for it is not too much to say that the death of the Prince Consort left not only the Queen but also the Prince of Wales so utterly cast down and broken with grief that it seemed at first that even an undying sense of duty would not enable either of them to revive.



THE FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

The Ceremony in the Choir, St. George's Chapel

(From an engraving)

CHAPTER VI



THAT wholly unexpected calamity, the death of the Prince Consort, plunged the Royal Family into a very stupor of grief. The husband who was all in all to the Queen had left her desolate and inconsolable. The father who had planned every detail in the lives of his sons, choosing their associates, selecting their teachers, prescribing their course of study and their very amusements, had vanished.

His learning and wisdom, his companionship in the music-room and in the chase, at which he excelled, were gone for ever. As it was at Osborne, when, forty years later, the Queen herself passed away, so in these first days of life without Prince Albert the prevailing feeling was one of stunning shock of complete failure to realise or to recognise the awful and all too certain fact. "The Prince Consort dead!" so we can picture one of the familiar personages of the Royal Household, Sir Charles Phipps for

example, saying, as another said when the Queen died last year; "it is impossible, incredible, I cannot understand it; how are things to go on?" But the blow had fallen and the stately towers of Windsor had not availed more than the thatch of a peasant's cot to turn aside the sword of the Destroying Angel. Widowed Queen and orphaned Princes and Princesses had to bow before the decree, to prepare themselves to pass their lives without that strong stay and comfort upon which they had indulged every reasonable hope of being able to rely for many a year to come.

It has been written, it is indeed matter of historical truth, that the grief of the Prince of Wales at his father's funeral was terrible and pitiful to witness. Perhaps, indeed, there is no sorrow so touching as that of a young man who mourns a father. It has been written also, but this probably is matter of inference rather than of history, that the state of the Prince of Wales's spirits in the weeks following his father's death was such as to cause real anxiety lest he should suffer permanently in health; that it



KING EDWARD IN 1862

(After E. Desmazières)

was recognised, in fact, that something must be done to rouse him from the despairing lethargy into which he seemed to be falling. Certain it is, at any rate, from the published correspondence of the late Dean Stanley, that the absolute necessity of doing something, and that soon, had been recognised at Osborne, whither the grief-stricken family had betaken itself almost immediately after the funeral of the Prince Consort.

Education, formal education at any rate, was over; steps towards the promotion of that happy marriage, which had already been in remote prospect, to the cordial delight of the Prince Consort, clearly could not be taken. For the moment, indeed, under the shock of sudden grief, that bright project seems to have been completely forgotten. Foreign travel was the only relief available for the calming of that sorrow which the Queen, in the midst of her own grievous pain, perceived with her ever-ready sympathy. It was beyond question likely to be a real palliative. The poet, usually shrewd to a marvel, was never more in error than when he traced upon the wax the words :

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
 "Men change not minds but skies by crossing seas."

For, although the same mind must needs remain with him who travels, with the memory of a deep sorrow ever present and refusing to be exiled altogether, experience has proved over and over again that travel, with its constantly varying scenes, its innumerable and new impressions, is a distinct relief. Travel, or hard and absorbing work, commanding the absolute and undivided attention of

the whole mind, are the real anodynes for acute grief ; and in this world there are none other.

That the Prince should complete his University education by a grand tour in the East under the superintendence and in the company of Professor A. P. Stanley had been an essential and fundamental part of the Prince Consort's plan. Nor could the

anxious father possibly have chosen a man more absolutely suited to his purpose than Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. He was, indeed, a character comparable in point of brightness and of purity to a perfect crystal. Born in 1815, he was now in early middle age. One of Arnold's favourite pupils at Rugby (he was the Arthur of *Tom Brown's School Days* in all his points of character), he was perhaps the best product of Arnold's system who ever left Rugby for Oxford. At Oxford he had won every honour and, as was perhaps more valuable, every heart. Truth was his goddess, tolerance was his ideal, travel was his passion. In the stormy seas of the theological ocean of those days he had



DEAN STANLEY

(From a photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

steered his bark with inflexible courage by the light of principle, not fearing to offend either party as long as he was convinced that his course was right. In that extraordinary controversy over *Essays and Reviews*, the fierceness of which can only be realised after a strong effort of historical imagination by a generation which honours Dr. Temple as Archbishop, he raised the fury of both sides. On the one hand he lamented the publication of a work so unequal, so negative, so inharmonious ; on the other hand he resented with fierce indignation, as an offence against every principle of justice, the Episcopal Letter signed by Dr. Tait, the Archbishop, and the

mass of the bishops, demanding the removal of five distinguished clergymen, without specifying any precise charges, and involving all the writers in one vague anathema. "The learning of the most learned, the freedom of the freest, the reason of the most rational Church of the world seemed to be threatened"; and he spoke his mind, and he wrote his mind with a freedom which would not be restricted by the knowledge that it involved the sacrifice of all prospect of a bishopric, with a literary force born of sheer conviction, deep culture, and brilliant talents.

Of all this, of a breadth of view which had not the most remote connection with that kind of Broad Churchmanship in which it is easier to find the breadth, or the looseness, than the Churchmanship, the Prince Consort was well aware. Not less familiar was he with the fact, patent to all who knew Professor Stanley and the joy of association with him, that this champion of freedom and justice was far and away the brightest and most illuminating talker of his generation.

Besides that, Stanley had shown very distinctly during his later Oxford life, which was passed in the seclusion of Tom Quad, oddly enough one of the quietest places in Oxford, that he possessed in an extraordinary measure the power of inspiring and fascinating the minds of young men. When he first returned there, he absolutely despaired of being able to induce the undergraduate mind to take the slightest interest in the subject of ecclesiastical history, of which he was Regius Professor, with a Canonry of Christ Church annexed. His personal magnetism, and the gentle delight of association with him, were such that before long his lectures were actually attended otherwise than under compulsion—which was quite an unheard-of thing. Above all, Stanley had travelled already as a keen and enthusiastic student in those very countries, the original home of our religion, which it was proposed that the Prince should visit; and his *Sinai and Palestine* (1855), the result of a prolonged tour with his friend, Theodore Walrond, had already become, and still remains, not only the standard work on the subject, but far and away the most interesting.

Dr. Stanley's association with the Prince Consort had been very close. Not only did he attend the funeral, which he described as "a profoundly mournful and impressive sight," adding, "I do not think that I have ever seen or shall ever see anything so affecting," but he also wrote a private account in descriptive form of the progress of the Prince Consort's illness, accompanied by a plan, a description of the pictures on the walls of the suite of rooms occupied by the Prince Consort at the time of his death, and of the books on the tables—a part only of which has been allowed to become public. His

keen eye noted the portraits of the Queen and the Princess Royal, the books of reference, the books which went as near as might be to light reading, the brightness of the room to which the Prince Consort was moved, as we have already seen, at his own desire. He was soon to revisit the Court, or so much of the Court as continued to exist at Osborne, whither the Royal Family had gone, for on January 13, 1862, he heard from General Bruce in the following terms:

"MY DEAR DR. STANLEY,

"It was the wish of the lamented Prince Consort, when he decided on the Prince of Wales making a tour in the Holy Land, to have had the benefit of your advice and knowledge in regard to the details.

"Under these circumstances I have been directed by her Majesty to ask whether you can conveniently come to Osborne for a few days, choosing the earliest convenient day after to-morrow for that purpose.

"Yours truly,

"R. BRUCE."

With this same General Bruce Dr. Stanley was to be more intimately connected, for in 1863 he married General Bruce's sister, Lady Augusta Bruce, after the former's death. Whether the alliance was then in prospect is not quite clear. Probably it was not, for if it had been, the form of address between the two men would have been less ceremonious.

Meanwhile it is not altogether easy to follow the course of negotiations during the two following days. Dr. Stanley clearly went to Osborne at once,



LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY

(From a photograph)

but two days elapsed before anything was done. Then he describes the whole scene and the manner in which General Bruce, haltingly as it would seem, broke the project to him. He was, it appears, sitting in the Equerries' Room, which is quite small and, as a rule, littered with papers, reading the *Times*, when General Bruce came in. "He seemed uneasy, as if wishing to say something, and at last I laid down the paper. He then turned to me and said, 'I hardly know how to approach what I am going to say; but is it totally impossible that you should go with us?' I was silent. He went on: 'The Prince Consort has often said, "What would it be if Professor Stanley could go with you?" I fear it is impossible. The Queen has said the same thing to me since you came, and this morning the Prince of Wales has said the same thing from himself. They do not urge it, they do not intend to request it, because they know what it is that they ask. But if you could go it would be inestimable.' Such a thing had never occurred to me before I came here, and, to speak quite openly, I doubt whether I am the proper person. It is neither compliment nor blame to me to say either one or the other. I should not be a suitable companion for him. 'I assure you,' he said, 'you are the only person that I can think of. . . .'

"I said, 'Have you considered what his father would have thought of my theological connections? I have endeavoured to keep impartial in the midst of our Church parties; the special object of my going might distress the many excellent persons who regard me with terror and aversion. It is of the utmost importance that the Prince should grow up, not under the influence of any special theological school. Have you thought of this?' 'I can only tell you,' he said, 'what occurred when the Prince of Wales went to Oxford. It was mentioned to me, and I mentioned to the Prince, that it was thought objectionable that the Prince of Wales should be there without some religious instruction. The Prince replied, "I cannot endure to see him placed under any of those extreme influences. There is

only one man in Oxford to whom I could entrust him for this—that is Dr. Stanley.'" 'Well,' I said, 'it is impossible not to be moved by what you say. But there are two great objections. One, the extreme inconvenience of leaving my occupations and my employments; the other, the reluctance I have to leave my mother for so long a time and for such a distance. One mode does occur to me, that I should join you at Jerusalem, after you have finished Egypt. You will have then gone through a part of your journey for which I have no special qualifications—you will have had chaplains on the way. Would this meet the case?' 'I accept anything which you offer.' I said, 'You know that I

do not use many words on these occasions. But you will let me express that, whatever is my final decision, I cannot but have been most deeply gratified by the manner in which the proposal has been made.' I had walked with the Prince of Wales and Prince Louis just before in the most entire unconsciousness. . . . I feel now as if it must be, but two or three things I shall urge further to-morrow."

There were, indeed, many reasons why Stanley should not desire to make a prolonged tour in the East or anywhere else at this particular time. To begin with, as his friend Professor Jowett noted in writing to Mrs. Stanley, he had a particular dislike to visiting

the same place twice. His quick mind took in during a single careful visit everything that there was to be observed, and he regarded time spent in revisiting a spot which he already knew as time which might have been better employed in visiting some other place of at least equal interest. Besides that, his mother, for whom he had the most devoted and touching admiration and affection, was in delicate health. He was haunted by the fear that, if he went away, she might die during his absence, and he might lose the last opportunity of saying "Farewell" to her on earth. It needs hardly to be said that this apprehension was realised in the future, and that Stanley's letters from the East to his friends upon the death of his mother remain, and are likely



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. R. BRUCE

(From a photograph by H. C. Watkins)

long to continue amongst the most affecting documents of English literature.

Everybody was agreed, however, that go he must. He himself felt, as he wrote to Hugh Pearson, that he "could not refuse such a contribution to a household plunged in such grief as this." Dr. Tait, with his customary directness, never hesitated a moment, never doubted that the project would be accomplished. "The Queen," he wrote, "could not have chosen better for her son." Dr. Vaughan, a man who in a quiet way influenced his generation almost more than any other, wrote: "I doubt not that, when your life is seen as a whole, this chapter in it will not be one of its least useful and least eventful." F. D. Maurice, that curious and earnest pioneer of reform and associate of Kingsley and Tom Hughes, looked at the matter, in characteristic fashion, from the point of view of the country. His words were: "I rejoice for the country's sake in your new work."

But still Stanley hesitated, and it was not until his mother herself brought pressure to bear on him that he consented to leave her. Her action was undoubtedly due to a powerful letter written by Professor Jowett—a letter which has a double interest. In the first place it shows the acute and caustic Master of Balliol in a light very different to that shown by a thousand familiar anecdotes. In the next, it gives us a little impressionist picture of Stanley and his capacities, which is distinctly worth having:

"I hope that you will let him go. There is no one equally fit, no one who could amuse and influence the Prince in the same way. I know his old dislike to going to the same places twice over: but I think they would derive a new interest from being

seen in such company. . . . Arthur has simplicity, and nature, and endless stores of amusing conversation. I feel convinced that the Prince would take to him, and like him. . . . For Arthur himself, I think

the break in the monotony of life would be a great advantage. He seems to me to have been somewhat overstrained during the last few years, and I believe the rest of six months and the refreshment of the memories of Palestine would give him a new spring of life."

So, finally, it was decided that this ideal companion and friend should accompany the Prince of Wales during the whole of his tour in the East, not in the Holy Land only, and it is not too much to say that the memories of that tour have lasted till now, in the mind of the King, and that the friendship with Dean Stanley which resulted from it was one of the most valuable friendships of the King's life. So, on February 28,

1862, the little party met at Alexandria as a rendezvous. Professor Stanley had come by the ordinary route, stopping at Malta, reading *Ilyptia* (which he found "too highly coloured") and re-reading *Tancred*

by the way, besides writing a great part of the preface to his lectures. The Prince came from Trieste in H.M.S. *Osborne*, and it must surely be the period immediately preceding this, to the way out in fact, that a pleasant passage in Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's *An Artist's Reminiscences* belongs. At any rate, Mr. Lehmann records that it was in 1862, and that the Prince, who was

then engaged to be married, commissioned from him a little picture, a *Lavandaja*, which was subsequently hung in Marlborough House. The Prince of Wales was staying at the Prussian Embassy, with his sister and his brother-in-law, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. He sat for



TOM HUGHES

(From a photo by Ljuddell Sawyer)



PROFESSOR JOWETT

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)

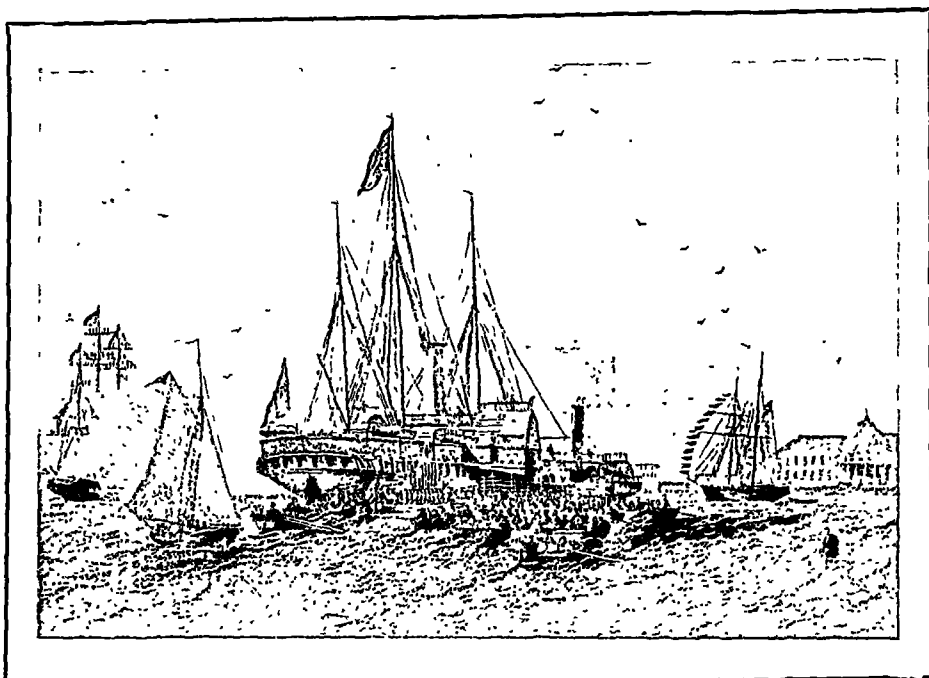


DOCTOR VAUGHAN

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)

his portrait, a sketch in an album, to Mr. Lehmann and, in the middle, the Crown Princess entered with

quite close to me, following with her eyes every line I was drawing. To my shame I must confess



ARRIVAL OF KING EDWARD AT ALEXANDRIA

(From an engraving)

a portfolio, asking if Mr. Lehmann objected to her drawing her brother's face also while he sat and smoked. Of course Mr. Lehmann did not object; but when the Crown Princess finished her portrait in five minutes and asked his opinion on it, with an artist's frankness he informed her that the drawing would have been the better for a little more time bestowed upon it. Her report was that she had been trained to do everything as quickly as possible, in order to be able to cope with her multifarious duties. "And now I want to see how you do it," her Royal Highness added, and established herself

to a weakness I have been unable to conquer, that of being utterly paralysed when somebody looks at my

hand while I am drawing. Forsome time I tried to bear up, but soon found that I had to choose between spoiling my drawing and my claim to politeness, and, not without a struggle, chose the latter. The Princess withdrew, evidently surprised, and I fear I have reason to regret, if not to repent, my sinning against etiquette."

Mr. Lehmann probably was

unduly sensitive. The story leaves the impression that the Crown Princess was annoyed at the moment, naturally if unreasonably, but the fact



RECEPTION OF KING EDWARD BY SAID PACHA AT CAIRO

(From an engraving)

that he was not considered to have committed any offence against etiquette is sufficiently proved by the fact that he was commanded to dinner the next day, when his album was examined with interest and admiration by a large number of distinguished persons. This same fact, that there was a dinner-party, also makes it probable that the episode occurred later in the year; but, be that as it may, this is the most convenient point at which to record it.

The Prince's party consisted of himself, Dr. Stanley, General Bruce, Major Teesdale, V.C., Captain Keppel, the Hon. R. Meade, Consul-General Colquhoun, Dr. Minter, and Captain Power of the *Osborne*, and a start was made for Cairo at once. Here, on the Sunday (March 2), a State visit was paid to the Prince by Said, the intelligent Khedive of those days, the ruler who, with Napoleon III., was encouraging M. de Lesseps in the construction of that grand enterprise the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean end of which now, in the

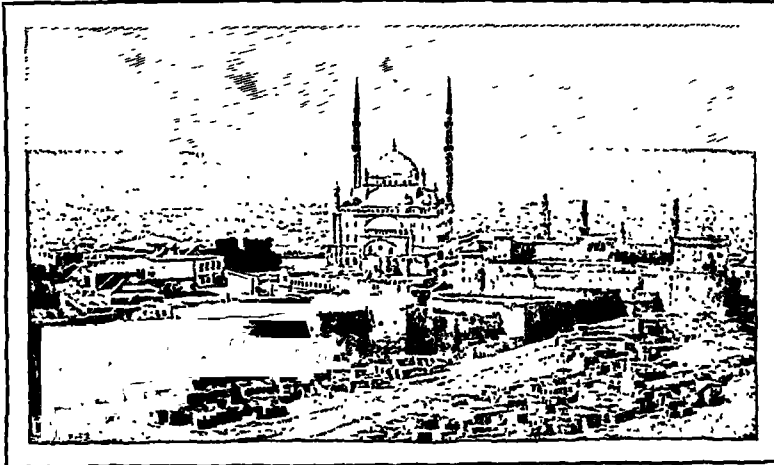
Palmerston, with a fatuity which altered circumstances render almost incomprehensible, was bitterly opposed to the construction of that canal which, ever since it was completed, has been of more value to British commerce than to all the rest of the commerce of the world, and has seen any number of British ships of war on their way to India and to the East. Of M. de Lesseps, therefore, one finds no mention, and it was not until later years that the Prince of Wales had an opportunity of expressing his appreciation of the efforts of that prince of engineers.

Then, indeed, the engineer had his triumph. It was in 1870, when the huge work which had been inchoate in 1862 was complete, when its value to us had been completely realised, but before it had become, as it virtually is, the finest national investment ever made by or for Great Britain. Then, at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, the Prince of Wales attended specially to present to M. de Lesseps



M. DE LESSEPS

(From a photo by Nadar, Paris)



VIEW OF CAIRO

(From a photo by Bonfils)

name of Port Said, commemorates his share in the work. It may be taken that the subject was not much discussed at the interview, for the Prince and his advisers must have been well aware that Lord

the gold medal founded in memory of the Prince Consort; and this is a translation of his speech, which was delivered in French: "Great Britain will never forget that to you is due the success of this great

enterprise which is destined to develop to a very high degree those commercial interests which exist between herself and her possessions in the East, and I hope that, since you are now amongst us, the English nation has proved to you how well she appreciates the advantages which your great work has already procured, and will procure, for our country." A few days later M. de Lesseps received from Mr. Gladstone the announcement that the Queen had bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Star of India, and on the 30th

of more than common human interest quite apart from the scenes which were visited and from their historical associations; and it was momentous for all persons concerned, inasmuch as it affected their personal history. For one thing, it cemented that close friendship between General Bruce and Stanley which was to end, after the untimely death of the former, in an alliance between Stanley and Lady Augusta Bruce which made for the great happiness of Stanley's life. Very early in the tour, on March 3 in fact, we find General Bruce writing to



KING EDWARD AND PARTY LEAVING THE ENCAMPMENT AT DJIZEH FOR THE PYRAMIDS

(From an engraving)

of July he was admitted to the freedom of the City of London.

Never, in fact, was there a clearer case of *Sic vos non vobis*; seldom can man have felt more honest pride than that of De Lesseps when he received these honours for an enterprise which Lord Palmerston had resisted to the last, which Robert Stephenson had condemned as commercially hopeless, which it was not apparently thought worth while to take the Prince of Wales to visit in 1862. Time has its revenges, but they rarely come so quickly as in this case.

Apology is neither needed nor offered for lingering somewhat over the details of this first tour in the East, since it was undertaken under circumstances

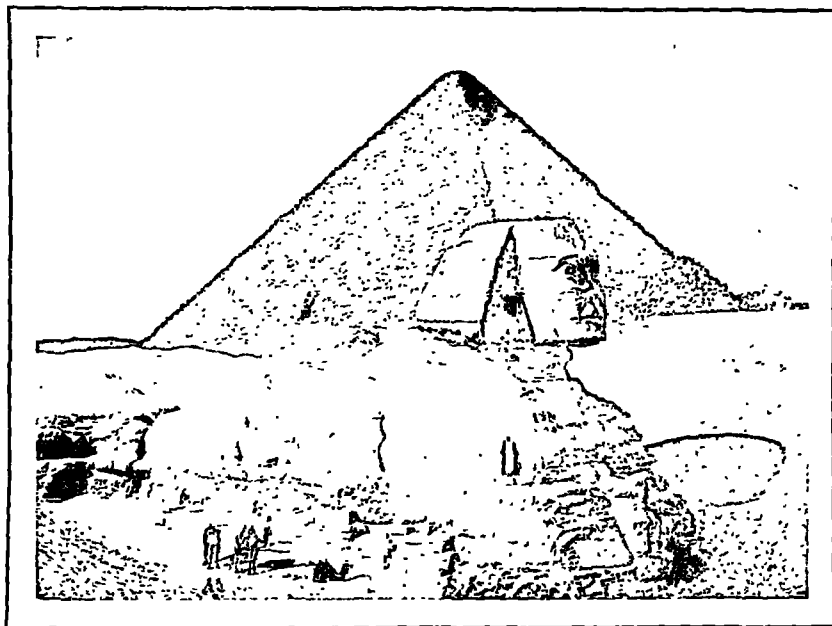
of more than common human interest quite apart from the scenes which were visited and from their historical associations; and it was momentous for all persons concerned, inasmuch as it affected their personal history. For one thing, it cemented that close friendship between General Bruce and Stanley which was to end, after the untimely death of the former, in an alliance between Stanley and Lady Augusta Bruce which made for the great happiness of Stanley's life. Very early in the tour, on March 3 in fact, we find General Bruce writing to

his sister: "The Prince takes great delight in the new world on which he has entered, and we have made an immense acquisition in Mr. Stanley, who communicates to others the intelligent interest which he finds himself in all that relates to the past as well as to the present." Who can doubt that the constant references to Stanley in Bruce's letters home excited in his sister's mind that interest in Stanley's character which was to ripen into warm affection when, after the tour, they were to meet in circumstances of a peculiarly touching character?

Besides this, in Stanley's Letters (*Life and Letters of Dean Stanley*, by R. E. Prothero: Murray 1893), there is a veritable treasure-house not so much of

more information as of the kind of description which enables, indeed compels, him who reads to picture for himself the very colour and atmosphere of every striking scene. Only in Cicero and in the late Lord Dufferin, the two greatest masters of the epistolary art known to me, have I found anything to touch Stanley's letters in point of sheer humanity, and in natural quality of tone he is superior to either. He tells exactly that which the reader desires to hear, he opens his heart freely, and he never omits those little points which, while they escape the notice of

lanes of the Coptic quarter, and so we defiled on foot through those filthy passages." Then, suddenly, and in church, the Prince recognised Crichton, with whom he had once played tennis at Oxford, although he had not up to that moment the slightest idea that he was in Egypt, and waited for him outside the church. "Crichton" must surely have been the present Lord Erne, some two years older than the King of to-day, whose son accompanied the Prince of Wales on his recent Imperial tour. One can well imagine the delight of the young Irish peer, and



THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE SPHINX

Visited by King Edward

(From a photograph by J. P. S. Lach)

the unobservant, serve to round off and complete the picture.

First, there is a bright little scene which it does the heart good to read about after the sombre events that it has been but recently necessary to record. The Royal party went careering about the streets of Cairo on donkeys, ignoring the protests of a pompous chamberlain, who complained that the Comte de Chambord had been ever so much more dignified than the Prince of Wales. The Royal donkey went by the name of "Captain Snooks"; Stanley bestrode the hind quarters of "Tom Sayers." The very name recalls the feelings of the age and Thackeray's delightful Roundabout Paper on "Some Recent Famous Victories." Then they went by carriage, "but no carriage could penetrate the intricate and narrow

appreciate Stanley's comment: "That is surely a most useful and king-like quality."

The Great Pyramid was ascended in the early dawn of March 6, the travellers having slept in tents hard by. First to stir, and to begin the ascent alone and without escort of Arabs, was the early-rising Prince of Wales, and here again Stanley's graphic letter makes the whole scene rise and move before the eyes of the reader. Bruce and Stanley had been sleeping in the same tent. They are roused by Keppel, who, pulling the tent-curtain aside and letting the dim twilight of dawn filter in, tells them that the Prince has already started. They huddle on their clothes, and make the best pace they can towards the base of the Great Pyramid. Stanley stumbles over somebody in the gloom. It is the

Prince, who insists on scrambling up the huge and smooth blocks alone, for there are no Arabs to help, and therefore there is a blessed absence of that yelling bakshish-demanding crowd which usually deprives the ascent of the Pyramid of half its glamour. Stanley insists that the Prince shall at least permit his own Bedouin boy to be beside him to give help if necessary, for the stones are slippery and smooth as glass, and a false step would mean a headlong descent and perhaps a serious accident. But, so far as the ascent is concerned, the Prince manfully scrambles up alone, to the astonishment of the Arab lad, who cries: "What, that little chap! Why, he go up alone!" and



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE CITY OF THEBES

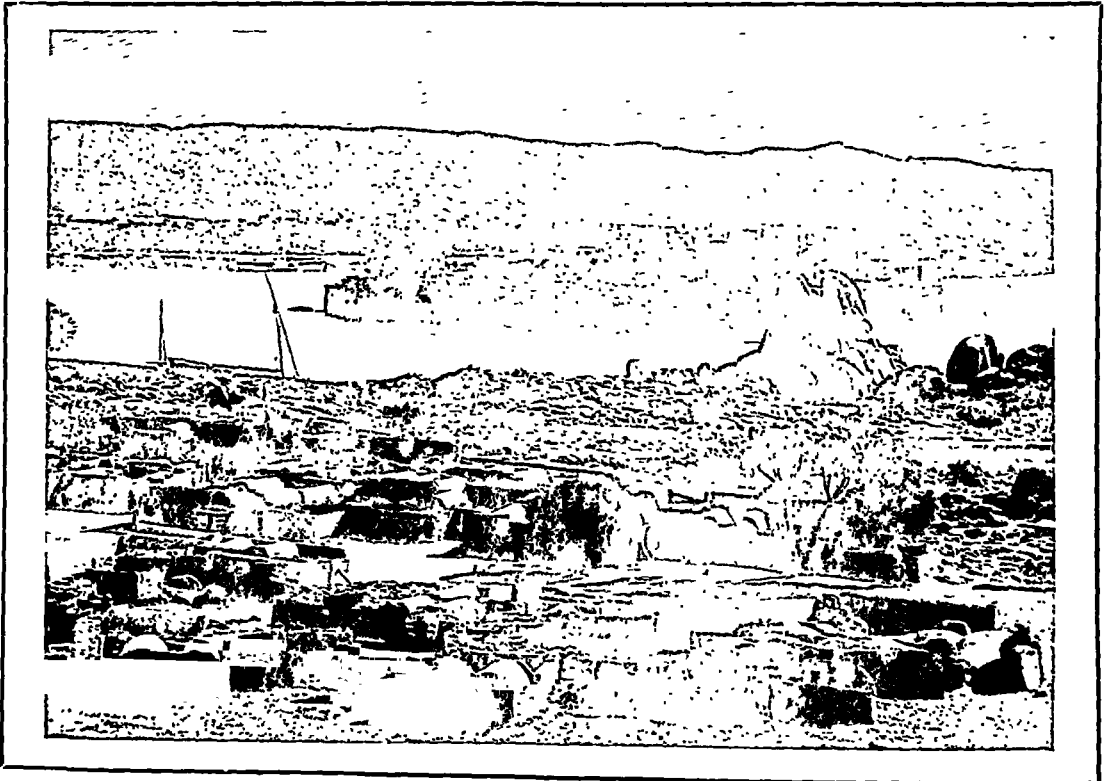
(From a photo by A. D. A. Co.)

refuses to believe that the central personage of the expedition can be thus active, thus physically independent. Such is not the manner of Eastern potentates.

One can see every detail, every figure, in such a description as that of Stanley; but what no man can picture is the joy of that half-hour spent at the top, with the sun just risen, and the wreaths of mist floating over Cairo,

and the desert all round, and the author of *Sinai and Palestine* for companion. It was indeed a case of ideal co-companionship in a solemn and imposing environment.

Then it was a case of away up the Nile, with, as Stanley rejoiced to find, unlimited time for reading,

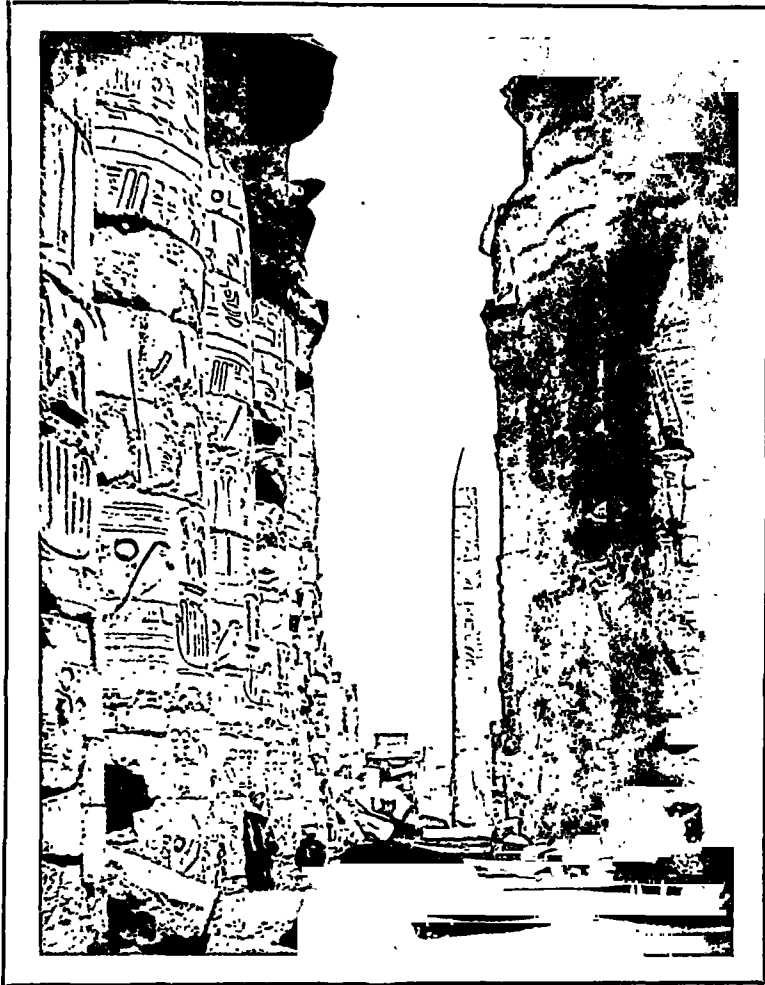


THE ISLAND OF PHILOE

(From a photo)

and the Prince, having set his mind on Stanley's reading *East Lynne*, it was accomplished in three sittings, whereupon the party, with all the good spirits of Mr. Andrew Lang setting a mock paper on *Pickwick*, set to work to cross-examine one another on the subject of the book. One learns without

that it is no mere conventional courtesy to mention it from time to time. It raises the admiration of all who happen to meet any member of the Royal House, and it is an open question whether it is due to something exceptional in the system upon which they were trained in early youth or to heredity. It



KARNAK, COLUMNS AND OJELISK

(From a photograph)

surprise that A. P. S. (Dr. Stanley, to wit), being one of the most acute men of his generation, came off with flying colours. Again, he draws attention to the personal magnetism of the Prince: "It is impossible not to like him, and to be constantly with him brings out his astonishing memory of names and places." It may be noted in passing that this peculiar and very valuable habit of memory prevails amongst all members of the Royal Family, and

would be useful to any man and to any woman; to a ruling family it is priceless.

From a letter written on the Nile on the way to Thebes it is surely permissible to quote at some length. It gives a perfect picture of the quiet happiness enjoyed by the whole party, a happiness soon to be broken by sorrowful news, and it contains an admirable sketch of some salient points in the Prince's character: "I cannot refrain from writing

to you, though I have hardly anything to say. But I feel so increasingly satisfied that you must have *this* expression of my pleasure. The mere enjoyment of a perfectly good-humoured and happy party sailing, without the slightest discomfort, up the most wonderful of rivers, is in itself not to be despised, and I am more and more struck by the amiable and endearing qualities of the Prince. . . . H.R.H. had himself laid down a rule that there

bably be on land again on the 25th, and I think see all that we need see."

Unhappily letters received at Thebes put an end to this happiness for a while, for then Stanley learned that his mother had grown alarmingly worse shortly after he had left England, but she seemed to have amended somewhat, and Stanley was able to carry out a pretty little project conceived by the Prince, and to hold a Christian service in a corner of the



KING EDWARD AND PARTY LEAVING KARNAK ON THEIR RETURN TO LUXOR

(From a drawing by F. George)

was to be no shooting to-day, and, though he was sorely tempted as we passed flocks of cranes and geese seated on the bank in the most inviting crowds, he rigidly conformed to it. A crocodile was allowed to be a legitimate exception, but none appeared. He sat alone on the deck with me, talking in the frankest manner for an hour in the afternoon, and made the most reasonable and proper remarks on the due observance of Sunday in England. We are now sitting in his cabin—he writing his journal, I writing this. In short, I am very happy, and shall be so to the end, if all goes as well. We shall pro-

Great Hall at Karnak, in the shade of two gigantic pillars, and with the horses, dromedaries, asses and their attendants herded together in one of the aisles. A weird picture this, and there Stanley preached a characteristic sermon on the good, as well as the evil, of the ancient religion of Egypt, for a copy of which the Prince asked.

By way of preparation, too, for the subsequent journey to Palestine which, as in the case of the children of Israel, was to follow upon a sojourn in Egypt, the Royal pilgrims during this eventful month of March went in a small steamer across to



JEREED EXERCISE PERFORMED BY ARNOUTS AND ARABS BEFORE KING EDWARD AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, ASSIOUT

(Now a drawing by F. George)

Arabia and the Wells of Moses, and a striking and humorous picture shows them wading ashore through the shallow water, the Prince walking sturdily; somebody in the eternal tall hat of England, and somebody else riding on Arab but biped steeds, and one of the suite struggling with one of those minor troubles which beset the unaccustomed paddler.

Soon came a crocodile hunt, which was abortive, for there were no crocodiles to be hunted, and a visit to Dendera and its Temple by candlelight. Here all were in high spirits, scrambling all over the place to examine the sculptures and tracing an extraordinary likeness between the features of Cleopatra and those of the Bishop of Oxford, of all men in the world. "Would the Bishop of Oxford have been gratified or not," asks Stanley, "to have seen us all standing before

the gigantic Queen and speculating on the resemblance of her features to his?" Their irreverent modernism is much more tempted to reflect that, whatsoever might have been the feelings of the bishop, the body of the enchantress Queen must have turned in its sarcophagus at the mere idea of the comparison.

Then on March 23 the party were back at Cairo, and there the fatal news of Mrs. Stanley's death met them. It was not broken at once. Mr. Calvert, the Consul, came on board and informed General Bruce, who doubtless told the Prince, and Stanley was asked to

accompany the Prince, Major Teesdale and General Bruce in the first carriage to the Palace. There General Bruce took Stanley aside and told him the news,



RIDE OF KING EDWARD AND PARTY TO EDFOU TEMPLE

(Now a drawing by F. George)

It was a terrible shock. "I do not know, I do not understand what has happened," writes the stricken son, and then goes on to tell his sisters of the consideration and kindness shown to him by all, and especially by the Prince, himself with the memory of his father's death fresh and sore within him. The new grief was an additional bond of sympathy between the younger and the elder man.

It says much for Stanley's courage that, after so severe a blow, he was still determined to persevere with the tour. Many men, most men perhaps, would have felt an unreasoning desire to return to the home with its chief light extinguished, to hasten back as soon as possible to be at the side of his sisters in their affliction. Friends—Tait, Acland, Jowett and others—were insistent that he ought to stay where he was, at the side of the Prince, and that his return to Eng'land, while it could do no kind of good, would cause disappointment and grief. But clearly that which moved him most was the knowledge that it had been his mother's dying wish that he should go on with his high and honourable task in company with him who, in God's good time, would be King of England. Moreover, mother and son had discussed more than once, for theirs was an intimacy exceedingly close and affectionate, what course he should pursue when she died.

"I have talked with her again and again of this great event—of what she herself would feel, and think, and say, and of what she would wish for me. I remember well, when we were told of the over-

whelming darkness which had fallen on Buckle when he lost his mother, to whom, as to mine, he owed everything, she said, 'It is a great consolation to me to think that it will not be so with you when I am gone. You will not think that your interest in life is over; you will remember that, by carrying on your life work, you will be carrying on my wishes, my interests, my affection.' So may it be."

Such was Stanley's prayer; this was his aspiration; and it was in this spirit that, in the interval which came naturally between the Egyptian tour and the visit to the Holy Land, he set himself to work to soften his sorrow by performing with all his heart and with all his strength the high duty, which lay nearest to his hand. It was in this spirit that he preached in the *Osborne*, as she lay in the harbour of Jaffa on March 30, that beautiful sermon, "Gather up the fragments," which gripped the mind of the Prince then, so that he referred to it often later, which since then has comforted hundreds upon hundreds of those who have been sorrowful and heavy laden.

Here, then, at a natural interval, and on the eve of the beginning of a new epoch in the tour, we may leave the Royal Traveller and the guide and friend whom he had learned to love so warmly and to respect so deeply. They were united now with a bond of sympathy which had grown stronger than ever. They had both lost so much that, for a short time to come at any rate, they might justly expect sunnier and happier days: and for a while at any rate the expectation was justified.



ROYAL PARTY LANDING ON THE ARABIAN COAST FOR VISIT TO THE WELLS OF MOSES

CHAPTER VII



N Egypt the Prince had inspected the monuments of the oldest civilisation in the world of which the history is known to us, with the possible exception of that of China. Now he was going, as a Crusader of Peace, to

visit the cradle of the Christian religion under the happiest of auspices. He was to tread in the footsteps of the first Edward, and in those of Richard of the Lion Heart, as his Imperial nephew was to follow in his footsteps, and he was to have for guide and friend and teacher throughout that holy and inspiring journey the man who was above all others specially fitted for the task. Deeply read in the Scriptures and in the history of the Holy Land, Stanley, the most illuminating talker of his age, had already devoted much time and care to exploration in the land of sacred memories; and now his ready tongue and his richly stored brain were at the service of the Prince.

The association was delightful, and it may be added profitable, for both the elder and the younger man. Stanley's knowledge of the whole subject was beyond compare. On the other hand, during his previous tour with Theodore Walrond, he had found that the Turk barred the way to some of those places which most of all he longed to see. But now, with the Heir Apparent to the Throne of England to the fore, with the Crimean War fresh

and green in memory, the Turk was all smiles and courtesy, honestly anxious to oblige, and the consequence was that gates opened and guards moved aside as if by magic, and Stanley was able to see far more than he had ever feasted his eyes upon before.

Almost instinctively, and certainly quite irresistibly, the pen rebels against modern names when it comes to a matter of dealing with the places in the Holy Land. "The Prince of Wales," it is written, "landed at Jaffa on the 31st of March 1862." That one word Jaffa seems to dash all the poetry away from the pilgrimage. "Jaffa" recalls no memories save those of oranges and orange-peel. Yafa, which is more correct, is a trifle less prosaic; but to set the imagination fairly to work one must write Joppa. Then, and not till then, the scene is alive with memories amongst which the house of Simon the Tanner, still identified by tradition, and that of Dorcas, just outside the Jerusalem gate, come first.

Jerusalem was naturally the first point, and a somewhat motley cavalcade—it is Stanley's word, and the right one, for the procession went on horseback—emerged from the Jerusalem gate. At its head and at its rear were Turkish spearmen, an escort of honour, but not present solely for ornament, with pennons waving and steel flashing in the Eastern sun. The Prince and his suite followed, the Prince wearing a flowing white garment, a burnous in short, for protection against dust and sun. There were those who laughed at the German Emperor for following his uncle's



KING EDWARD IN 1863

(From an engraving by William Holt)

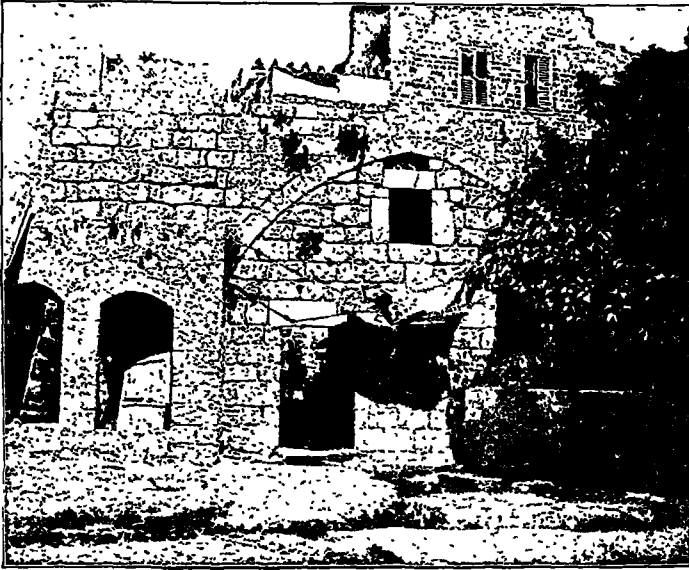


VIEW OF JOPPA

(From a photograph by Hoofits, taken from the house of Simon the Tanner)

example during his comparatively recent tour; but they were the men who knew not the East. Present also were "English clergy, groups of ragged Jews, Franciscan monks, Greek clergy;" in fact, rarely could that somewhat Pharisaical prayer for "Turks, Jews, infidels and heretics" have been applied more appropriately to a particular group of individuals, and, as for the allusion to heretics, every section in the cortège could

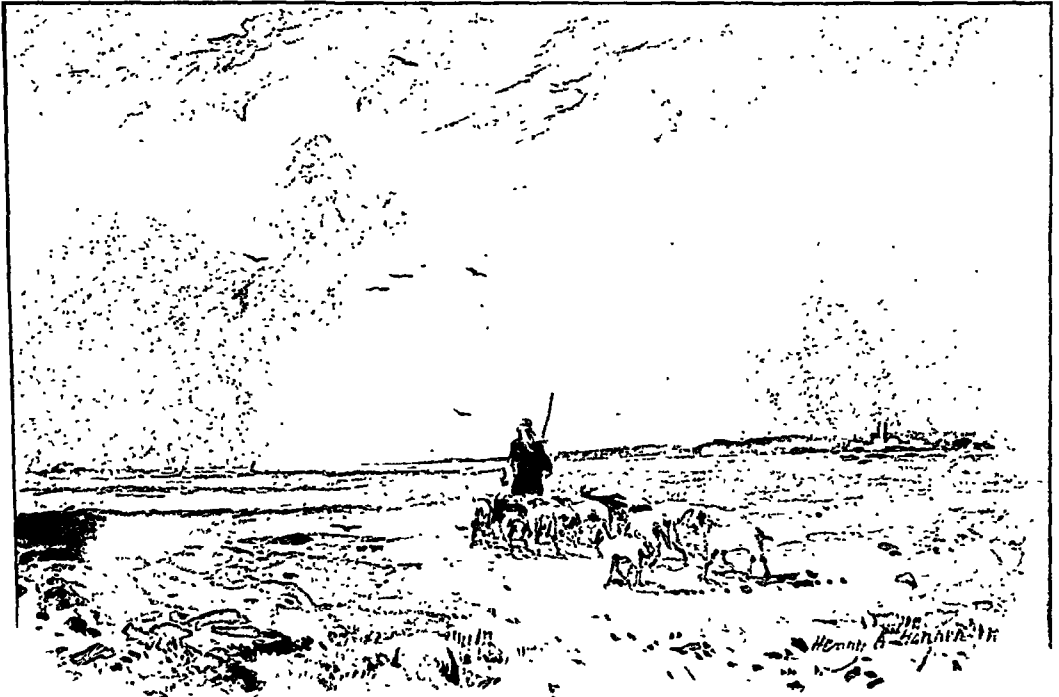
have joined in it with mutual glee, only the direction of the prayers would not have been the same.



TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER

(From a photograph by the Palestine Exploration Fund)

And first the road passed through the famous Plain of Sharon, the home in Scriptural days of roses and abundant crops, but in these days, and forty years ago no less, of something approaching to desolation. Lydda, where St. Peter cured Æneas, not the Trojan hero but another, of a palsy of eight years standing, would be the



THE PLAIN OF SHARON

(From a drawing by Henry Harper)



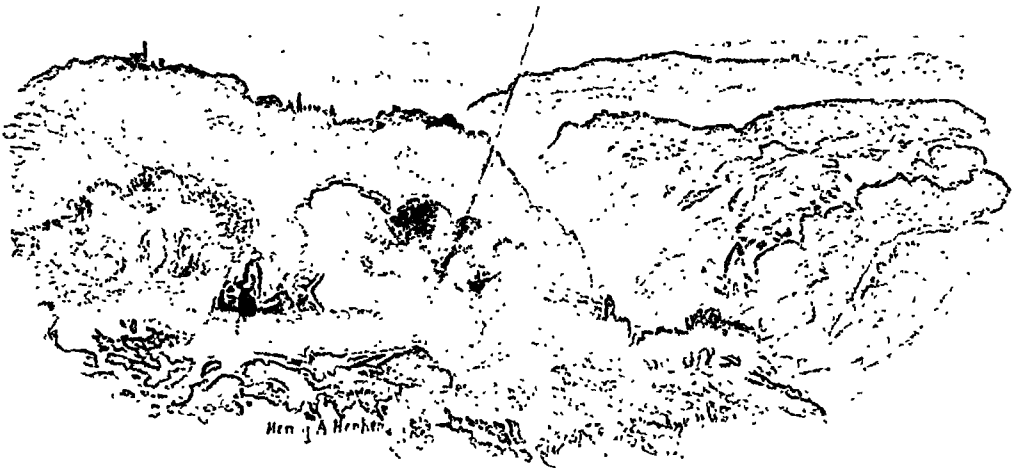
LYDDA

(From a photograph by Bonfils)

first place of interest, and here a halt was necessary to examine the Crusaders' Church, of which the titular Saint is none other than our own St. George, the patron and guardian of Merrie England and the slayer of the Dragon. Erected in the early middle ages, destroyed by Saladin, restored by blue-eyed Richard of the Lion Heart, this intensely interesting edifice still stands.

A little way past Lydda came Jimza, the Gimzo of

desire, and at night a little group of tents was their only shelter from the kindly sky. In this connection Stanley, as usual, preserves precisely the kind of reminiscence which cannot fail to interest. The Prince, remembering perhaps Bacon's observation that men neglect their journals when on land, but keep them faithfully at sea, when there is more often than not nothing to record (but plenty of time to record it in), was in the habit of keeping up his diary



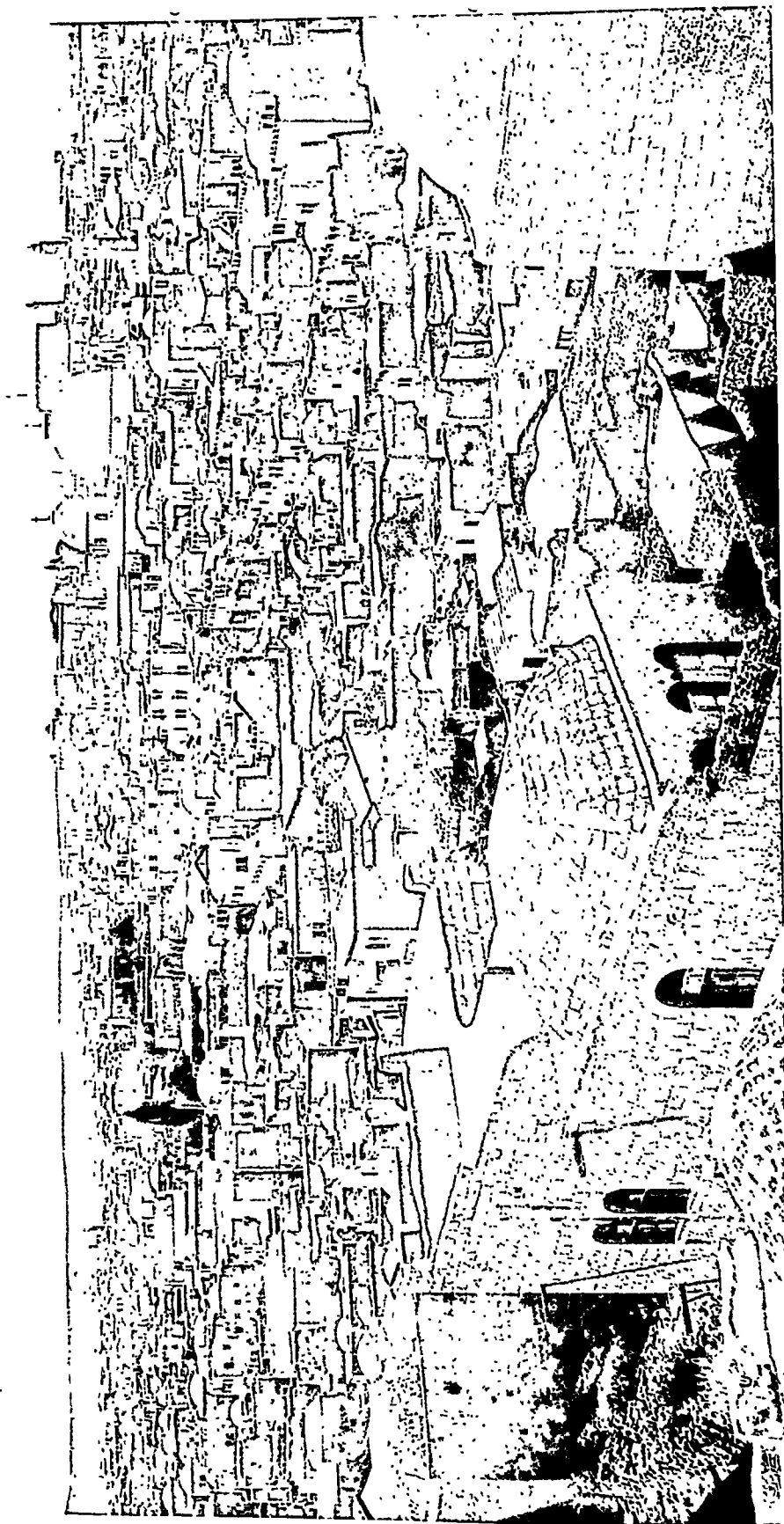
BETH-HORON, LOOKING TOWARDS THE MEDITERRANEAN

(From a drawing by Henry Harter)

the Old Testament, and here the path turned to the left and the travellers were entering the hill country of Judæa, the scene of a hundred gallant fights from the days of Joshua and the Amorites even unto those of Richard and of Saladin. There must have been, and in fact there was, a peculiar charm in the progress of the Royal cavalcade on horseback through this rugged country. No hotels offered to them "all modern comforts"; no railway whirled them at express speed through ground of which almost every stone was instinct with memory; they could stop whensoever they pleased, linger and loiter at their

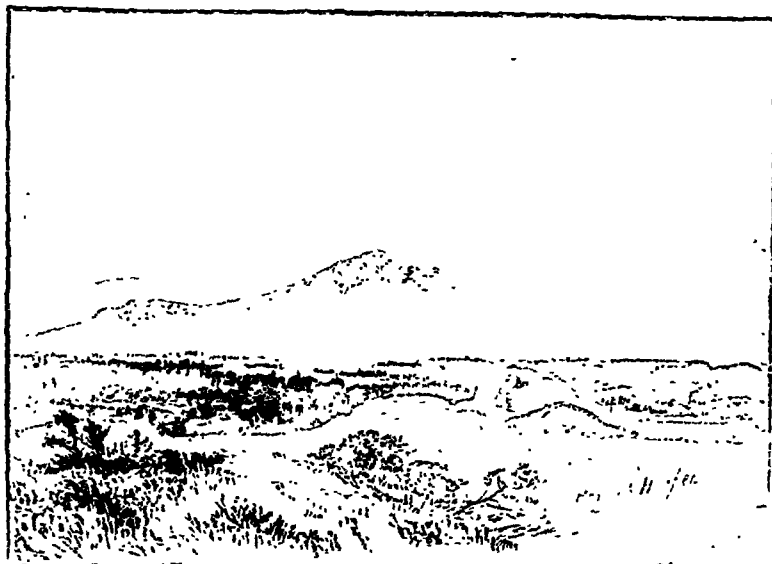
with regularity when the day's travelling was done, and he would often come to Stanley's tent to ask for the proper spelling of this or that place which had been visited in the course of the day, and it was on one of these occasions that he touched his grief-stricken friend deeply by saying, "in the most engaging manner, 'You see, I am trying to do what I can to carry out what you said in your sermon,' " meaning, of course, "to gather up the fragments."

Lower Beth-horon was passed and the steep path climbed to Upper Beth-horon and the summit of the Pass with its double view, to the rear the Plain of



VIEW OF JERUSALEM

(From a photograph by Bonfil)



THE PLAINS OF JERICO

(From a drawing by Henry Harper)

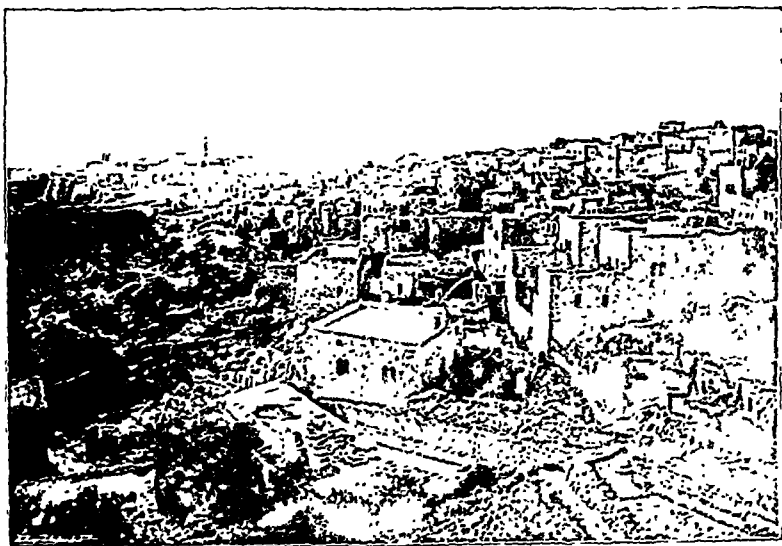
Sharon and the Mediterranean, to the front Neby Samwil, which some identify with Ramah, the birth-place of Samuel, and Gibeon, and beyond them in the far distance the first glimpse of Jerusalem and the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Here it was, says a tradition which it would be near akin to sacrilege to disturb, that Richard Cœur de Lion hid his face in his shield and cried aloud, "Ah, Lord God, if I am not thought worthy to win back the Holy Sepulchre, I am not worthy to see it." In all the romance of history there is no moment more picturesque or dramatic than this, none which enables us to realise more completely the passionate zeal of the Crusaders. Nor could there have been a man better fitted than Stanley to remind the Prince of points of interest such as this and to speak to him of the vital matters without wearying him with those which were trivial.

To Jerusalem thence was but a short journey, and at Jerusalem, during this first visit of the tour, some days were spent.

There were rides in the mountains of Judæa, to "the ruined groves of Jericho," to Bethlehem, the most sacred place on earth, and to Bethany. Here Stanley's description of the scene, given at length by his biographer, is simply perfect, and nothing but a feeling that it is not fair to incorporate the work of another, certainly no idea that any other words can reproduce the scene half so well, prevents me from copying it out word for word.

There, most wisely, General Bruce and his suite left the Prince alone with Stanley and with the

myriad sacred memories of the place. It had been a plan which Stanley had determined to carry out from the beginning, but it accomplished itself without effort on his part: and there, as the two rode slowly at the head of the procession, the whole story of the triumphal entry, and of the prophetic tears, unwound itself. Upon precisely such fig-trees as those which grew here and there by the way was the figurative doom pronounced by our Lord. From the prede-



BETHLEHEM

(From a picture by Bonfils)



KING EDWARD AT JERUSALEM

(From an engraving)

cessors in the same place of those very trees did the multitude tear down branches to strew them by the way. There, mounted on an ass, precisely similar to those of to-day, with the cross on the shoulders which poetical tradition attributes to that sacred day, rode the Redeemer of mankind to his earthly triumph and to his self-imposed fate on earth.

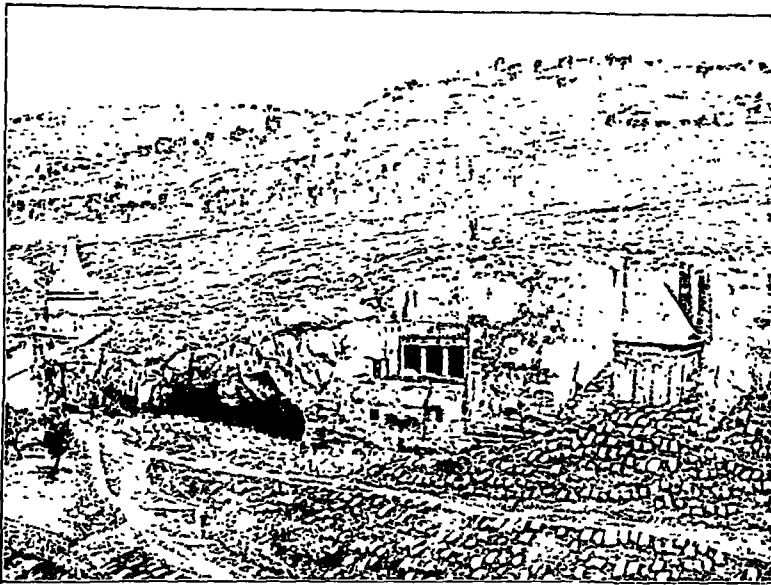
Flowing garments such as the Eastern natives of to-day habit themselves in, loose and easily doffed, were spread on the way. The "village over against you" was there; the very air seemed to ring with the echoing memory of Hosannas; and in the distance were the stones of Jerusalem.

Few words passed between Stanley and the



BETHANY

(From a photo by Mason Good)



VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT

(From a photograph by Mason Good)

Prince. It was a moment for silent reflection rather than for any talk that was not absolutely necessary, and Stanley records that he felt as if his tongue, in the stately language of the Scriptures, clave to the roof of his mouth. But one happy detail did not escape him. On the mountain side were feeding, as on the day when Christ spoke to His disciples in parables, a flock of white sheep and a herd of despised goats, and it was impossible not to recall to memory the terse and terrible imagery of the parable of the sheep and the goats. There it was, illustrated, an object-lesson to the eye still, for the East changes little, and hard upon nineteen centuries had made but little difference in its outward semblance.

So Stanley "fell to the rear, feeling that at least I had done my best;" and it need not be doubted for a moment that he had gone as near to doing justice to the scene as man might

approach. So back to Jerusalem, along the rocky valley of Jehoshaphat, by the side of the brook Kedron, with Siloam and its pool on the far side, the eastern wall of the Temple Area on the near side, and the Mount of Olives, defaced by modern buildings, but still stately, towering over all.

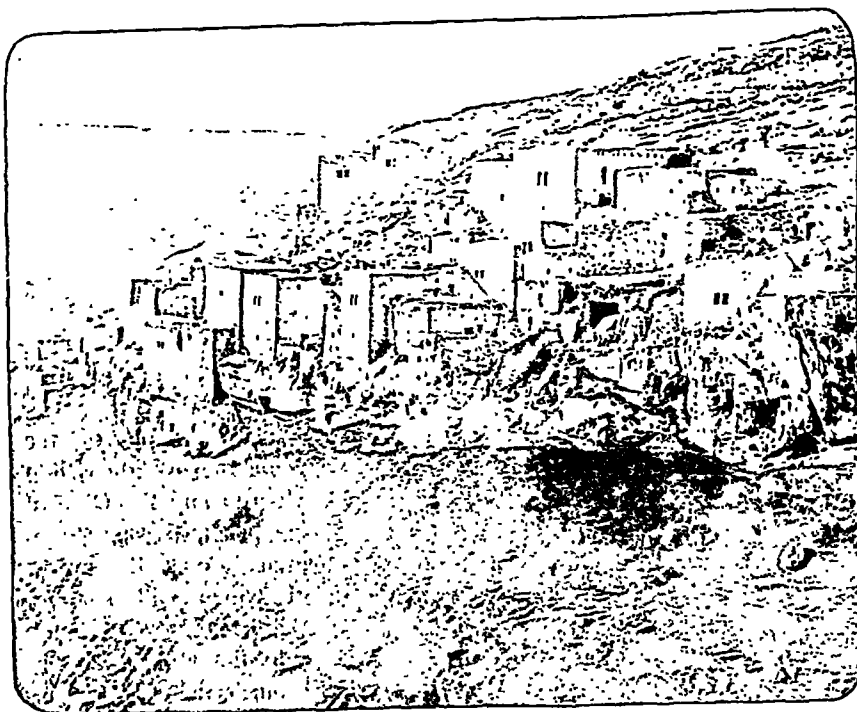
The triumph of the whole tour was the visit to Hebron and the Cave of Macpelah, passing Solomon's Pools, the lowest of which still supplies Bethlehem, by the way. Into the Mosque at Hebron, which really does stand over the original Cave of Macpelah, where Abraham and Sarah, Isaac

and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah were buried, no European had ever penetrated, save in disguise, since 1187. Stanley himself had failed to effect an entry on his former visit to the Holy Land; but this time the diplomacy of General Bruce, the presence of the Heir-Apparent to the throne of



BROOK KEDRON

(From a photo by Mason Good)



THE VILLAGE OF SILOAM

(From a photograph)

Great Britain, and the complaisance of the Turk, availed to accomplish that which had been impossible before; and the travellers entered a truly historic edifice. That mosque has known many masters. Justinian began it in the sixth century; Crusaders completed it according to their lights, so that its architecture is in part Byzantine and in part what, for lack of a better name, may be called Crusading in style; and the Moslems, who have been its owners for many centuries, have altered it not a little. In the floor of the mosque are holes, which correspond with the entrances of the cave below, and monuments stand over the tombs.

Into this Mohammedan Holy of Holies the Royal Pilgrim and Stanley alone were permitted to enter; and no man who knows the East will hesitate for a moment to say that the concession, even to them, was a very great one. The followers of the Prophet may be wrong in their view of religion—that is no matter for present discussion—but there is not a scintilla of doubt concerning their sincerity in the mind of any man who knows them at all. Nor, generally and in what they regard as

its proper place, do they hate the Christian religion. Indeed it has been told truly of an English peer, who is himself a member of the Mohammedan faith, that he was ordered by his ecclesiastical chief to support the Established Church in England. But the Mussulman is very emphatic in his opinion that the Mosque of Hebron is no place for the Christian religion, and that there the Christian pilgrim, be he never so royal, is an interloper, an infidel, and a being whose slaughter by the faithful believer would be but a praiseworthy anticipation

*From a photo by*

POOL OF SILOAM

Mason Good

of the judgment of Allah.

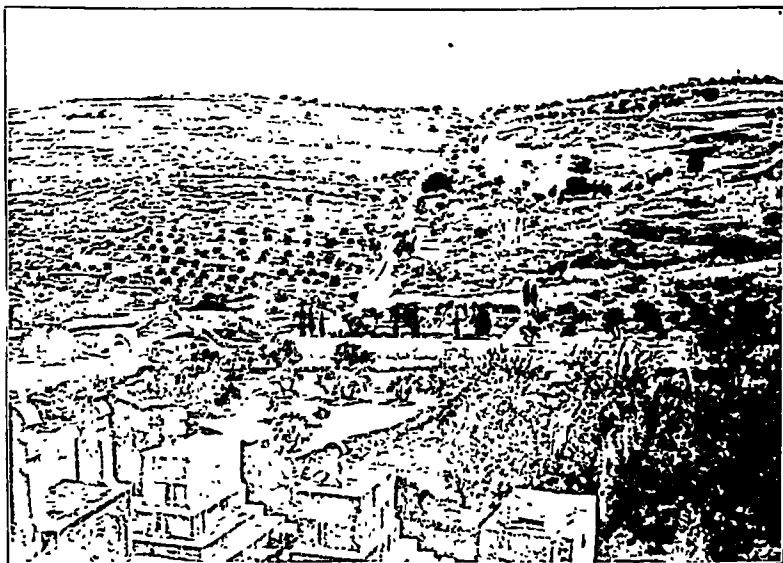
Hence came it that the progress to the Mosque was made under conditions distinctly striking and indicative of the knowledge of the authorities that it was a dangerous enterprise. Swarthy soldiers of the Turk, sullen and silent, lined the streets, looking on at what to them was sheer profanation. The populace kept within doors, in obedience to orders no doubt, lest they should stone the intruders in the cruel fashion which the Jews initiated; a solitary soldier guarded each housetop for fear, from that coign of vantage, missiles should be launched upon the heads of those below.

At the summit of steep steps of stone, at the entrance to the Mosque, they were met by the principal guardian of the Mosque, who received them with the true courtesy and dignity of the Oriental; but he made it clear that the occasion was

more than exceptional, and that for no other prince or man than the eldest son of the Queen of England would he have made the concession that had been forced upon him. "Sooner should the princes of any other nation have passed over his dead body." Then, when the various shrines were opened, the feelings of the attendants were not to be controlled

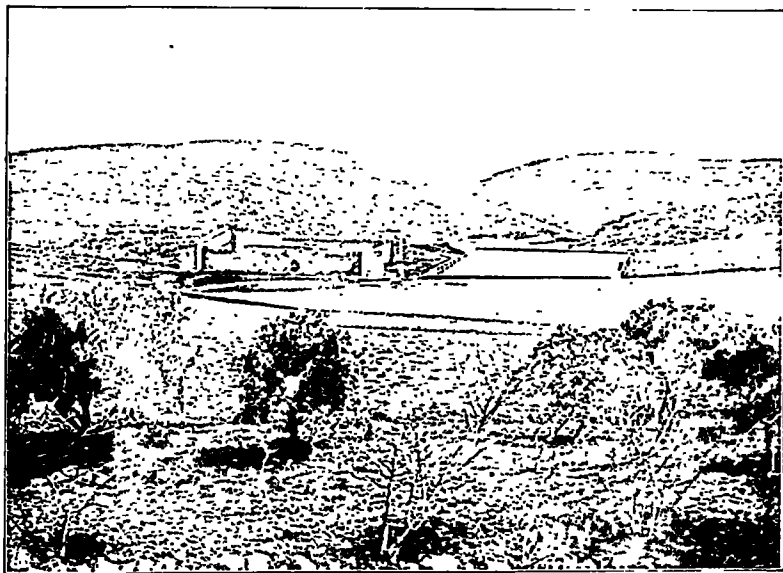
They groaned aloud as each fresh shrine was approached, and one may well imagine that they expected the heavens to fall, or the earth to open and swallow the visitors, as Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up, when Stanley thrust his arm as far as it would reach into the recesses of Abraham's grave, hoping to discover whether it were part of the native mountain or no.

A great scene was this, and a memorable. There, in the gloom, were the young Prince and the English clergyman, and clustered round them, shuddering with fear and groaning in indignation



MOUNT OF OLIVES

(From a photograph by Mason Good)



POOLS OF SOLOMON

(From a photo by "Mason Good")



HEBRON

(From a photograph by Don Gie)



RUINS NEAR HEBRON, CALLED "ABRAHAM'S HOUSE"

(From a photo by the Palestine Exploration Fund)

at profanation, as they deemed it, a body of devout Orientals to whom human life was of no account or value whatsoever. But it all ended safely, the great experience had been gained, and it is pleasing to note that when Stanley and the Prince returned to the encampment where General Bruce and the suite had remained, the former immediately went up to thank the General and to congratulate him. Then, and not until then, did Stanley learn how steadfast the Prince had been to him in this important juncture. "The Prince, from the first, had made my entrance an indispensable condition of his going at all." And then, when Stanley went to thank the Prince in his turn, came the Prince's turn. "Well," he said, with touching and almost reproachful simplicity, "high station, you see, has, after all, some merits, some advantages." "Yes, sir," I replied, "and I hope that you will always make as good a use of it"—an anecdote which serves, *inter alia*, to show the friendly and intimate terms upon which Prince and clergyman lived.

Various other places were visited, Shiloh and Bethel for example; but the greatest remaining scene in the Holy Land

was, like the one which has just been described, one of those which Stanley was able to see this time by reason of the presence of his Royal Highness, although on a previous occasion it had been denied to him. It was nothing less than the Samaritan Passover surviving to these days, and apparently almost as distinct from the original Jewish Passover as that curious travesty of the Pass-over by which the Mohammedans celebrate Easter, or something approaching to Easter. This is described in language of great beauty; we seem to see with our own eyes the setting sun, the six sheep wandering among the worshippers, ignorant of their fate; we seem to hear the passionate prayers, and to see at the moment of sunset the keen knives drawn across the throats of the sheep, and the streaming

blood. But it must be confessed that there is something of the grotesque and even of the disgusting, no less than of the solemn in the ritual. "In the blood the young men dipped their fingers, and marked the foreheads and noses of their children—not the doors of the tents nor the faces of the grown-up. It was, as they explained it, a kind of relic of the past, of which only these fragments remain." It was also, clearly, remarkably like to the practice, which still prevails in wildly remote and sporting counties of England, Scotland and of Wales, of blooding the boy who is present at the death of



BETHEL

(From a photo, 1915, by Major Gort)

his first stag, fox or otter. The directions of Exodus were as nearly as possible followed, except in relation

To put the tenses right, "they did eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread ; and



KING EDWARD AT THE AGE OF 22

(From the painting by G. Wallon)

to the door-posts—that is to say, except in the one point which gave significance to the original rites.

with bitter herbs they did eat it." But they went very near to neglecting the precise ordinance of the

next verse: "Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire; his head with his legs, and with the purtenances thereof." For here the improvements of civilisation had intruded into the ancient rites. These latter-day Samaritans did not indeed boil the sheep, but they did boil the water, and from two great cauldrons they scalded the sheep in precisely the same manner used by Christians when preparing the pig which is forbidden to the Jew. This, however, was only done to take off the wool, and the carcasses, spitted on long poles, and with their legs torn off, were placed

Then, at half-past one, Stanley was summoned to find the whole male community gathered round the savage oven—just the same kind of oven as the South Sea Islander uses in these days—ready for the feast. The carcasses were placed on mats laid in rows between the waiting Samaritans, who, says Stanley, "sunk on their haunches," but ate with far less "haste" than he had expected from the direction which, it will be remembered, runs, "And thus shall ye eat it, with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand. And you shall eat it in haste; it is the Lord's Passover." But one



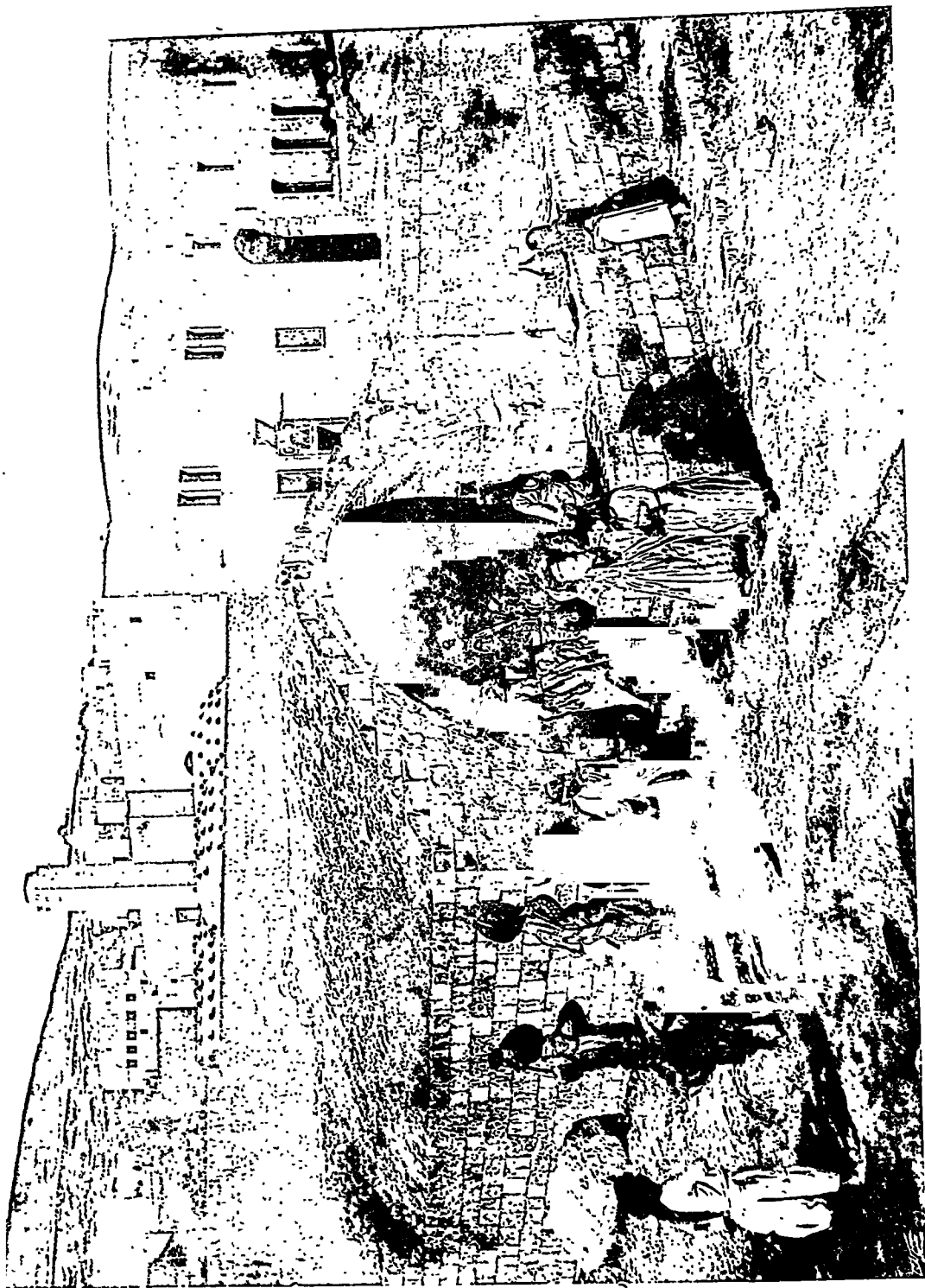
TIBERIAS

(From a photo by Mason Good)

in glowing holes in which faggots had been burnt. The whole was then banked up with damp earth.

At this time a considerable number of the party, including the Prince, seem, not unnaturally, to have grown weary of the gruesome sacrifice; it may be that they even grew literally sick of it. Besides, there was no telling when the Orientals would proceed to the savage business of gorging themselves with the flesh which had to be completed by the morning. Stanley and his servant Waters alone remained, sleeping or trying to sleep in one of the Samaritan tents. One might indeed conjecture that there were other reasons besides the excitement and picturesque surroundings for difficulty in obtaining repose in a latter-day Samaritan tent.

cannot help thinking that Stanley might have been satisfied on the score of pace; the girt loins, the staves and the shoes were there, so were the carcasses of the sheep; and, after all, they finished the whole six sheep save a few bones and scraps in ten minutes. The fragments were burnt with the mats; and finally Stanley and his servant returned to their camp. It was a spectacle which the student of Palestine could not have afforded to miss; but it may be permitted to doubt whether either master or servant would have cared to repeat the experience. Outside Mr. Hes'eth Pritchard's vivid and horrible account, in *Where Black rules White*, of Vaudoux worship and sacrifice, the writer does not remember to have read of anything more interestingly nauseous than this



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN, NAZARETH

(From a photograph by Bouffé)

record of 'old-world observance, which was witnessed on the 12th of April.

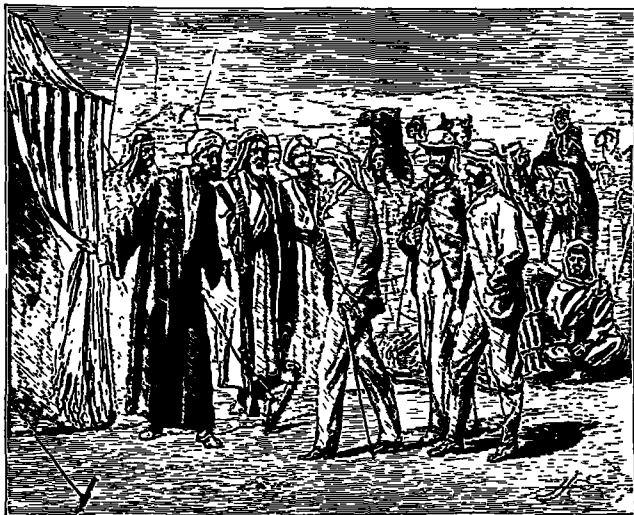
Certainly it was a grand thing, and an occasion made the more memorable by contrast, that Easter Sunday, April 20, should have been spent by the party on the shores of Lake Tiberias, on the way to which the Prince was entertained by a Bedouin chief who showed him the warmest pledge of true Arab hospitality, by offering to him a present of two mares, as well as by kissing his stirrup. Nearly always anxious for dramatic effect of the best and truest kind, Stanley had planned

the first for him after the loss of his mother, who was all in all to him, should be spent on the shores of

the Sea of Galilee. He was clearly intent upon so managing this tour in the Holy Land that every single circumstance, every association, every memory should be used to its full advantage to impress the mind of him whom he had in charge.

Good Friday had been spent at Nazareth, and we have a touching account of the following Easter Eve. As at Bethany, so now: Prince and

clergyman, companions in sorrow and in hope, rode apart from the rest of their companions, and opened



KING EDWARD IN AN ENCAMPMENT OF BEDOUIN ARABS NEAR TIBERIAS



MAGDALA, ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

(From a photo by Mason Good)

from the beginning that this solemn Easter Day, the first for the Prince after the death of his father,

their hearts one to another. And here, surely, it is legitimate to quote Stanley's own words :

"It was Easter Eve. The Prince and I rode alone over the hills. He made the best proposals for the arrangement of the Communion the next day, and spoke much of you, of Catherine, of our dead mother . . . of his father 'It will be a sad Easter for me,' he said. . . . 'Yes,' I said; 'and a sad one for me. But I am sure that if your father and my mother could look down upon us, they would be well satisfied we should both be at this time in this place.'

" . . . Suddenly we reached the ledge of the cliffs, and the whole view of the Lake burst upon us. He

quite screamed with surprise and pleasure. 'So unexpected and so beautiful.' It was, indeed, that view of which I am always afraid to speak, lest the glory of the recollection should tempt me to exaggerate its real character.



THE GREAT CEDARS OF LEBANON

But on that evening, the setting sun throwing its soft light over the descent, the stormy clouds flying to



KING EDWARD'S ENTRY INTO BEYROUT, 1862

(From an engraving)

and fro, it was truly grand; . . . and when we found our tents pitched at the bottom of the hill, by the old walls of Tiberias, on the very edge of the Lake, General Bruce came up to me and said, 'You have indeed done well for to-morrow.'

Surely in all the history of mankind there can have been few episodes more touching than that at which the Sea of Galilee, the waters in which Simon Peter fished, from which the miraculous draught of fishes came, on which the Redeemer of mankind walked, burst into the Prince's view. Nor can there be any memory of any scene held more sacred in the memory of the King.

The next day came the Communion Service, and after it a long walk and intimate converse between Stanley and the Prince.

Some lighter touches there are, too, for Stanley did not fail to write to his family and friends in England descriptive accounts, of that excellent kind which leaves a picture of almost Dutch exactitude. He shows us the Prince riding at the head of the cavalcade in his

white robe with his gun by his side, the suite following, the fifty spearmen with their scarlet pennons, the simple camp pitched, the quiet dinner, the evening smoke, the morning rounds of the doctor, the interest shown by the Prince in collecting flowers and leaves for the Princess Royal, and in the curing and stuffing of the strange birds and beasts (in which Stanley's servant was an adept); and then the last scene of all that he gives us is mention of the fact that the Prince desired a service to be held on the last Sunday morning under one of those venerable (but, it appears, somewhat disappointing) trees, the Cedars of Lebanon, a happy conception which was frustrated because the windows of heaven were opened and the party had to take horse for Ehden without more ado. But there Stanley, the glorious Dean Stanley of later days, whom all remember with affectionate veneration,

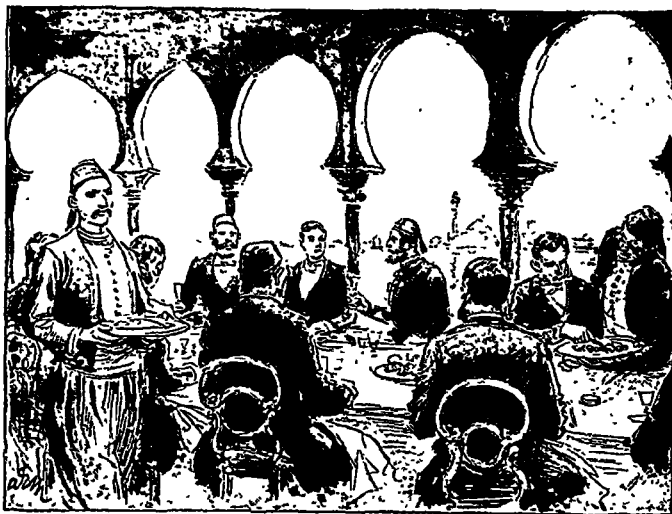
preached what he then called his Cedar Sermon, although in *Sermons in the East* it is entitled "The Last Encampment."

Most Eastern in its atmosphere is a picture showing the scene at Beyrout when, a day or two before his departure, the Prince made a State entry, and was received by the Turkish officials in gala dress. It was, writes a contemporary chronicler, almost insupportably hot, and the glare of the sun on an unshadowed wall confirms the statement abundantly. Rarely has the spirit of the East been emphasised better than in this little picture. The blaze of the sun, the crowds upon the housetops, and the crowd in the square around the young Prince bring the

scene home in a very vivid fashion.

And here, merely mentioning that no attempt has been made to give a full list of places visited, we may well leave this glorious and memorable tour, for on May 13 the party left Syria.

The homeward journey, which consumed a month as nearly as might be, was by way of



BANQUET TO KING EDWARD GIVEN BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY
AT CONSTANTINOPLE

storied places—Patmos, Ephesus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, and then across France to England. Perhaps its most pleasant interlude was at Constantinople, where a week was spent, where the Sultan gave a banquet to the Prince and suite at his kiosk overlooking the Sweet Waters, of which a picture is given. At the same banquet the Turkish ruler also presented the Prince of Wales with a narghilé, set with diamonds, worth £3000, surely the most costly altar on which the divine herb was ever burned, and later the Order of the Osmanlieh was conferred upon him by the Sultan. Also a flying visit was paid to the Emperor Napoleon III. at Fontainebleau.

But in these final days there was yet another great sorrow to come for Stanley and for his Royal charge. For most members of the expedition travel had been productive of sound health and of relief from bitter sorrow; but responsibility and Eastern fever had

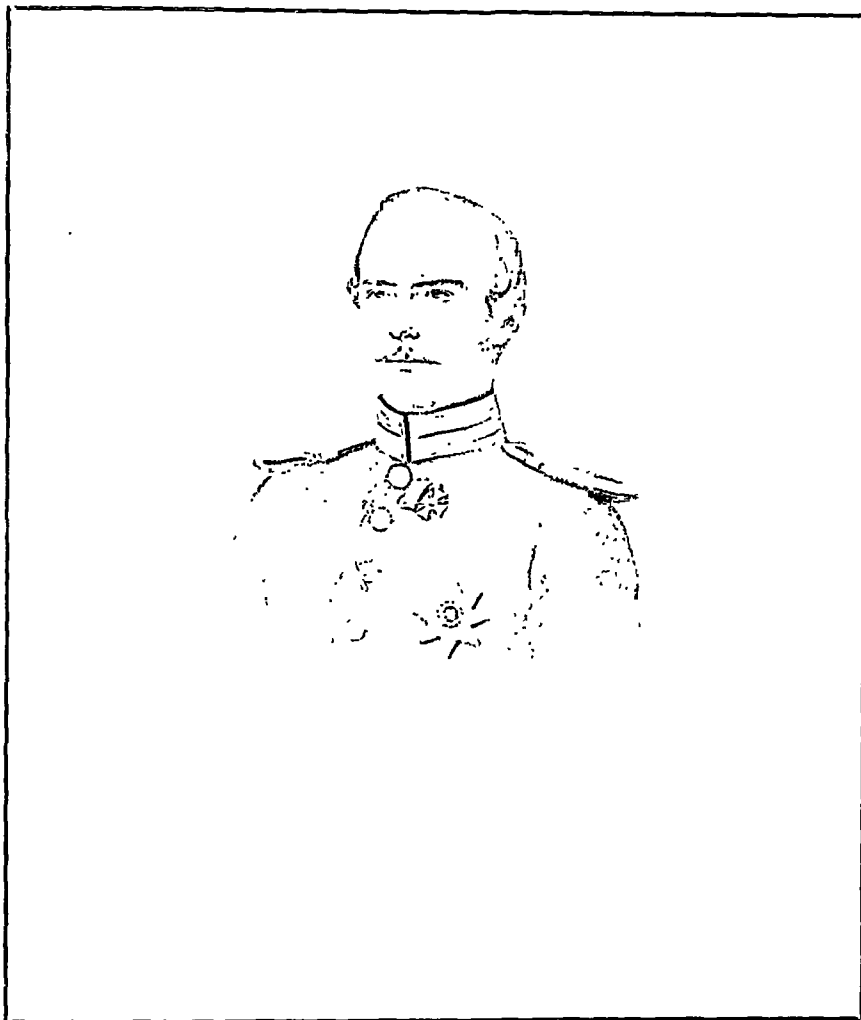


H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE

Married to Prince Louis of Hesse on July 1st, 1862

clearly broken down the constitution of General Bruce, who, it will be remembered, had been the close associate and intimate companion of the Prince for many years. In fact, from the moment when the Prince entered man's estate General Bruce had

James's Palace, and there, on the 27th of June, to the heartfelt sorrow of the Prince and of all who knew him, he died. The Prince must indeed have felt that he was left alone in the world. His father was gone, and now he had lost his right-hand man,



PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE

Married to H.R.H. Princess Alice on July 1st, 1862

(From the drawing by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.)

practically never been away from his side. But he was now to be parted from him for ever. London was no sooner reached than it was seen that General Bruce, who had been far from well at Constantinople, was dangerously ill. He was taken to the rooms of his sister, Lady Augusta Bruce, in St.

the most trusted of all the counsellors whom his father had chosen for him.

It is impossible to close this chapter without observing that the Eastern Tour and the death of General Bruce were instrumental in bringing together and into closest association Stanley and



MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS ALICE TO PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT, JULY 1, 1862

King Edward is seen standing to the right of Queen Victoria

Lady Augusta Bruce, the close intimate of Queen Victoria and the wife with whom he lived afterwards so happily. But to dilate on that were outside our scope.

Another marriage, which had been waiting only for the return of the Prince of Wales, took place almost at once. It was that of Princess Alice, on the 1st of July 1862, to the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Princess, whom all England mourned in 1878, was then given away by the Duke of Coburg in the presence of all the Royal Family, the Prince of Wales superintending the whole. The wedding was as quiet as it could possibly be, but it was a union which was to produce many personages of the highest place, including Princess Louis of Battenberg, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, Princess Henry of Prussia, the present Grand Duke of Hesse, and the present Czarina of Russia.

The Queen, no doubt, felt acutely the parting with

the daughter who had been her close companion since the marriage of the Princess Royal. But the pain of parting was softened somewhat by the fact that the newly married pair did not leave England immediately. They spent their brief honeymoon at St. Clare, in the Isle of Wight, some three miles from Ryde, which was placed at their disposal by Colonel and Lady Katherine Vernon Harcourt; the latter the daughter of Lord Liverpool, who, although Disraeli dubbed him a mediocrity in *Coningsby*, was implicitly trusted by the Queen. St. Clare, it may be remarked, was one of the places considered when Osborne was finally chosen as the quiet country home of the Royal Family, and it was designated by the Queen herself, partly, no doubt, because of its associations and of her friendship with Lord Liverpool, as a fitting resting-place for her daughter and her daughter's husband. From it, after a very short stay, they migrated to Osborne for a visit before departing finally for the Continent.



ST. CLARE, ISLE OF WIGHT

The temporary residence of Prince Louis of Hesse and Princess Alice after their marriage

CHAPTER VIII

“**E**VIORE plectro.” Let us be thankful that, in this chapter at any rate, there is an opportunity of striking the lyre with lighter touch, a chance of endeavouring to reproduce the sunshine rather than the shadow and the gloom of forty years ago. And here, for a moment, let a personal explanation be intruded. It is one of the misfortunes of the Celtic temperament, in which my blood and training give me a partial share, that he who, being blessed or cursed with it, describes scenes of sorrow or of joy cannot, strive he never so hard, force himself out of a feeling of sympathy with the persons and the events which he describes. Whether he will or no, he must needs rejoice with those who

but keep pace with his sympathies, something approaching to a more vivid reconstruction of scenes of the past than is possible in a plain and unsympathetic narrative; for, while it is clear that sympathy may be expressed but inadequately by one who feels it, it is beyond doubt that he who does not feel it cannot express it at all.

Be that as it may, it is certainly a joyous relief to banish the trappings and the suits of woe, to let the echoes of the funeral marches grow faint and die away, to conjure up in imagination the pealing of the joy bells, the thunder of the guns, and the acclaim of a delighted people when, after the announcement of 1862 that the Prince of Wales was engaged to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the fair “sea king’s daughter from over the sea,” the triumphal entry into London was made and the



THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK IN 1863

The parents of Queen Alexandra

(From the paintings by M. August Schjott)

are happy, and grieve in the company of those who sorrow and are heavy laden. For him personally, since life is a medley of joys and griefs, the one feeling compensates the other in the long run, and the balance is redressed and adjusted. For the reader there ought to result, if the writer’s capabilities would

marriage itself was solemnised with all imaginable pomp in the following year. It was indeed an event of supreme importance in the English history of the nineteenth century.

Innumerable stories are, naturally enough, told of the manner in which the acquaintance, which soon

ripened into attachment, was brought about. Says Mrs. Belloc Lowndes: "As is very generally known"—convenient phrase—"the marriage of King Edward and Princess Alexandra of Denmark was brought about in quite a romantic fashion. It is said that long before his Majesty saw his future wife he was very much attracted by a glimpse of a

Wales, brought up as he had been in the strictest habits of obedience, was prepared to accede to all the wishes of his parents till the merest accident upset all calculations. A young German officer, who was a friend of the Prince, informed his Royal Highness one day that he was engaged to be married and that he would like to show him a portrait of



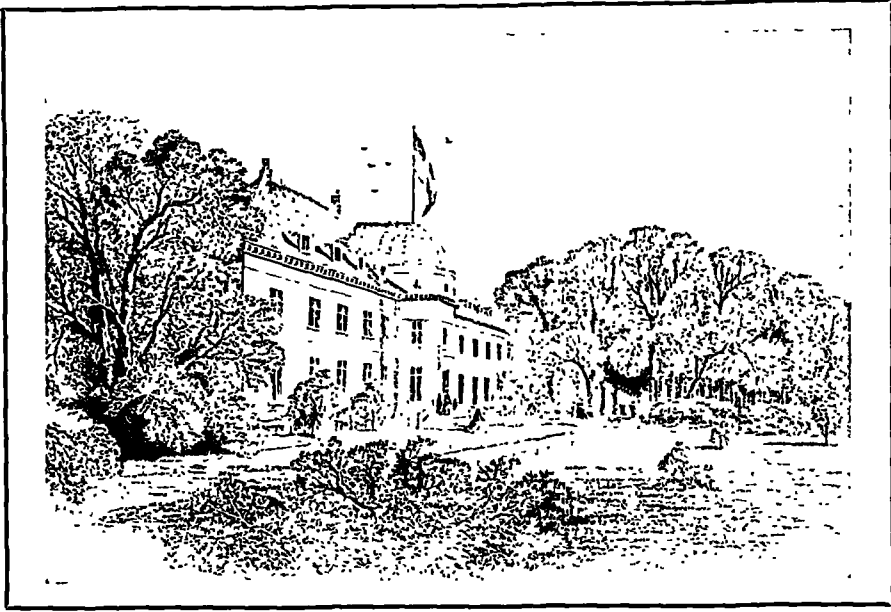
KING EDWARD IN 1863

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company)

photograph shown to him by one of his friends." That, surely, is a trifle vague. An anonymous biographer, in a volume entitled *The Private Life of the King*, says: "The Prince's marriage was a romance savouring of the 'once on a time' fairy period, or of the most poetical traditions of the Middle Ages. Before the Prince Consort's death it had been almost settled between him and Queen Victoria that the Prince of Wales should seek a wife among the German Princesses, and the Prince of

his bride-elect. Then," continues this sagacious chronicler in effect, "the young German officer pulled out of his pocket a photograph not of his own fiancée but of Princess Alexandra, and the Prince refused to part with it; and then, a few days later, the Prince saw a miniature of Princess Alexandra in the drawing-room of the Duchess of Cambridge, and vowed that he would marry her and none besides."

The worst of this story, and the best of it, is that, far from being romantic, it is so absurd as to carry



BERNSDORF CASTLE, NEAR COPENHAGEN
The Country Home of Princess Alexandra

its own refutation on its face ; for the worst enemy of the King has never accused him of such impulsive folly or lack of common sense as would be involved in falling in love with a photograph, particularly a photograph of 1861. Moreover, there is the less excuse for the tales, which appear to possess a good deal of family resemblance, in that the true story of the acquaintance and attachment is told quite plainly by Sir Theodore Martin. It is that the Prince went to Germany in the autumn of 1861, taking to the King of Prussia, whose guest he was to be, a letter from his father, who was enjoying some excellent deer-stalking at Balmoral. His primary object was to see the German military man-

œuvres ; his second aim was to make the acquaintance of Princess Alexandra, between whom and him it had been arranged that there should be a marriage if mutual attachment warranted. Moreover, as has been previously remarked, the Continental journals were quick to pick up the object of the Prince's visit to Germany and to comment upon it ; and these comments were repeated in England to the great and expressed annoyance of the Prince Consort.

If any particular person was more instrumental than another in bringing about this happy match, it was undoubtedly King Leopold. But there were strong political reasons for it, although they were of



L. v. a

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN 1861

photograph



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND HER
FATHER IN 1861

With her Sister the Empress Alexander, and her
Brother the King of Greece

(From a photograph)

the opposite kind to those which had prevailed in the case of the Princess Royal, and it is not to be supposed that the alliances of princes in the way of marriage can ever be so free as those of persons of less importance. That is one of the inevitable penalties of greatness. And princes are fortunate indeed when, as undoubtedly happened in the case of the King, natural inclination goes hand in hand with political necessity.

The plain fact of the matter is that the English people, as was clearly shown when the long delayed announcement of the engagement was made, were at this time very jealous of German influence. A rebuke of that jealousy appears in the dedication of the *Idylls of the King*, already quoted in another chapter, in that telling phrase: "All narrow jealousies are silent," and there is plenty of evidence of it in the published correspondence of the period. Lady Palmerston wrote to Richard Monckton Milnes in

September 1862: "The Prince of Wales' marriage seems also to be in a fair train, and everybody says she is charming. I like the idea of a Danish connection; we have had too much of Germany, and Berlin, and Coburgs, and this is returning to our old friends and a few honest people." Nor is the reason far to seek, for the Prussian power was growing very rapidly, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, there was no reason to apprehend any danger from Denmark. In fact, the insignificance of Denmark was as great a recommendation from one point of view as was the growing power of Prussia. There is no doubt that the first meeting between the Prince and Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louise Julia, which occurred at the Cathedral at Worms, whither the Prince had gone to examine the frescoes, was brought about of set purpose, although Sir Henry Burdett is likely to be correct in recording one little incident of that visit to the Cathedral, with which neither of them had any special concern. He tells us that one of the equerries of the Prince noticed a gentleman, who had been attached to the Princess's party, apparently left alone, and that, with a geniality rare among Englishmen, he went to converse with and to entertain the solitary gentleman,



From a

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN 1863

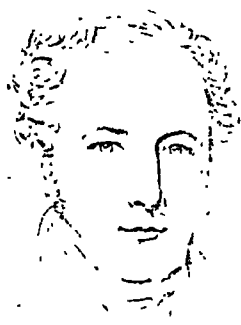
photograph



KING EDWARD HOLDING HIS FIRST LEVEE, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE

(From an engraving)

who turned out, after a pleasant talk, to be no less than the King of Denmark. His next sentence, however, will not bear close investigation. It runs: "It is noteworthy, in regard to the engagement in which this meeting resulted, that although it was attended with issues more momentous than those attaching to the betrothal of any other member of the Queen's family, the fatal illness of the Prince Consort, and the resulting circumstances, caused it to make less stir and to attract a much smaller share of notice than has probably been the case with any other event connected with our Royal Family." In the first place, the rumour of the



JOHN EVELYN DENISON

Speaker of the House of Commons at the time King Edward
took his seat in the House of Lords

(From an engraving)

engagement had attracted a good deal of stir, and, as we have seen, annoyed the Prince Consort; and if little was said about it in polite circles, it was probably because it was felt not to be good taste to pry into a secret which the Queen and the Prince Consort clearly did not desire at that time to become public property.

The Prince, it will be remembered, had still to go back to Cambridge, and if events had proceeded as was expected, the probabilities are that the engagement would have been announced and a marriage made early in 1862. As things were, it is clear, from the memoir of the late Duchess of Teck, that, at one of the customary

gatherings at Rumpenheim in the autumn of 1861, the family were discussing the proposed marriage with curiosity rather than with assurance. For Mr. Kinloch Cooke, the official biographer of the Duchess of Teck, who cannot afford to write without warrant, prints these words: "As soon as the Princess arrived at the Hessian Palace, her cousins were most anxious to hear all about the meeting, and great excitement followed when Princess Alexandra, producing a photograph from her pocket, laughingly exclaimed: 'I have got him here!'"

Then, of course, came the death of the Prince Consort, which upset all plans, and the Eastern Tour, which has been described. Then, in the autumn of 1862, the



LORD WESTBURY
Lord Chancellor in 1863
(From an engraving)

Prince paid another visit to the Continent, the Queen's consent was finally secured, and the glad news flew over England.

It was joyful tidings even in the material sense. All the nation had sympathised with Queen Victoria in her sorrow, but it began to be clear already that, although she would not neglect her official duties, although her Cabinet Ministers proudly boasted that she never kept them waiting, she was not likely for many years to come to take part in any of those public ceremonies and pageants which English people like just as well as any other nation. Commerce, in the large sense, was not

suffering; but it is a commonplace of observation that a dull Court and a Court in mourning involve



KING EDWARD TAKING THE OATH AS A PEER OF THE REALM AT THE TABLE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

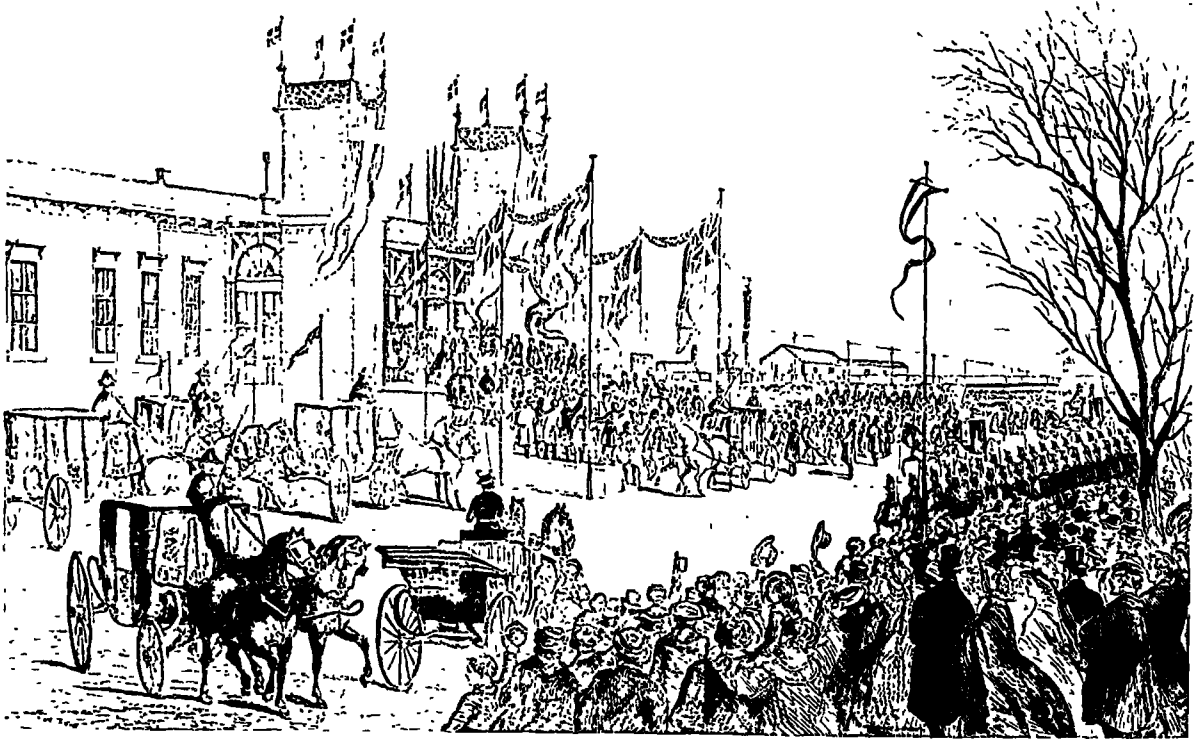
partial paralysis of what may be called fashionable trades upon which, by the irony of fate, huge numbers of the poorest classes in the community rely for a livelihood. All the people were full of sympathy for the Queen, but they could not be expected to feel her sense of irreparable loss, and there had already begun to be a trace of that feeling so well expressed in the poet's phrase, "Because Tom's dead, are there to be no more cakes and ale?"

The prospective entry of the couple into London,

Wales's minority, with a handsome income. In the meanwhile, Princess Alexandra, having been brought over by her father, paid a long visit to the Queen at Osborne and at Windsor, and the diary of the Duchess of Teck gives some happy glimpses of the family life :

"Brighton, November 9.—The Prince of Wales—God bless him!—attains his majority (21) to-day.

"After luncheon we watched anxiously for the expected and longed-for arrival of dear Christian, who was on his way back to Copenhagen, having



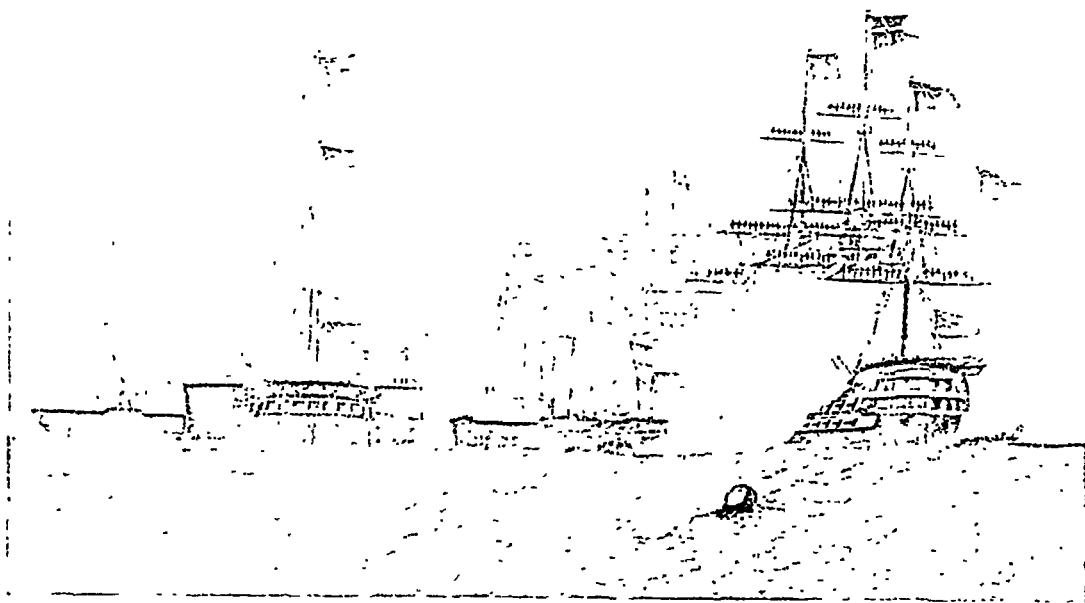
DEPARTURE OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA FROM COPENHAGEN, SCENE AT THE RAILWAY STATION

(From an engraving)

and the wedding which must follow, promised to give that fillip to trade and that pleasing excitement to society which were sadly needed by both. In the House of Commons, then led by Lord Palmerston, the proposed marriage was exceedingly well received, and an income of £40,000 a year was assigned to the Prince of Wales in addition to his revenue from the Duchy of Cornwall, and £10,000 a year was allowed for his prospective bride. The young couple, therefore, would begin married life at Marlborough House and at Sandringham, which had been purchased out of the savings of the Prince of

established Alix at Osborne. At half-past three we had the happiness of welcoming him, and for upwards of three hours sat talking over the *verlobung* [betrothal] of Alix and Bertie. We had much to hear and discuss, and while fully sharing his happiness at the marriage, we could enter into his feelings at leaving Alix thus for the first time. We dined at eight o'clock, a party of five, and toasted our dear Prince in champagne."

"Cambridge Cottage, November 21.—... We reached Windsor Castle about twelve, and were shown into our old Lancaster Tower rooms, where we were



THE SQUADRON AT THE NORE SALUTING THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

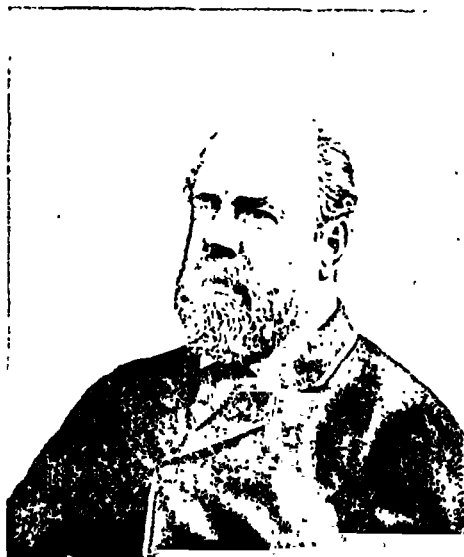
(From an engraving)

presently joined by darling Alix—too overjoyed at the meeting to speak!—dear Alice and Louis; after a while Alix took me to her room. . . . I then returned to the others, and we went with Alice to see her rooms in the Devil's Tower, where Louis was being sketched; here the poor dear Queen joined us and remained with us for some time. We lunched without her Majesty, and Beatrice came in afterwards. . . . Went into Alix's room again and played to her *En souvenir de Rumpenheim*, afterwards accompanying her into all the state-rooms, Mama, Alice, Louis, and Helena being also of the party. On our return Mama and I were summoned to the Queen's closet, and had a nice little talk with her,

ending with tea. We were hurried off shortly before five, Alix, Alice, and the others rushing after us to bid us good-bye."

On February 5, 1863, the business before the House of Lords being to consider the address from the Crown concerning the approaching marriage of the Prince, the personage most closely concerned in this address was himself sworn in with all appropriate ceremony, in full robes, and before an assembly in full dress, as a member of the House of Lords, to which he returned a short time later in ordinary morning dress, and took his place upon the cross benches.

Everything was now in train for a wedding which was equally grateful to the British and to the Danish



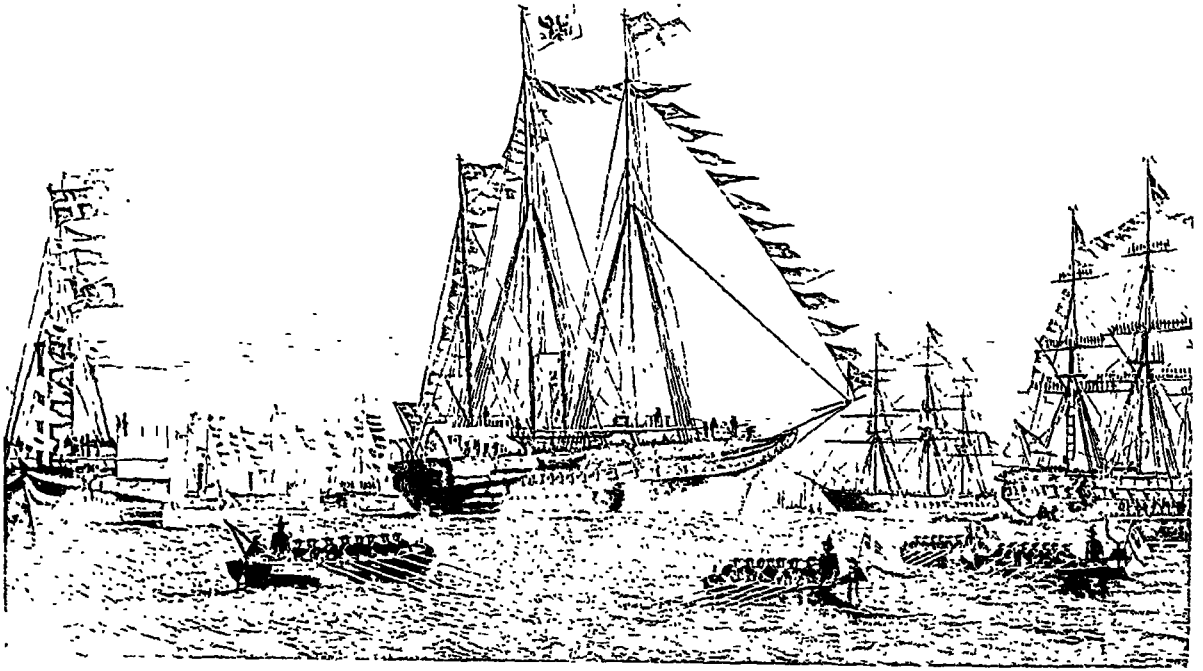
CAPTAIN GEORGE TRYON, R.N.

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

people, and there is something particularly touching in the manner of the departure of the Princess Alexandra from her native country. She had, as is generally known, been brought up of necessity in the most economical fashion. It is even said—greatly to her credit if it be true—that she who has long been among the best-dressed ladies in England was, as a young girl, in the habit of making her own clothes, and it is certain that then as later she was intensely interested in and beloved by the poor. And it was by the poor of Denmark that a dowry

brilliant marriages which his daughters were to make. A wonderful royal family, indeed, is that of Denmark. It has provided our present Queen, whose sister, Princess Dagmar, was married to the Czar of Russia, while another sister was married to the Duke of Cumberland. Then her brother, the Crown Prince, married a daughter of the King of Sweden, and her other brother, George, was appointed King of the Hellenes.

The Danish royal party took ship at Flushing on board the *Victoria and Albert*, which was escorted by



ARRIVAL OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT GRAVESEND WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ON BOARD

(From an engraving)

of 100,000 kröner was contributed, lest the beautiful princess whom they idolised should go away without a dowry. She on her part set aside, before her departure, a large sum for the dowering of poor Danish maidens.

That is the touching side of the departure of the Princess Alexandra from her home, but there was a ceremonial side also, for it was a royal progress that was made from Denmark to Brussels, where the Danish Royal party were gorgeously entertained by the Count of Flanders. Prince Christian, with his Consort and the rest of his family, accompanied his eldest daughter to be present at the first of the

H.M.S. *Warrior* (Captain George Tryon, R.N.), then admittedly the finest ship in the Royal Navy. Of this officer, whose unhappy fate in later years the whole Navy and the whole nation deplored, the Prince and Princess were to see much more in the time to come. He was the sturdy champion of the Navy, who, as confidential adviser to Mr. Goschen in 1872, insisted that the Naval Brigade should be ordered to the place of honour at St. Paul's, and on the right of the line, on the occasion of the Thanksgiving for the Prince of Wales's recovery from illness. He, then in command of the *Raleigh*, as escort at sea, and up country, was to have a great



PRESENTATION OF A BOUQUET TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BY THE MAYORESS OF GRAVESEND

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

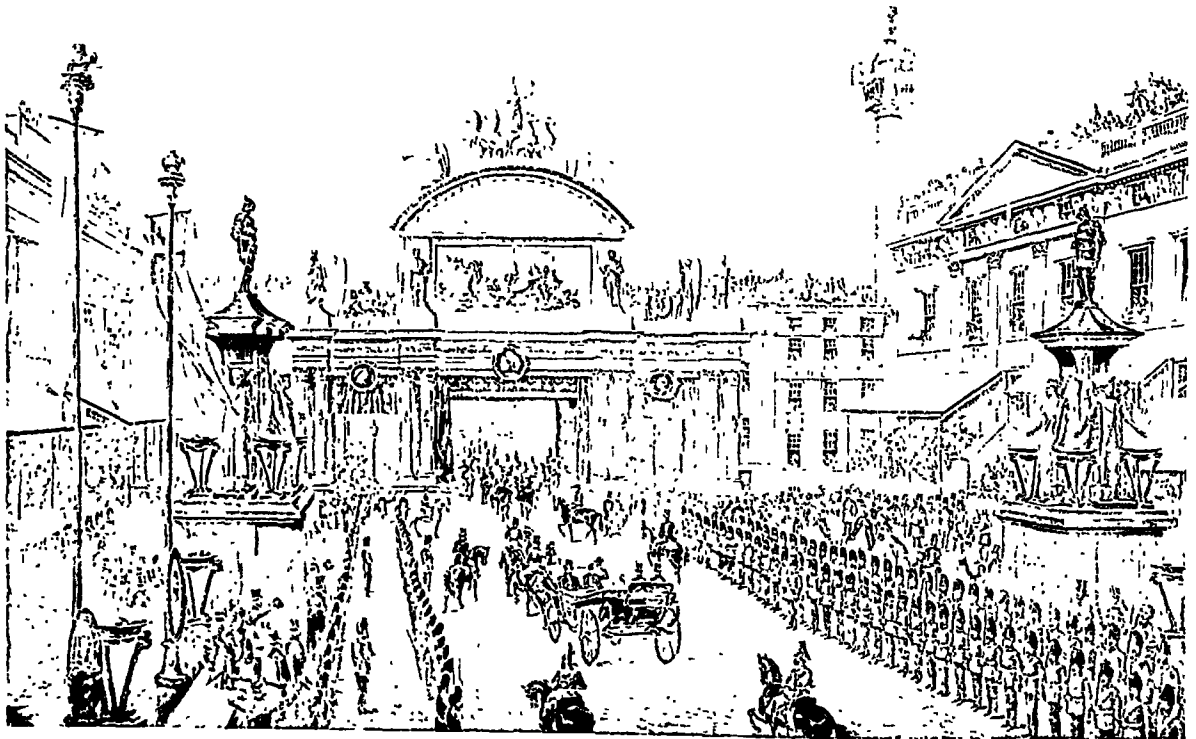


RECEPTION OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT BRICKLAYERS ARMS STATION

(From an engraving)

share in the glories of the Prince's visit to India, and later, when in command of the Mediterranean

Squadron, and not long before the fearful accident which ended his career, he was to be the host and



THE ROYAL PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON. THE GRAND ARCH AT LONDON BRIDGE

(From an engraving)

guide of the Princess of Wales and her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, during a visit which they paid to Malta in the *Osborne*.

For the moment, he had the pretty and intricate task of escorting the *Victoria and Albert* across from Flushing and up the estuary of the Thames as far as Gravesend. Take it for all in all, there can be no

more appropriate or more imposing way of introducing foreign princes to the greatness of England than by taking them up the mouth of the Thames and anchoring at Gravesend in the early morning. But it is not easy navigation, and it is recorded in Sir George Tryon's Life [*Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.*, by Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald (Blackwood)], that "the *Warrior* performed the duty of escort so satisfactorily, and kept so close to the Royal Yacht, following her up through the intricate navigation of the estuary of the Thames, that the Princess Alexandra was greatly pleased at the performance of the monster ironclad, and requested that the signal might be

made to the *Warrior*: 'Princess is much pleased'—words which the Captain of the *Warrior* caused to be inscribed in brass letters on the wheel, which in those days stood upon the quarter-deck, and there they remained for many years as a memento of this interesting event, and possibly they are there still."

But when one comes to think of it, it is doubtful whether, during all the long years that have passed since, and during all the labours which have been

performed, she who is now Queen Alexandra ever went through so severe and so trying a day as that 7th of March 1863. Early in the morning Gravesend was reached, and there the Prince of Wales boarded the *Victoria and Albert* to greet his future bride. On the same day came the triumphal entry into London through the City—an occasion when the City sur-

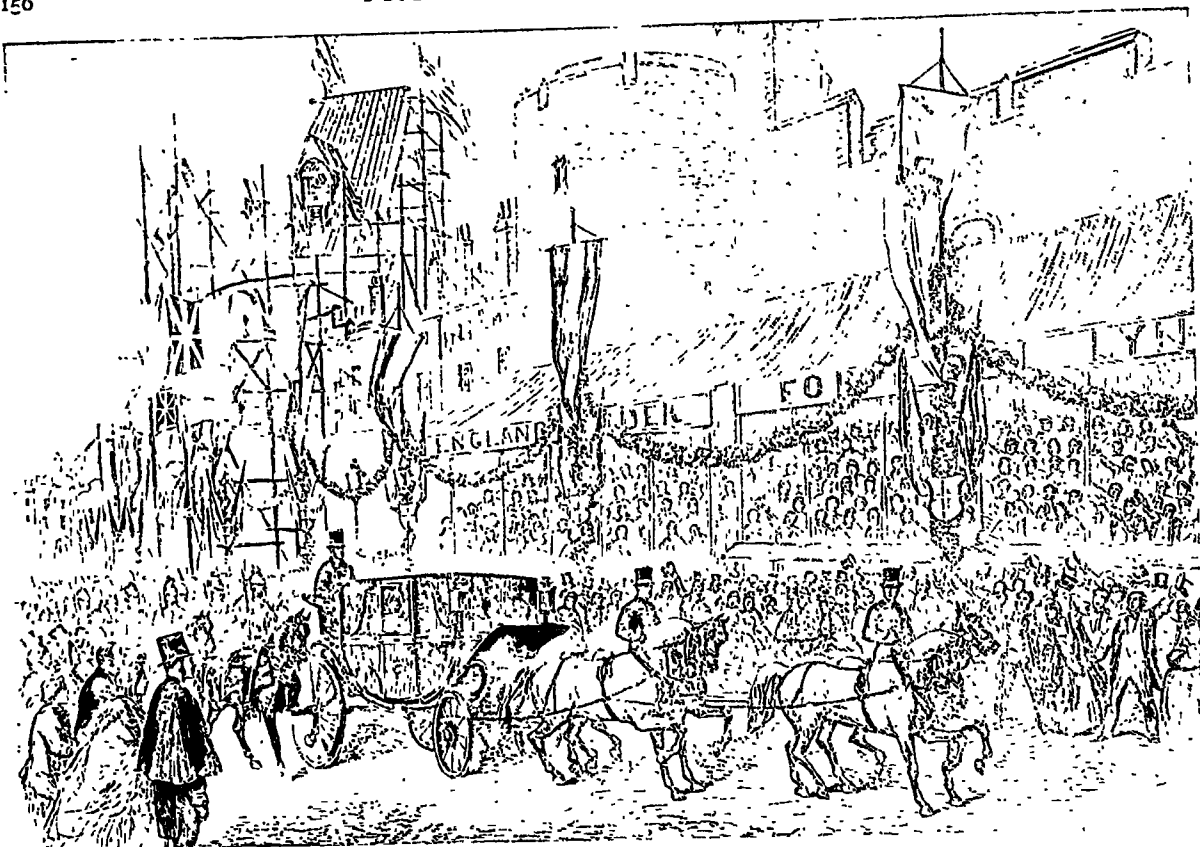
passed itself in decorations and triumphal arches and in demonstrations of hearty welcome. Seats for viewing the procession fetched fabulous prices, and it may readily be imagined that at least 50 per cent. of the girl children who were born on that day were christened Alexandra. It is, indeed, a curious and quite minor coincidence that the writer's wife was born that day and was called Alexandra, and that she still possesses a service of plate presented to her by her father's friends in recognition of the fact that he, as Governor of the Seamen's Hospital, gave them seats to view the procession in his office in the City. That coincidence may go some way to account for



PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
BY THE MAYOR OF WINDSOR

(From an engraving)

the affectionate veneration with which the writer has always regarded Queen Alexandra. Nor was the City alone in enjoying the opportunity of feasting its eyes upon the face of her who may, without the slightest exaggeration, be described bluntly as the most beautiful princess who ever came to England, as now she is the most beautiful Queen in all the long roll of Queens and Queens Consort. The honest admirer of beauty may study all the historical portraits, in all the exhibitions, in all the books of

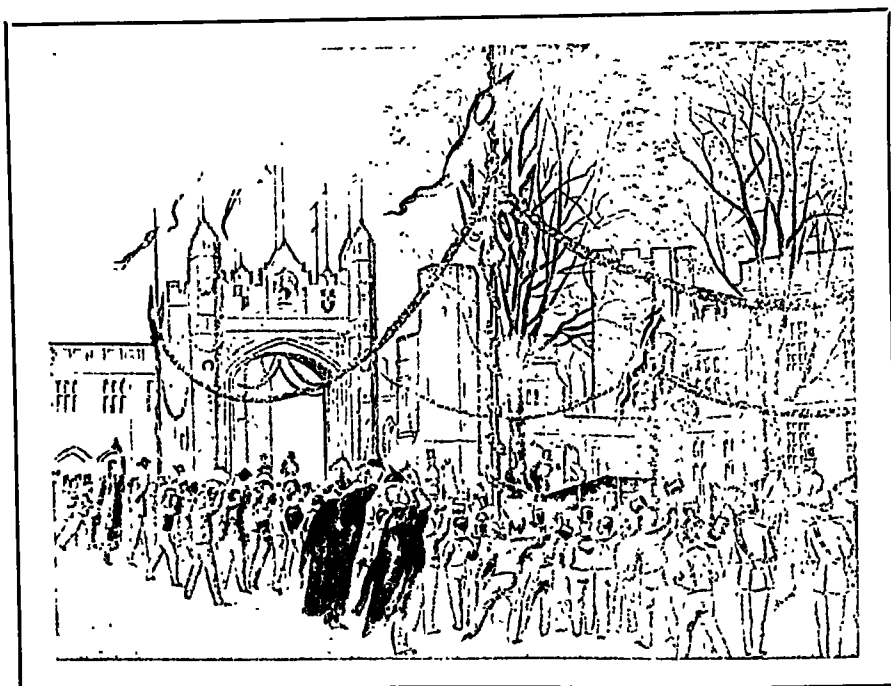


From an

THE ROYAL PARTY PASSING THE CURFEW TOWER, WINDSOR

engraving

beauty, in all the private galleries, and he will find no picture of any Queen to compare with Queen Alexandra. She took London by storm.



ETON COLLEGE AND BOYS' ARCH

Visit paid by Princess Alexandra, March 9, 1863

Then, as she passed through the City first, and then through part of the West End on her way to Paddington, in the pride of her youth and strength, there is no question about it but that the people fairly raved about her. It is no conventional figure of speech to say that, until the great Jubilee of 1887, there was no public pageant concerning which men and women talked so long, and with so much admiration, as they did of the public entry into London of the Prince of Wales and his bride of the future.

But even at Paddington the day was very far from being at an end; the journey to Windsor on the Great Western was, of course, rapid, and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes records the fact that the engine which drew the train "was driven by the Earl of Caithness, then the best known amateur locomotive engineer of the day." But it may be asserted with some confidence that a proper professional engine-driver was not far from the elbow of the Earl. On that same day, too, Eton had her share, and presented an address; and Windsor, which practically lives on Court festivities, was not to be denied. Without a doubt, the Princess must have been glad indeed when the happily brief drive from station to castle was accomplished, when she had been greeted by the Queen with warm affection, and when she had at last been permitted to rest.

Two days of absolute quiet followed, and then came the wedding, in relation to which the right of reproducing the famous picture by W. P. Frith, R.A.,

has been fortunately secured. It was painted by the special command of the Queen, and the vivid painter, who, at this kind of picture, which may be described as massed portraiture, has never had a rival worth speaking of, was concealed near the corner of the altar on the North side. It is a wonderful picture, and can well serve as a text. Most prominent figure of all, though the occasion is one of marriage, is that of the Queen in her closet, which is a small balcony looking directly down upon the altar. One can see plainly the widow's cap, her dark hair as yet hardly tinged with grey, her black

dress and gloves, and the riband of the Order of the Garter, the only concession she was disposed to make even upon so bright an occasion. Behind her, looking forward with interest, are two of her ladies, including Lady Augusta Bruce, herself in deep mourning for her brother, and ignorant then that among the brilliant crowd below was the one who was to be her husband, and later the famous Dean of Westminster. The sunlight streams gaily in through the Gothic windows, and brings the leading figures into clear prominence. Chief among them, standing before little fald-stools, are the Prince and his bride, the former robed in the mantle of the Garter, wearing many orders, and also whiskers, which in these days have a strange appearance;

the latter—naturally since she was a bride—in white satin and Honiton lace with a wreath of orange blossoms, and with the flounces of her full skirt



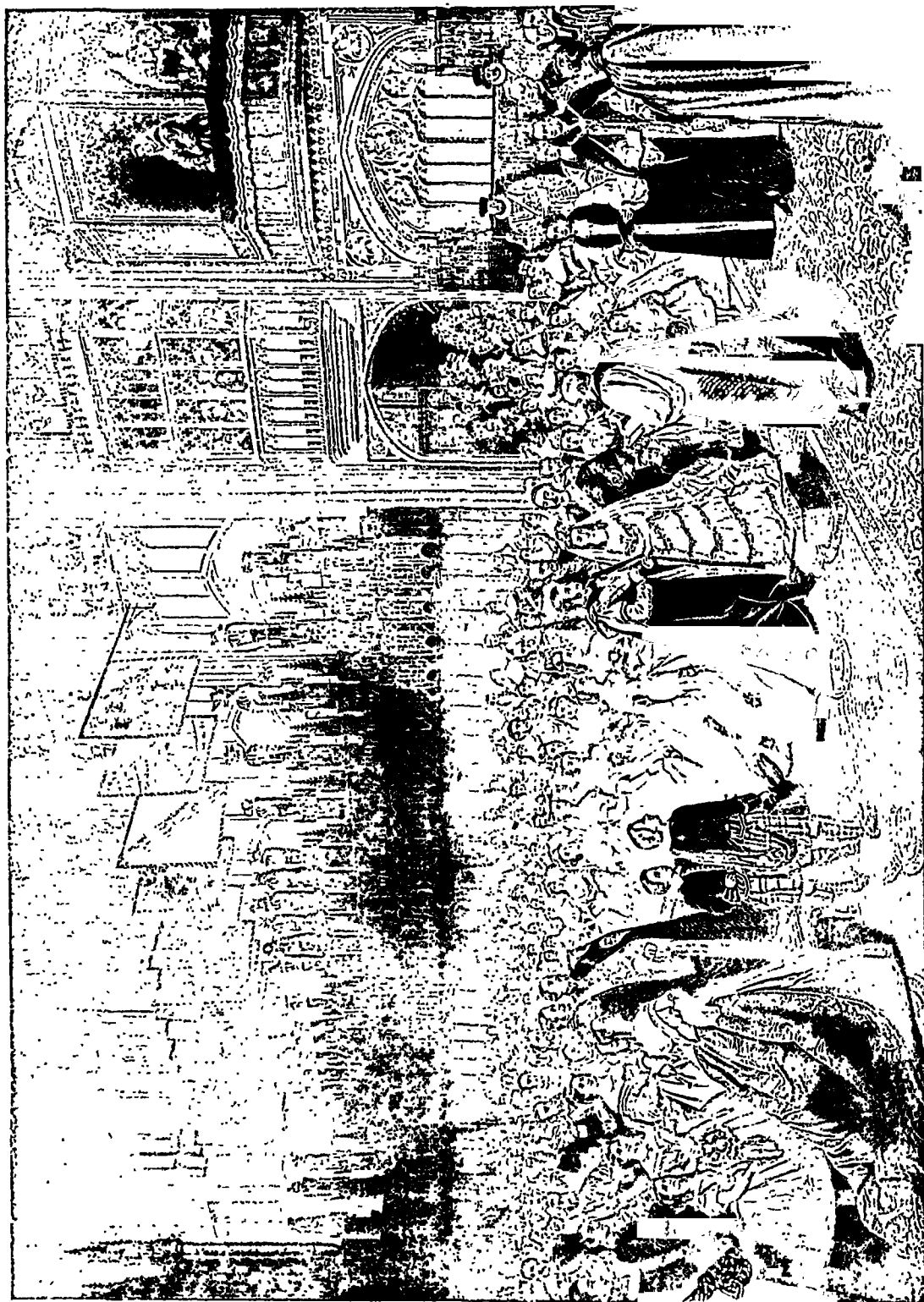
HOISTING THE ROYAL STANDARD AT WINDSOR CASTLE AT SUNRISE
ON KING EDWARD'S WEDDING-DAY

(From a drawing by Sir John Collier, R. A.)



DR. LONGLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
Who conducted the marriage service

(From an engraving)



THE MARRIAGE OF KING EDWARD AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK

(From the picture by W. P. Frith, R.A.)

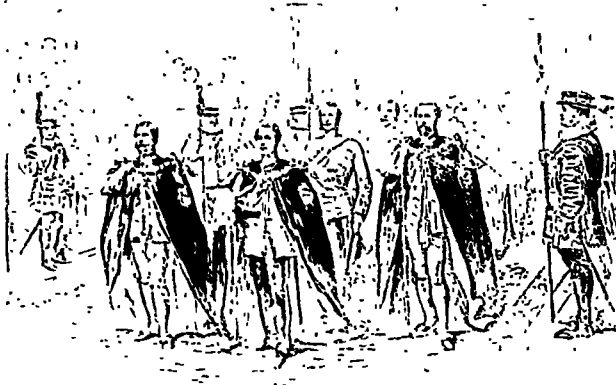
adorned with orange blossoms also. She is glittering with jewels, worn not at all in the spirit of display but solely in the desire to do honour to the Queen, the Corporation of London, the great cities of Leeds and Manchester, and the Prince of Wales, who had given them. Behind royal bride and royal bridegroom come the bridesmaids: Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Agneta Yorke, Lady Feodora Wellesley, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Georgina Hamilton, Lady Alma Bruce, and Lady Helen

Hare. Their white dresses are simple, though somewhat voluminous from our present point of view, albeit the tyrant crinoline had not then obtained quite the sway which he (or perhaps it should be

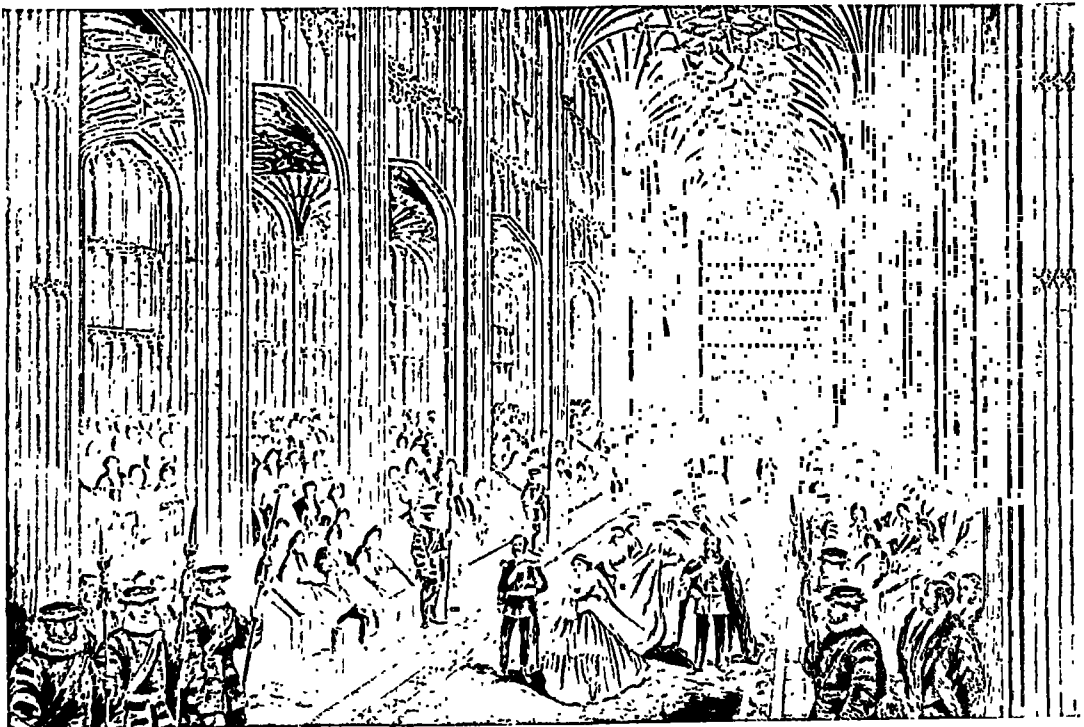
she) afterwards secured. Each on her right arm wears a bracelet, the gift of the Prince of Wales, and their wreaths and bouquets, and the sprays of flowers upon their dresses, are clearly composed for the most part of roses.

It is a Garter ceremonial, and apart from the Archbishop, the officials of the Order are in their most gorgeous robes, which have been fully described in another and a sadder chapter. Near to the Prince on the right are his younger brothers and his supporters, the Duke of Coburg

and Gotha, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, always a noble and commanding figure. There also are the Crown Princess and she who had been Princess Alice, and the Prince's other sisters,



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE
Procession of the Bridegroom to the Altar
(From an engraving)



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE; THE BRIDE AND HER FATHER PASSING UP THE NAVE OF ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR



KING EDWARD VII. AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN HER WEDDING DRESS

The King wearing General's Uniform, with Mantle and Decorations of the Order of the Garter, the Golden Fleece and Order of the Star of India

(From a photo by Mayall & Co.)



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, QUEEN VICTORIA AND KING EDWARD



A ROYAL GROUP

(From photographs by Mayall. Taken on the Wedding-day)

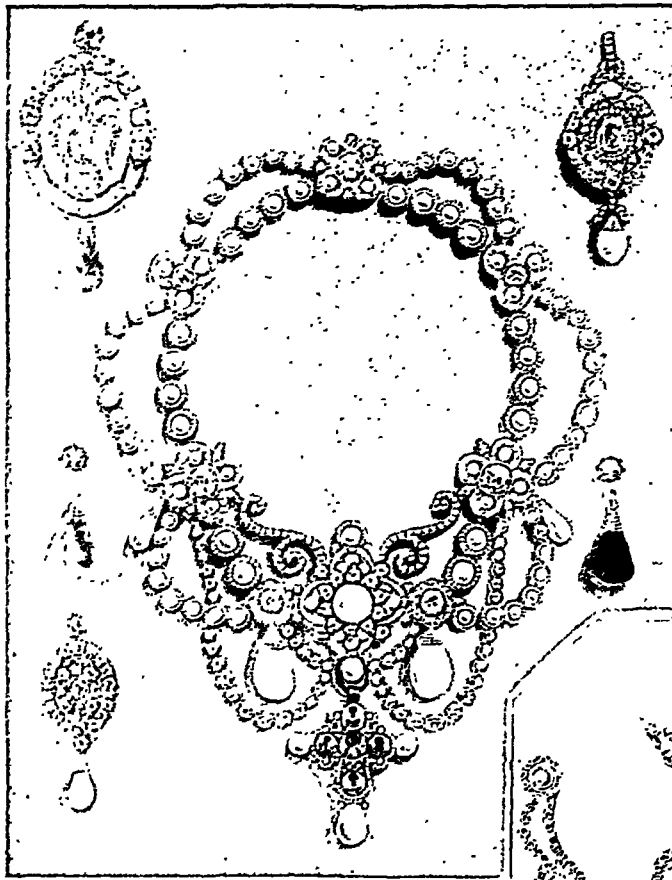
most of them quite young, and on Princess Alexandra's left are the members of her own family. Then the light streams upon the pendent banners of

the Knights of the Garter, and upon the heads of rows of notabilities, whom it is unnecessary to name again, since nearly all of them were present the year



KING EDWARD AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING WINDSOR FOR OSBORNE

(From an engraving)



WEDDING PRESENTS

The necklace and fac-simile of the Cross of Dagmar given to Princess Alexandra by King Frederick VII. of Denmark

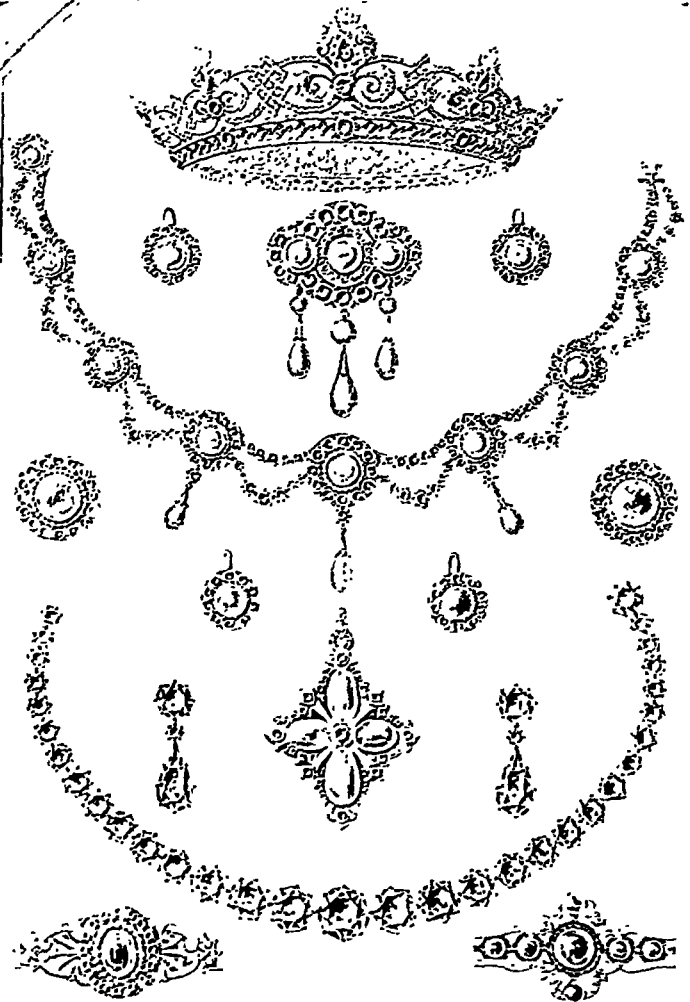
before, on a more mournful occasion, of which full details have been given. Interesting is it rather to note that in one of the lofts of the organ, where Dr. Elvey presided, were the choir, exiled from their places and reinforced for the occasion by female voices, amongst them those of Jenny Lind and Louisa Pyne.

Fortunate, indeed, is it also that amongst those who were present was Charles Dickens, one of the most particular descriptive writers of all time, and stronger in description than in anything else, who succeeded in giving an impression of the scene which is simply matchless. It ought to be confessed that this is inference from the facts that Dickens was present, that he was then editor of *All the Year Round*, and that the style of the description, which appeared within a very few days in that periodical was undoubtedly his :

those who pronounced that wedding procession to be the loveliest sight they had ever seen were unconsciously affected by the presence of the dark figure of the mourning Queen, half-concealed in the pew above the altar ? . . .

"Those who watched the details of that glorious pageant, with somewhere down in the recesses of their hearts an undefined memory of all that had preceded it, saw a perfect thing through a perfect medium, and came away convinced that they might live long and see many things, but never anything in its own way so beautiful as that.

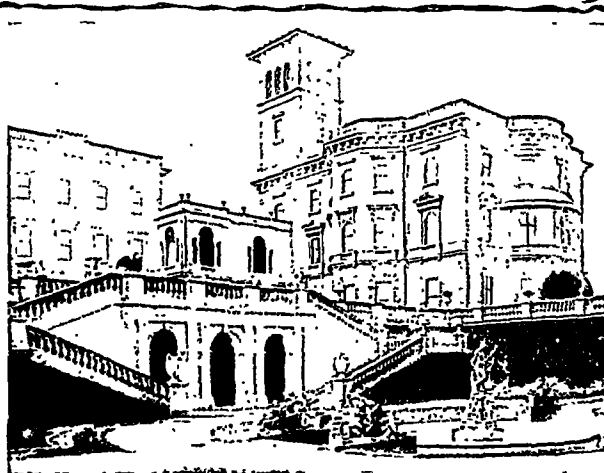
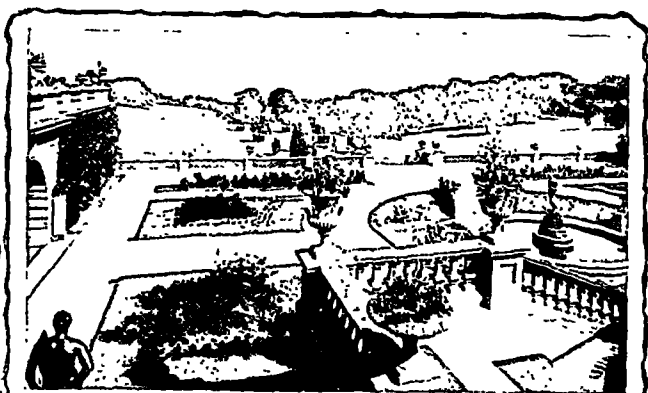
"One thing very remarkable about that spectacle, treating it only as a spectacle, was the great comfort it gave you from its



WEDDING PRESENTS

The Gifts of King Edward to his Bride

"Who knows how far the minds of



OSBORNE HOUSE

THE DRAWING-ROOM THE TERRACE THE DINING-ROOM
VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM THE TERRACE

(From photos by H. N. King)

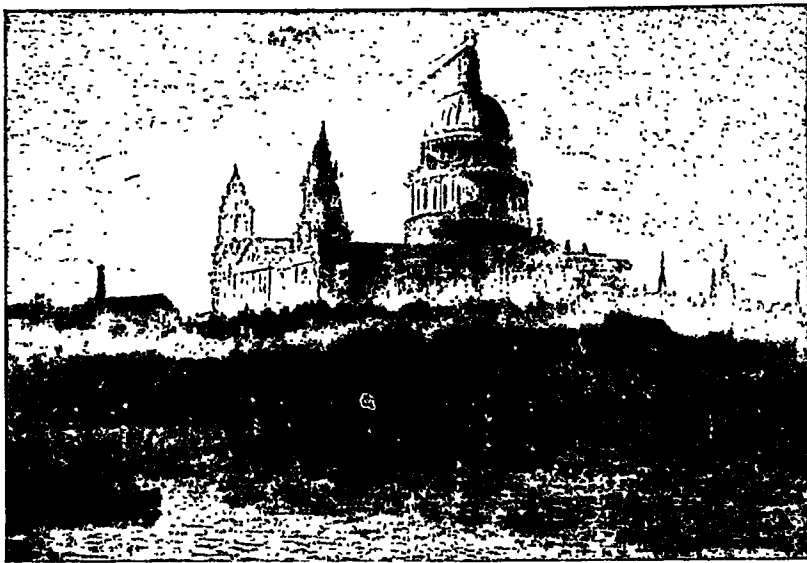
reality. It was so like the theatre, with everything that the theatre wants. There were no bad actors in the parts. The princes were real princes, and the jewels were real diamonds and pearls. All that the theatre attempts, spectacularly, was here thoroughly realised. When you found a duke announced in the programme, it was really a duke whom you saw, not a suit of clothes with a scene-shifter inside them. . . . It was a sort of combined sensation of getting married, of going to the play, of standing godfather, and simply going to church, all mixed up together, with a suspicion of morning concert and a faint dash of flower show."

Then he describes the feelings of the audience once inside the chapel.

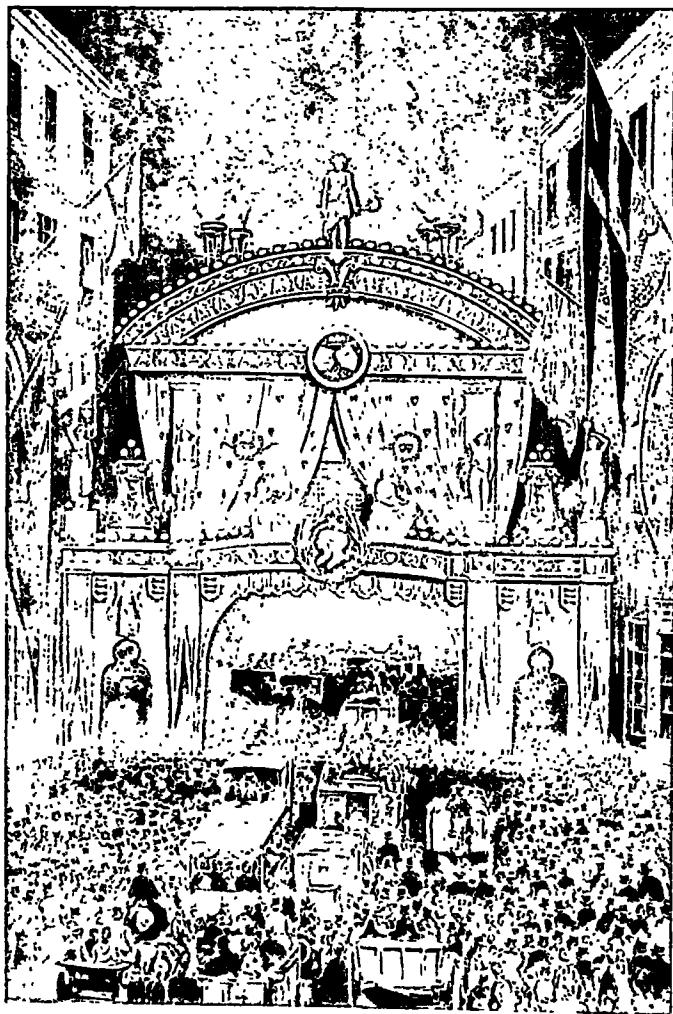
. . . "Soon we were all distributed over these seats, and eagerly watching the proceedings of certain gentlemen

in blue coats, withstand-up collars all over gold; and of certain other gentlemen, who ingeniously combined two different periods in their costumes—their upper halves being clad in dress-coats and white chokers of our own period, and

their lower halves resembling the extremities of the Reverend Mr. Sterne, deceased. . . . In due time their position was considerably strengthened by a detachment of beef-eaters, each of whom courageously took charge of one of the pillars which supported the roof, with an evident determination to stand or fall by it. Nor was it long before the scene was further enlivened by the appearance of some gentlemen who rather resembled the knaves in a pack of cards, and these personages were also somewhat given to a polyglot view of costume, combining the herald's tabard of the fourteenth century with the trouser of



THE ROYAL WEDDING, ILLUMINATION OF ST. PAUL'S, March 10, 1863
(From an engraving)



ILLUMINATION OF TEMPLE BAR, March 10, 1863
(From an engraving)



From an

ILLUMINATIONS AT EDINBURGH

View from Calton Hill on the night of March 10, 1863

engraving

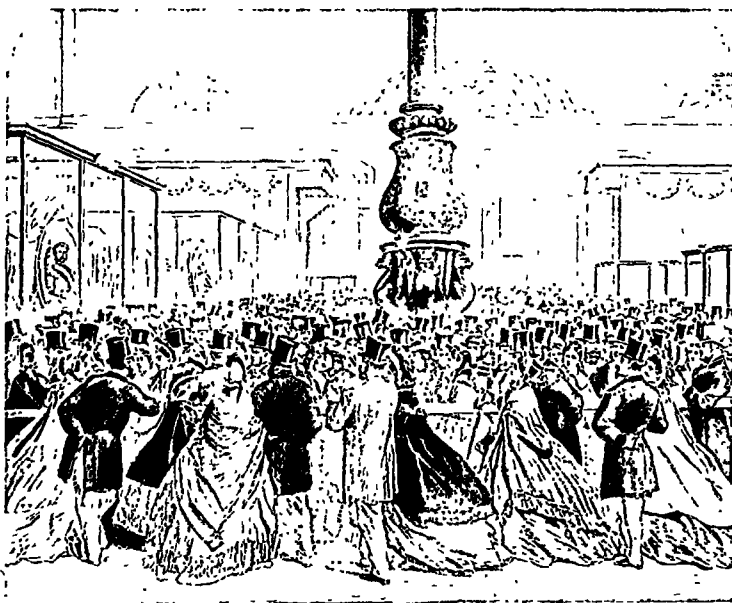
1863 and the shirt collar of 1825. However, it was all very imposing and grand, and what followed was wondrously free from defect, unaffected and real."

Dickens was great in his description of the beef-eaters, relics of the old world, who are to be seen in the picture standing, halberds in hand, immediately beneath the Queen; but the heralds somehow or other got into the background, and it is only fair to another very distinguished writer to point out that the simile which Dickens used

about them was borrowed from Leigh Hunt, who wrote that "for gorgeousness of attire, mysteriousness of origin, and in fact for similarity of origin, the knave at hearts was not unlike a herald."

It were a thousand pities, too, to omit this:

"There was one personage who never moved, who never turned his eyes to the right or to the left, from the moment when he stalked to his seat to the moment when, all being over, he stalked from it. The mass of kin-cob and



EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

(From an engraving)

jewels, supposed to represent the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, made no sign. He bore it all like a waxwork image."

Others have preserved interesting and authentic

Prince's depth of manner and by the calm disposition of the Princess.

In such surroundings were the Prince and Princess Alexandra married, and after the wedding-breakfast



(From a photograph taken at Althorp shortly before his marriage)

observations concerning this gorgeous and touching scene. Dr. Norman Macleod noticed the Royal princesses weeping, and the expression of the Queen, her face turned upwards while her husband's *Choral* was sung. Bishop Wilberforce was struck by the

in St. George's Hall they retired to Osborne for a short honeymoon, after which they came back to Windsor and work.

It was indeed an entirely new life into which they were to enter; for on him and on her were to fall

the mass of the public duties which, if the course of nature had been kinder, would have been performed by the Queen, and at the same time he was to be master of, and she was to be mistress of, one of the

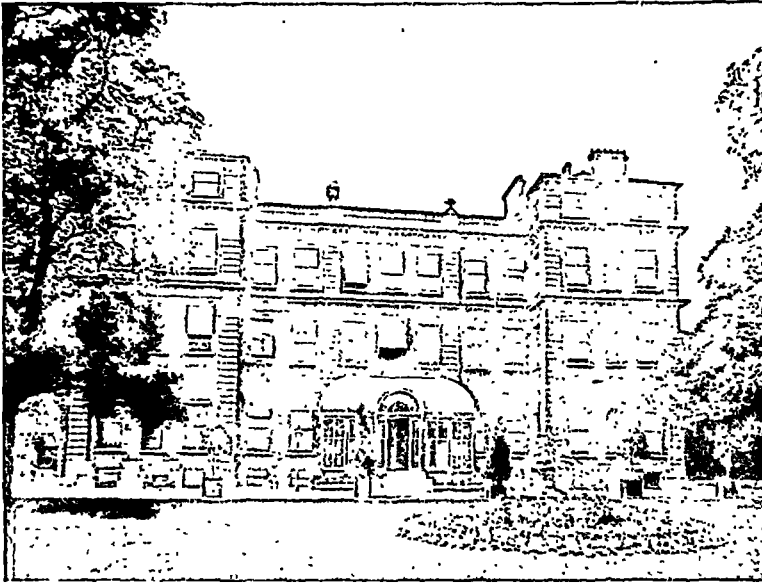
themselves in good works, how he showed a rational and English interest in the sports of his fellow countrymen, how she became a joyful mother of children, it is the purpose of the remaining chapters



(From the painting by Lauchert, published by Colnaghi)

most delightful country houses in England, to say nothing of Marlborough House lying in the very heart of fashionable London. How Prince and Princess lived the simple and natural life of the country house at Sandringham, how they never neglected a public duty, how keenly they interest-

of this book to tell. The ambition is at least sufficiently large, and before attempting in the succeeding chapter to begin to realise it, it may as well be said at once that, before long, absolute chronological order must be dropped for many reasons, of which the principal and the most urgent



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

(Photo by H. N. King)

is that the list of the public appearances of the most hardworked man in the British Isles, even if it were rigidly restricted to those which were of first-rate importance, would be interminable and necessarily dull. From 1863 to 1883 alone, that is to say in the first twenty years of his married life,

is to produce such a document with the object of showing to the reader, in some detail, that which he knows in general already, the varied interests and the industry of King and Queen, the versatile energy and the kindly manliness of the King, the womanly tenderness and the beautiful character of the Queen.



MEDAL STRUCK BY THE CITY OF LONDON IN HONOUR OF
QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ARRIVAL IN 1863

CHAPTER IX



F the Prince of Wales, when he was married in 1863, had already succeeded to the throne which was not to be his until the twentieth century had begun to run, he could hardly have been more busily engaged in public duties than

he was for more than thirty years. Looking back

over the years of Queen Victoria's life which are most fresh in memory, that is to say, the years from the Jubilee in 1887 until that before her death, years in which her Majesty was constantly in evidence before the eyes of her subjects, it is difficult to remember and to realise those long years of solitary sorrow in which she was little more than a name and an idea to her people. Yet such was certainly the truth, and on the Prince of Wales fell at once the task of appearing as the central figure in the innumerable ceremonies to which the presence of the highest available personage in the realm is indispensable. On him, too, "the fierce light which beats upon a throne" began to shine with strong and premature intensity.

At one and the same time he had to establish himself in his homes in Norfolk and in London and to perform a thousand public duties. Not long since, when a complaint was made to a person in high place that work (in connection with a certain Royal Commission, as it happened) was growing severe

and that it involved an inordinate amount of travelling from place to place, the reply was, "My dear sir, it is nothing to the life of a man of fashion, and not to be compared to the everyday life of the Prince of Wales." And this person in high place was a witness of truth. The Prince of Wales, from 1863 to 1887, with brief intervals for illness and relaxation, certainly showed an almost superhuman energy which compelled the admiration and the sympathy of quiet folks.

Mr. *Punch*, always shrewd in his humour, hit off the situation genially in a sketch, based upon the model of the "Arabian Nights," which has been summarised in these words: "An ambitious mortal was depicted as intent upon following an illustrious person in his travels by means of a magic opera-hat which conveyed him from place to place. He kept up the chase for some days, flying from capital to capital, from country to country, from Court to private castle, from public ceremony to private entertainment, until, physically and mentally exhausted, he was glad to be rid of his opera-hat and to return to his quiet life as an ordinary being. The story contained some very useful teaching." It did in-

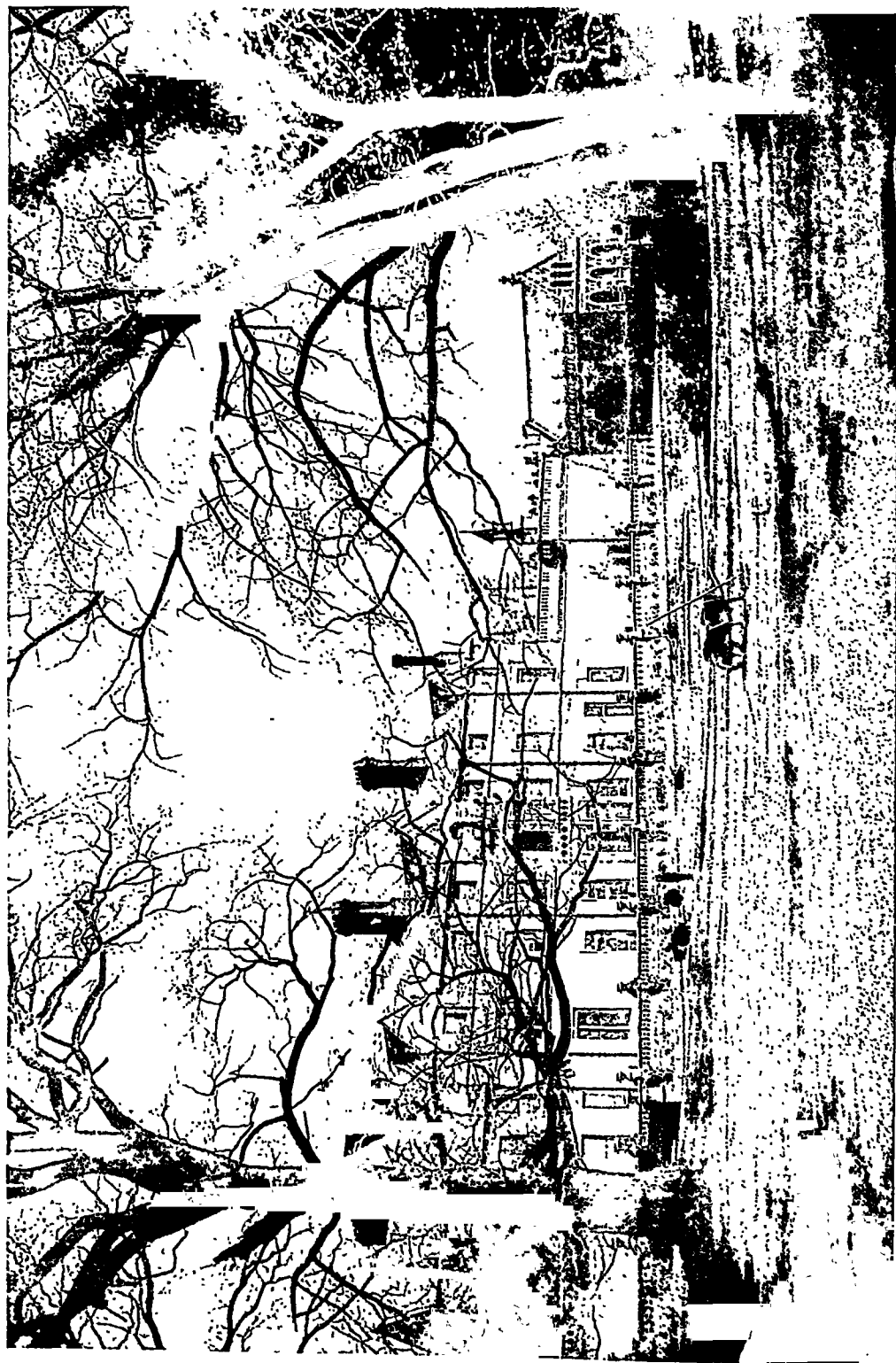


KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1863

(From a photograph)

deed; for it must be remembered that the Prince of Wales was worse off even than the ambitious mortal of the tale, since he had no magic opera-hat, and must needs perform all his many journeys in the flesh.

But there was the home life too, and their Royal



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, BEFORE THE ALTERATIONS

(From a photograph by H. N. King)



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN ROTTEN ROW, MAY 1863

(From an engraving.)

Highnesses were able, it had almost been written allowed, to see something of it in the old house at Sandringham before plunging into the full whirl of a London season rendered more brilliant than ever by natural reaction after the gloom of the preceding year and by the determination of Society to celebrate the Royal Marriage year in the most emphatic fashion. To Sandringham, therefore, they betook themselves for Easter. It was a plainer house than the Sandringham of to-day, although even that aims to be a fine country house rather than a King's Palace, but the surroundings were much the same in character. To the traveller who comes from Wolferton, Sandringham, with its park and fine trees, with the little church and rectory nestling near it, seems to be

an oasis in the wild moorland. But, save for a little judicious planting, the character of the moorland has been preserved, and although there are many new buildings on the estate, including a



SANDRINGHAM CHURCH

(From a photograph by A. W. House.)

number of perfect cottages and a model public-house, they are only new and not additional. In like manner if, passing the gates of Sandringham and turning to the left directly away from them and the house, the traveller passes under the shade of the noble trees to Dersingham, he finds quite a number of new buildings, but the village itself probably contains few if any more residents than heretofore. They are better housed, that is all. There is not, and there never has been, any desire to make Sandringham the nucleus of a populous community. It is a country home, meant for rest and quietness, and the extent of the estate, which was purchased for the Prince of Wales out of the



THE REV. HENRY MILDRED BIRCH
Chaplain to the King in 1863, and formerly his tutor
(From a photo by Eastham, Manchester)

savings of his minority by the Prince Consort, has enabled it to be kept for that purpose.

That Easter was memorable for the presence of Professor Stanley, and he in his turn, by his habit of noting precisely the points which were likely to interest those to whom his letters were addressed, has, now that the letters or part of them are public property, made the scene live for us. Not long before, after the consecration of the Mausoleum at Frogmore, the Prince had by word of mouth invited Stanley to be present, and a fortnight later he wrote with his own hand saying, "It would be especially agreeable to me, as last Easter Sunday we took the Holy Sacrament together at Lake Tiberias."



PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES TO KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE SHORTLY AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)



STATE VISIT OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, 1863

(From an engraving)

That unique Easter Sunday of 1862 had already made a deep impression on the Prince's mind, and of the visit to Sandringham Stanley writes: "On the evening of Easter Eve the Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her Prayer-book, and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities, and the likenesses and differences to and from the Danish Service. She was most simple and fascinating." Surely this picture of the Princess, young and exceeding beautiful, having the service explained to her by so gentle and learned and pure a master of religion, is intensely pleasing.

In a letter to the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, Stanley writes. . . . "My visit to Sandringham gave me intense pleasure. The Easter-day at Tiberias was

the one day in which I look back in our whole journey with quite unmixed satisfaction, and therefore it was a great matter of thankfulness that the Prince should have wished to keep such a remem-

brance of it. I was there for three days. I read the whole service, preached, and then gave the first English Sacrament to this 'Angel in the Palace.' I saw a good deal of her, and can truly say that she is as charming and beautiful a creature as ever passed through a fairy-tale."

That title, "the Angel in the Palace," is perhaps the most suitable and the most permanently appropriate that ever was bestowed upon her who is now Queen Alexandra, and the whole description is suggestive of rest and peacefulness.

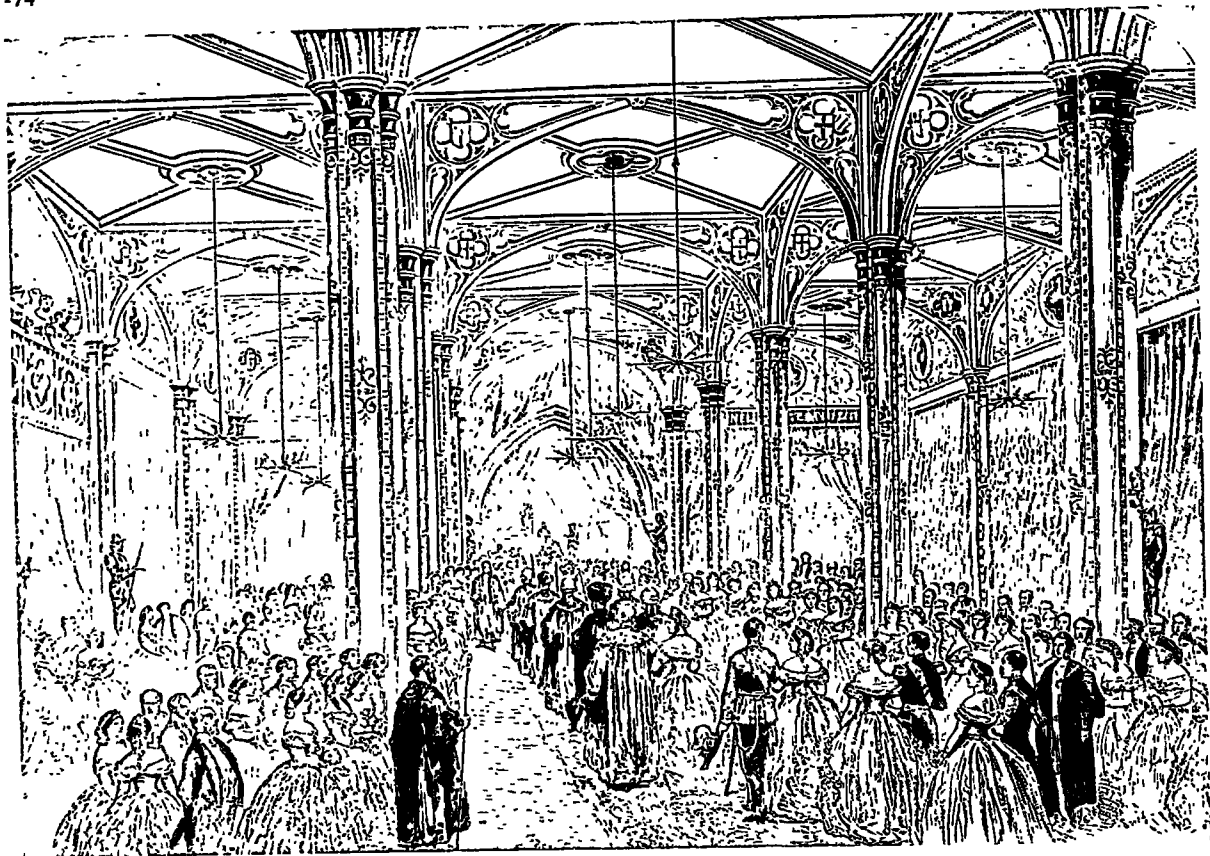
But repose was not to be for any long time. The



SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

President of the Royal Academy from 1850 to 1865

(From a drawing by T. Bridgeford)



STATE VISIT TO THE CITY IN 1863
Arrival of the Royal Party at the Guildhall

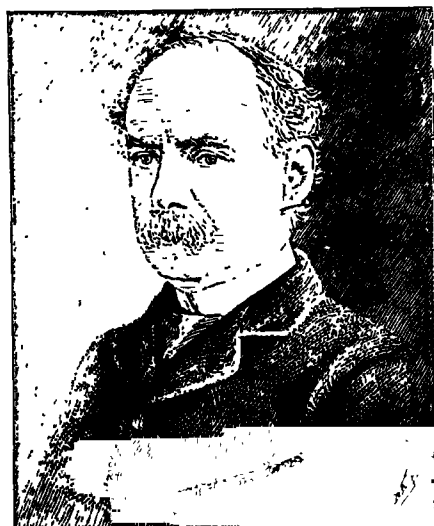
(From an engraving)



LIEUT.-GENERAL KNOLLYS

(From a photo by H. C. Watkins)

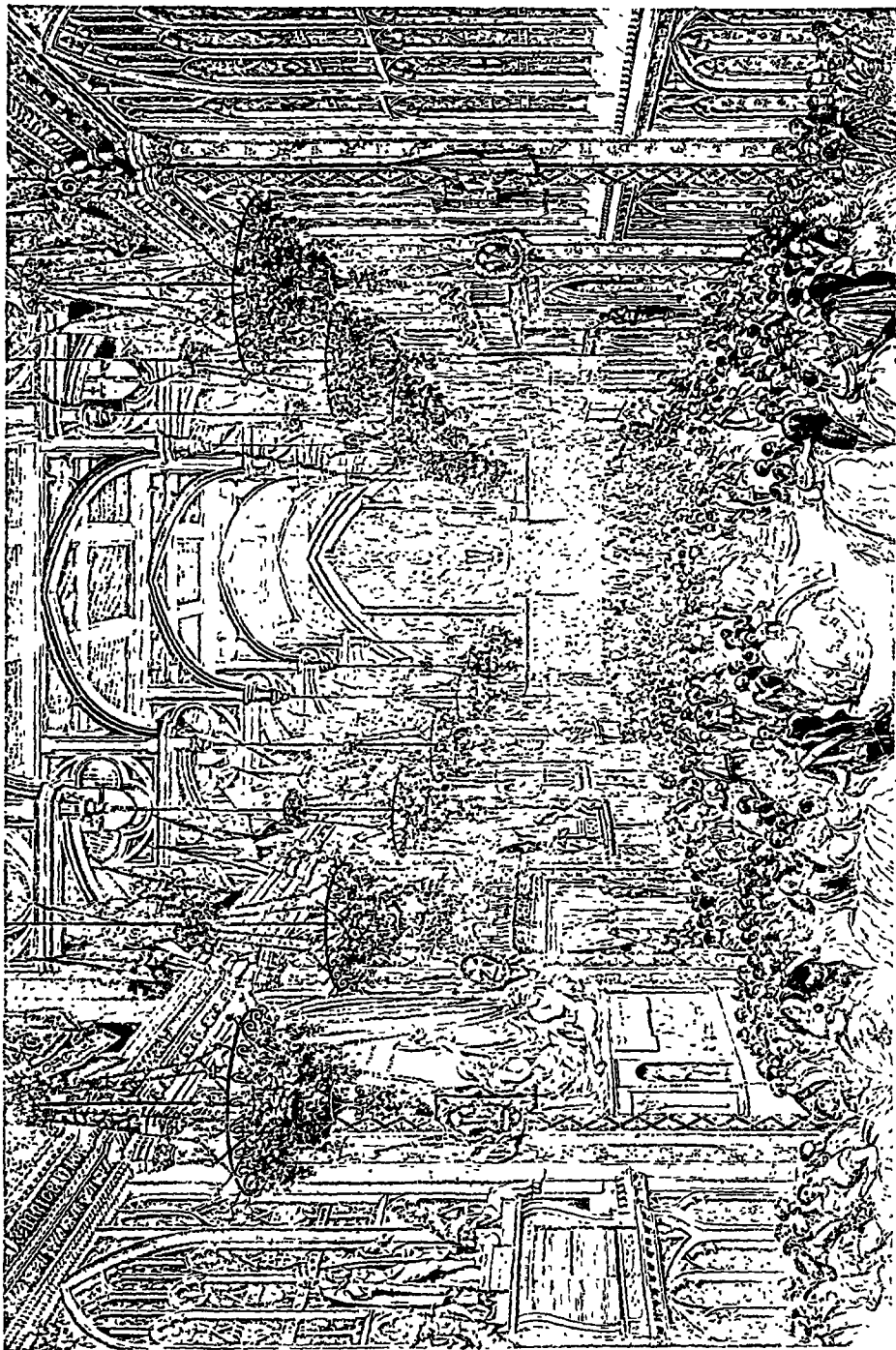
in the Presidency of Sir Charles Eastlake, memorable for the presence of the Prince of Wales and for that of Thackeray, who made one of his last public speeches. The Prince was attended by Major



SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

Prince and Princess were soon up at Marlborough House, and a Levée was among the first duties. Then came the Royal Academy Banquet of 1863,



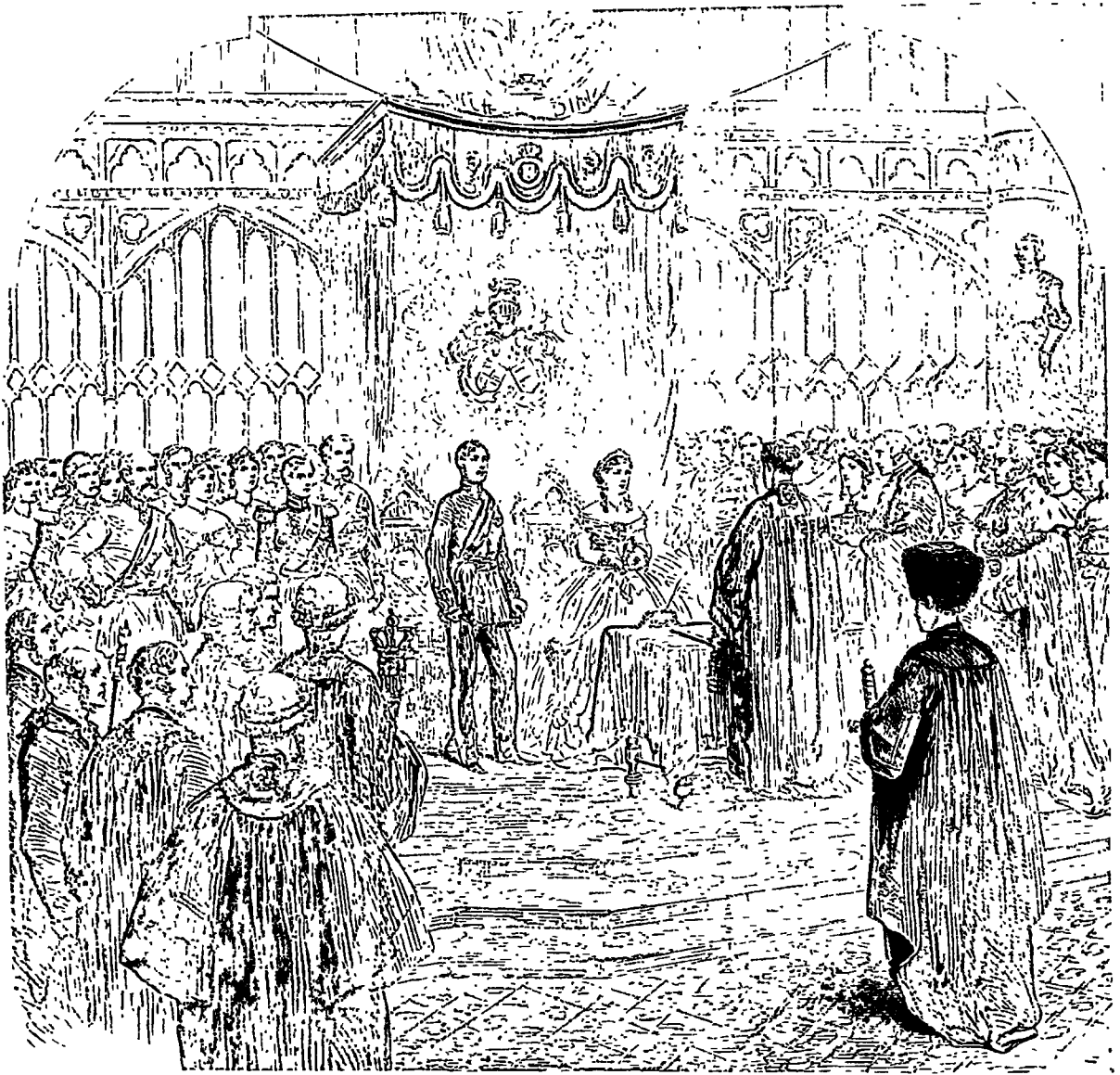
THE STATE VISIT TO THE CITY. SCENE AT THE GUILDHALL

(From an engraving)

Teesdale, V.C., and by Lieut.-General Knollys, the father of Sir Francis Knollys now, and for many years past the faithful friend and private Secretary of King Edward.

His Royal Highness, who spoke evidently under

to return you thanks, in the name of myself and the Royal Family, for the kind terms in which you, Sir Charles, have proposed our health, and for the very cordial way in which this distinguished assembly has received it. I cannot on this occasion divest my



THE STATE VISIT TO THE CITY
Presenting the Freedom of London to King Edward

(From an engraving)

deep emotion, but in a peculiarly clear and pleasing tone of voice, and with great impressiveness of manner, said :

“Sir Charles Eastlake, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen,—It is with the most contending feelings of pleasure, pride and sorrow that I rise

mind of the associations connected with my beloved and lamented father. His bright example cannot fail to stimulate my efforts to tread in his footsteps ; and, whatever my shortcomings may be, I may at least presume to participate in the interest which he took in every institution which tended to encourage art and science in this country, but more especially

in the prosperity of the Royal Academy. Adverting to my marriage, I beg you to believe how grateful I feel for, and I may be permitted to add how sincerely I appreciate, the sentiments you have expressed with reference to the Princess. I know that I am only speaking her mind in joining her thoughts to mine on this occasion. We neither of us can ever forget the manner in which our union has been celebrated throughout the nation; and I should be more than ungrateful if I did not retain the most lasting as well as most pleasing recollection of the kind expressions and reception which my attendance at your anniversary meeting has evoked this evening."

It need hardly be said that the speech was most remarkably well received, and that it was none the worse for the fact, mentioned

of his speech, so that everybody thought it was all up with him; but he persisted in thinking till he recovered the thread, and then all went well. The very manner in which he did this was natural and graceful. He was so moved when mentioning his father that it was feared he would break down. After the speech the Prince turned to my husband and told him he was quite provoked with himself. 'I knew it quite by heart in the morning,' but he evidently had no vanity, for he laughed at his own 'stupidity,' and immediately recovered his spirits. 'Hesse' was next to the Prince, who chaffed him from time to time, and told him he would have to sing a song."

So ended the first of many Academy dinners at which the Prince of Wales of the past was an honoured guest, and surely the greatness of the occasion, the acute consciousness of the intellectual eminence of the audience, the youth of the speaker, and the trying nature of the main topic were more than



W. M. THACKERAY

(From a photo by Herbert Watkins)



MISS KNOLLYS

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

by Lady Eastlake, that the Prince almost broke down. "My husband was quite enchanted by the Prince of Wales, and with his natural manners and simplicity. The Prince hesitated in the middle



THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



THE STATE VISIT TO THE CITY. THE ROYAL QUADRILLE

(From the drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)



From a photo by

H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED IN 1863

F. Joubert

enough to excuse the break down, almost sufficient to render it honourable.

The most gorgeous of all the ceremonials of that memorable summer was, as was fitting and appropriate, the formal greeting by the City of the young married pair, of which, since journalism had by this time advanced not a little, there are better contemporary accounts than of many of the preceding events. The 8th of June was the day fixed for receiving the Freedom of the City in Guildhall, and for once the City fathers had dispensed with their favourite entertainment of a dinner. Instead, the Royal guests were welcomed at a great assembly followed by a ball, to which other visitors, all of the most distinguished, began to flock as early as six o'clock. They found, as the *Times* chronicler records, a more clear approach through the streets than had been

possible on the day of the triumphal entry of their Royal Highnesses into London. This was, perhaps, because the City Police had a new Commissioner in Colonel Fraser. They found also Guildhall and its approaches completely transmogrified. Guildhall Yard had ceased to exist as an open space, and had become the site of a temporary reception-hall in two storeys, in the upper one of which the mass of the guests were to have supper later. The lower storey was divided by ropes of purple silk into three passages or avenues, of which the central one was reserved for Royalty. The cream-coloured walls relieved with gold, rich tapestries lent for the occasion, the ceiling of pale blue, with stars of gold, and innumerable mirrors, combined to convert the familiar court-yard into a palace of delight.

The historic hall inside had a dais at the east end with thrones for the Prince and Princess of Wales, having at the back a "cloth of estate" bearing their arms and surmounted by the Prince's coronet and emblem, the feathers of the latter being of spun glass and nine feet long. At the



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE

(From the picture by Winterhalter)

other end, which was richly decorated, the orchestra was massed.

It would be pleasant to give the full list of the ordinary guests, who were shown to their places by officials with wands of office surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers in silver, but it would take too long, for the list included three ambassadors,

Wales arrived punctually to the moment in Field-marshal's uniform, and wearing the star and riband of the Garter, while the Princess, who was in white, wore the diamond coronet and brooch given to her by her husband, and, as a matter of course, the splendid necklace which the City had presented to her on her marriage. There, too, was Prince Alfred,



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1863

(From the picture by T. H. Maguire)

the American Minister, six dukes, scores of peers and peeresses and members of Parliament, representatives of City Companies and learned Societies, and—more interesting now than any of them—Mr. W. M. Thackeray, who was soon to pass away, Mr. Charles Dickens, Miss Coutts (the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts), Mr. Francis Knollys, now the King's private secretary, and Miss Knollys.

True to the traditions of the family, the Prince of

then a young lieutenant in the Royal Navy, bronzed and weather-beaten, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Prince of Reuss-Scheiz, the Prince of Orange, and the Princess of Servia. In attendance on their Royal Highnesses were the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe (the Lord Vailletort of earlier days), Lord Harris, Lieut.-General and Mrs. Knollys, the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, the Hon. Robert Meade, Lieut.-Colonel Keppel, Major Tees-

dale, V.C., the Ladies Geraldine and Edith Somerset, Colonel Home Purves, the Countess de Grey, and Major Cowell.

It must have been a grand scene when, after the Lord Mayor, William Anderson Rose, M.P., had welcomed the Royal party in the reception hall, the

of those days read the resolution passed by the Court of Common Council on March 12 preceding. It was in the following terms: "Resolved unanimously that His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, be very respectfully requested to take upon himself the freedom of this City, to which he is entitled by



KING EDWARD IN 1863

(From an engraving by G. Lemaire)

whole great assemblage rose to its feet "in one long deep reverence," as the National Anthem sounded from the band and the distinguished group moved slowly towards the dais.

Then—for the ways of the City change not—was performed that municipal ceremony which Guildhall itself seldom sees, although the adjoining library has witnessed it often, and indeed quite lately in the case of the present Prince of Wales. The Town Clerk

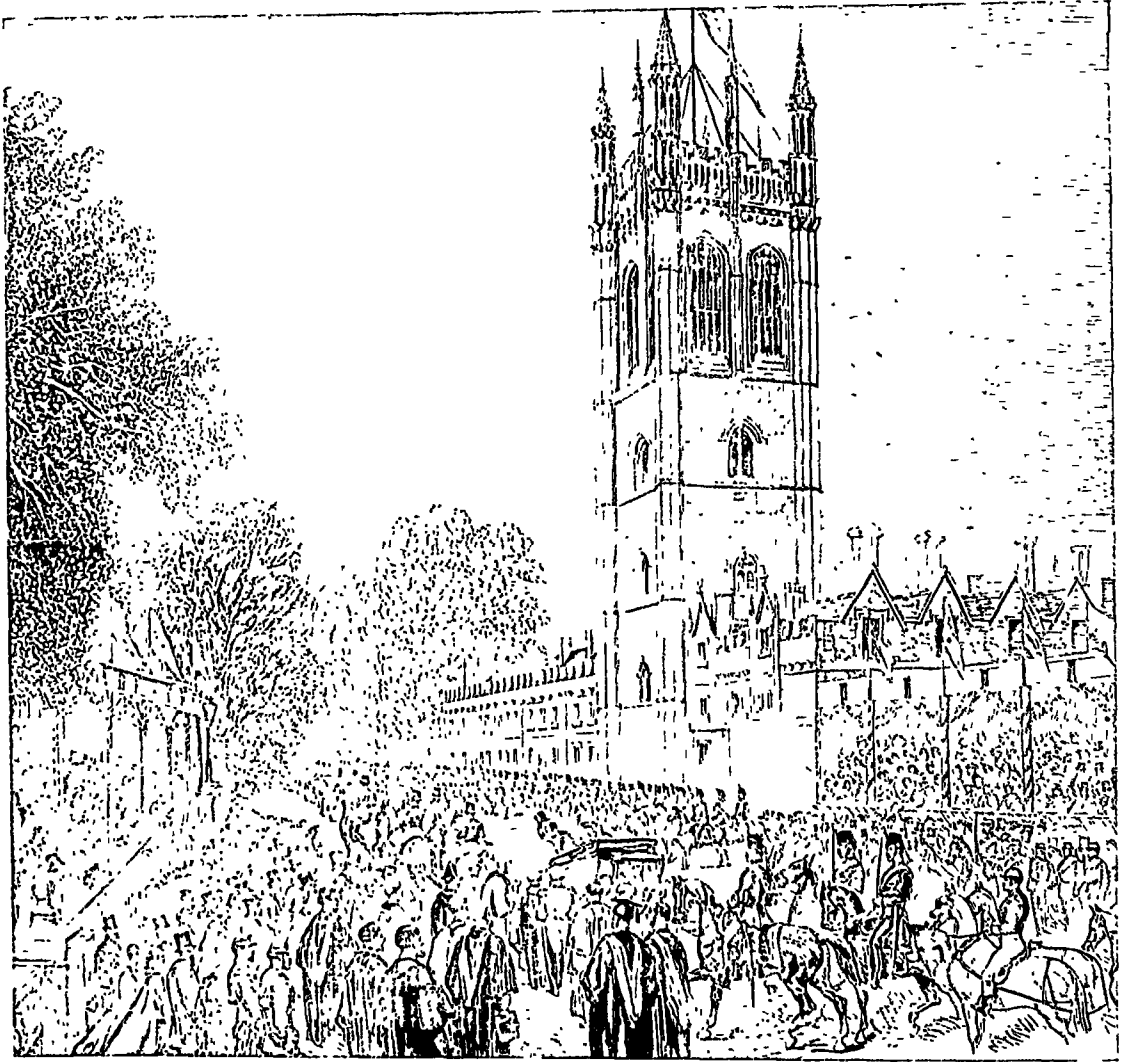
patrimony; and that, upon his acceding to this request, His Royal Highness be presented with the copy of this freedom, enclosed in a casket, in testimony of the affection and profound respect entertained by this Court for his person and character."

Next, Mr. Sewell, the Clerk of the Chamber, read the somewhat quaint official record of his Royal Highness's title to the freedom: "Chamber of London, 8th day of June 1863. Born without the

liberty of the city, to wit, at Buckingham Palace, in the County of Middlesex, 9th of November 1841."

"His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, K.C., &c., son of his late Royal Highness Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg

His Royal Highness signed the declaration, and after an address read by Mr. Scott, the City Chamberlain, the copy of the record of the freedom, illuminated upon vellum and enclosed in a casket of pure gold, was presented to his Royal Highness. Then came the Prince's speech, in the following terms: "My Lord Mayor, Mr. Chamberlain, and



THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION IN 1863

The Mayor and Corporation of Oxford presenting an address to King Edward at Magdalen Bridge

Gotha, K.G., a citizen of London, came before the Chamberlain the day and year aforesaid, and desired to be admitted into the freedom of this city by patrimony, because he is legitimate, and was born after the admission of his father into the said freedom. The admission of his father is entered in the book marked H, and bears date the 28th day of August, in the fourth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and in the year of our Lord 1840."

Gentlemen,—It is, I assure you, a source of sincere gratification to me to attend here for the purpose of being invested with a privilege which, for the reasons you have stated, you are enabled to confer upon me, and which descends to me by inheritance. It is a patrimony that I am proud to claim, this freedom of the greatest city of the commercial world, which holds its charter from such an ancient date. My pride is increased when I call to memory the

long list of illustrious men who have been enrolled among the citizens of London, more especially when I connect with that list the beloved father to whom you have adverted in such warm terms of eulogy and respect, and through whom I am here to claim my freedom of the City of London. My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen, the Princess and I heartily thank you for the past—for your loyalty and expressions of attachment towards the Queen, for the manifestations of this evening towards ourselves, and for all your prayers for our future happiness."

Next, after a short interval, followed the ball, opening with a quadrille in which the Prince of Wales had the Lady Mayoress for partner and the Lord Mayor the Princess of Wales. Prince Alfred danced with Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the people crowded round somewhat, so that the reserved space was kept with difficulty.

For two full hours the Prince and Princess en-

the famous tapestries of Gluimo Romano, and on the horseshoe-shaped table was an immense array of glistening plate, since all the City Companies had lent eagerly out of their abundant store. Then, after supper, the Lord Mayor and his associates had prepared a delightful surprise for the Princess of Wales: for, lo and behold! in the Court of Aldermen was a beautiful picture representing a moonlight scene at her father's castle at Bernsdorf, with herself in the foreground, with plants arranged in front of it, so that the whole appeared almost real. It need hardly be said that the Princess was both touched and delighted by this happy conceit.

After this the Royal party returned to Guildhall and danced gaily until after two, but the sun had risen before the majority of the guests began to move away.

It was still early in the same summer when the Prince of Wales took his young bride to see *en fête* the Oxford in which he had spent so many happy



EARL GRANVILLE

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



MR. DISRAELI

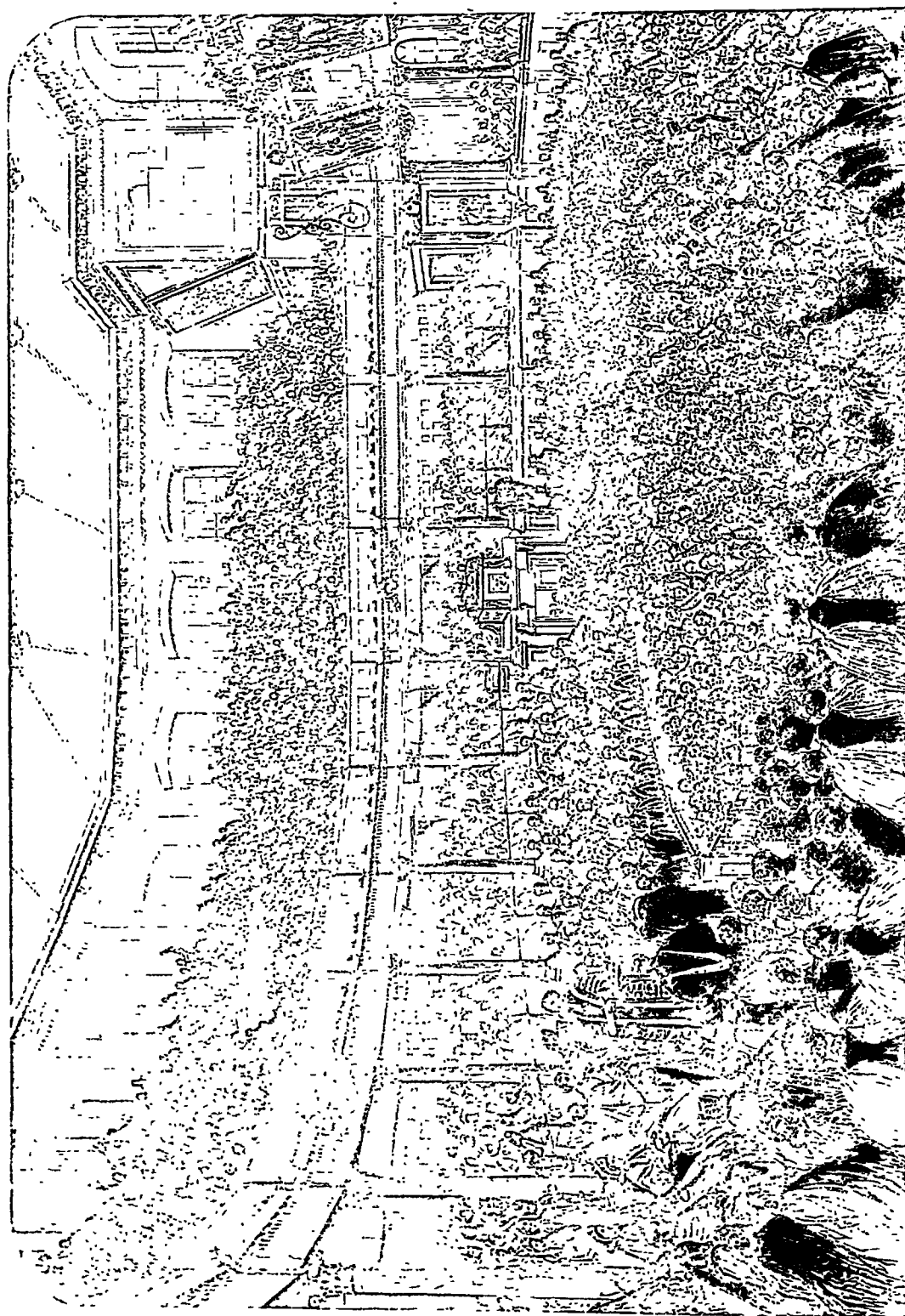
(From a photograph by Poulton)

joyed the ball with a gaiety befitting their age. Then a blare of trumpets announced the supper in the Council Chamber, which was assuredly, so far as appanage went, one of the most gorgeous festivals that ever was looked upon. For, on the walls were



EARL SPENCER

(From a photo by Larraud)



THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION. CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF D.C.L. UPON KING EDWARD
IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, JUNE 1863

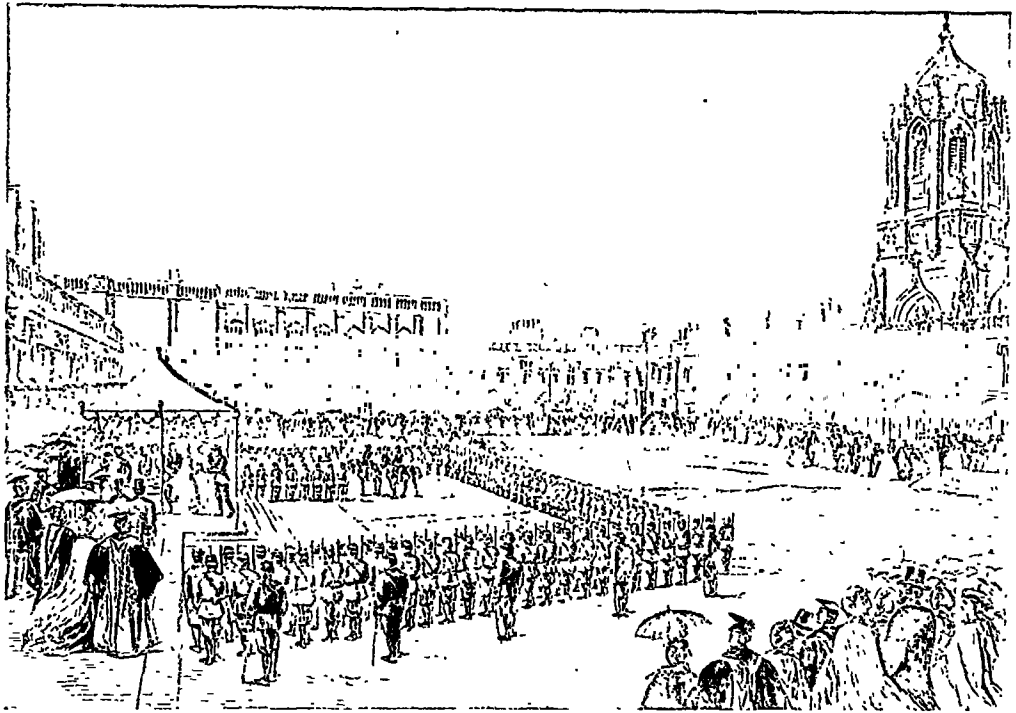
(From an engraving)

days, and, perhaps because the railway facilities were not then what they are now, the special train went no farther than Culham. One is apt to forget that, in these more or less early days of railway enterprise, the Great Western Railway had many difficulties raised by prejudice to contend against. Abingdon, to the lasting regret of its present inhabitants, elected to remain out of the main line of traffic. Oxford protested against a station as tending towards the corruption of youth.

In ordinary circumstances, the necessity of alight-

Lieutenant of the County riding in front, had to proceed with closed windows with their Royal Highnesses within. Those in attendance were the same as at Guildhall, but the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Granville were also present.

Rain notwithstanding, the carriage was opened by command of Prince and Princess alike as Magdalen Bridge was reached, and the graceful tower of Magdalen was seen on the right across the Cherwell. But the Mayor and Corporation presented an address on the bridge, and we may be sure that the under-



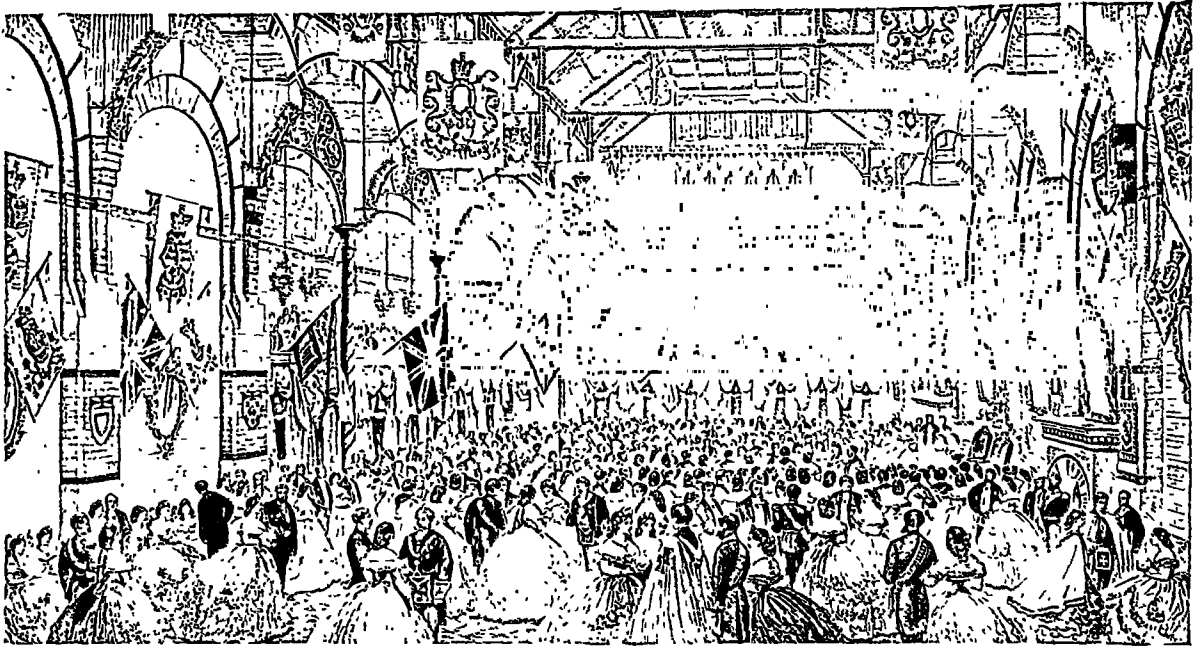
THE PRESENTATION OF PRIZES TO THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY RIFLES BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA, JUNE 1863

(From an engraving)

ing from the train so far from Oxford would have been no disadvantage, for the drive from Culham to Oxford passes through some of the loveliest scenery of rural England, and through Nuneham Harcourt, a very picturesque village, and the woodlands and fields of Oxfordshire are at their very best in leafy June. But, as on the occasion of his first Commemoration, when he was an undergraduate, so on that of his second, when he was a married man, the Prince was fated to encounter a downpour of rain similar to that which had formerly caused *Punch* to declare that the zodiac was broken; and the carriage and four, with the Duke of Marlborough as Lord

graduates were not deterred by the downpour from according a vociferous welcome as the *cortège* swept up "the High" to Carfax, now no more, and down St. Aldates to Tom Gate and into Christ Church. There, in the pouring rain, the O. U. R. V. C. were inspected and their prizes were distributed.

It gives a homely touch to read that, upon proceeding to the Sheldonian, the Princess was obliged to retire for a space into the Deanery, still, as it remained for many years, the home of Dean Liddell, and it is interesting to note that, among the spectators at the prize-giving, were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, the Bishops of Oxford and



BALL GIVEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE OLD CORN EXCHANGE, OXFORD, BY THE APOLLO UNIVERSITY LODGE, JUNE 1863

(From an engraving)

London, Professor Stanley, Dr. Pusey, and Dean Trench.

The Sheldonian was never more brilliant. The

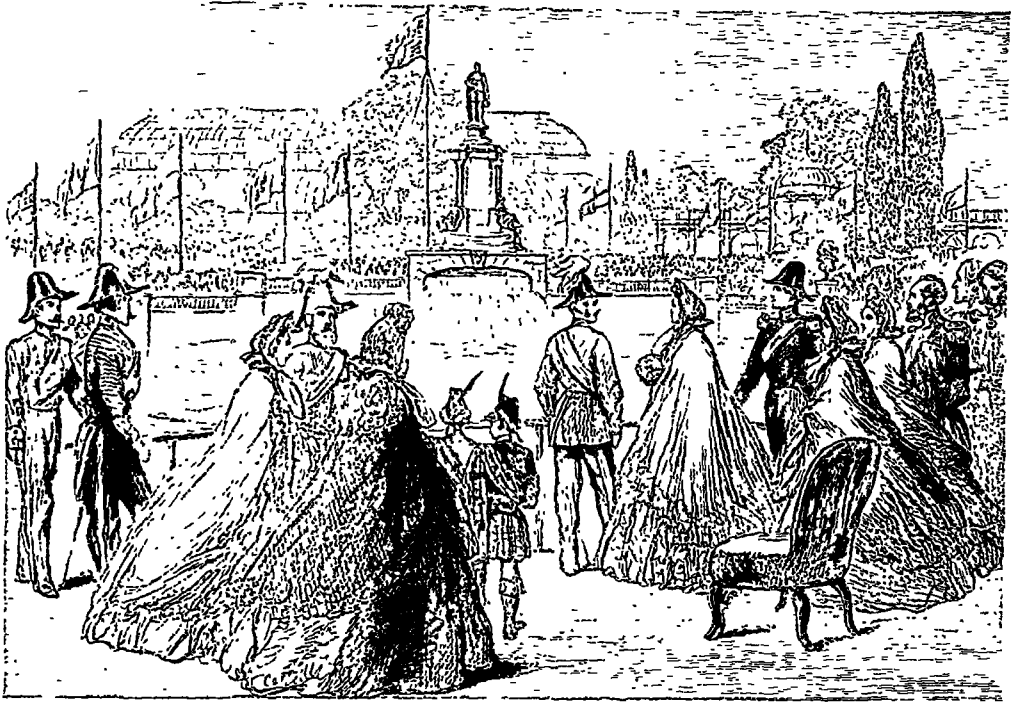
Prince of Wales, wearing an Academic gown over his colonel's uniform, was at once scholar and soldier, and he sat next to Lord Derby as Chancellor



From an

"THE ARCH OF STEEL." RECEPTION OF THE KING AND QUEEN BY THE APOLLO UNIVERSITY LODGE OF FREEMASONS AT OXFORD, JUNE 1863

engraving



From an

INAUGURATION OF THE EXHIBITION MEMORIAL OF 1851
The Royal Party viewing the Memorial from the platform, June 1863

engraving

of the University. Present also, besides those already named, were Mr. Disraeli and Earl Spencer. The

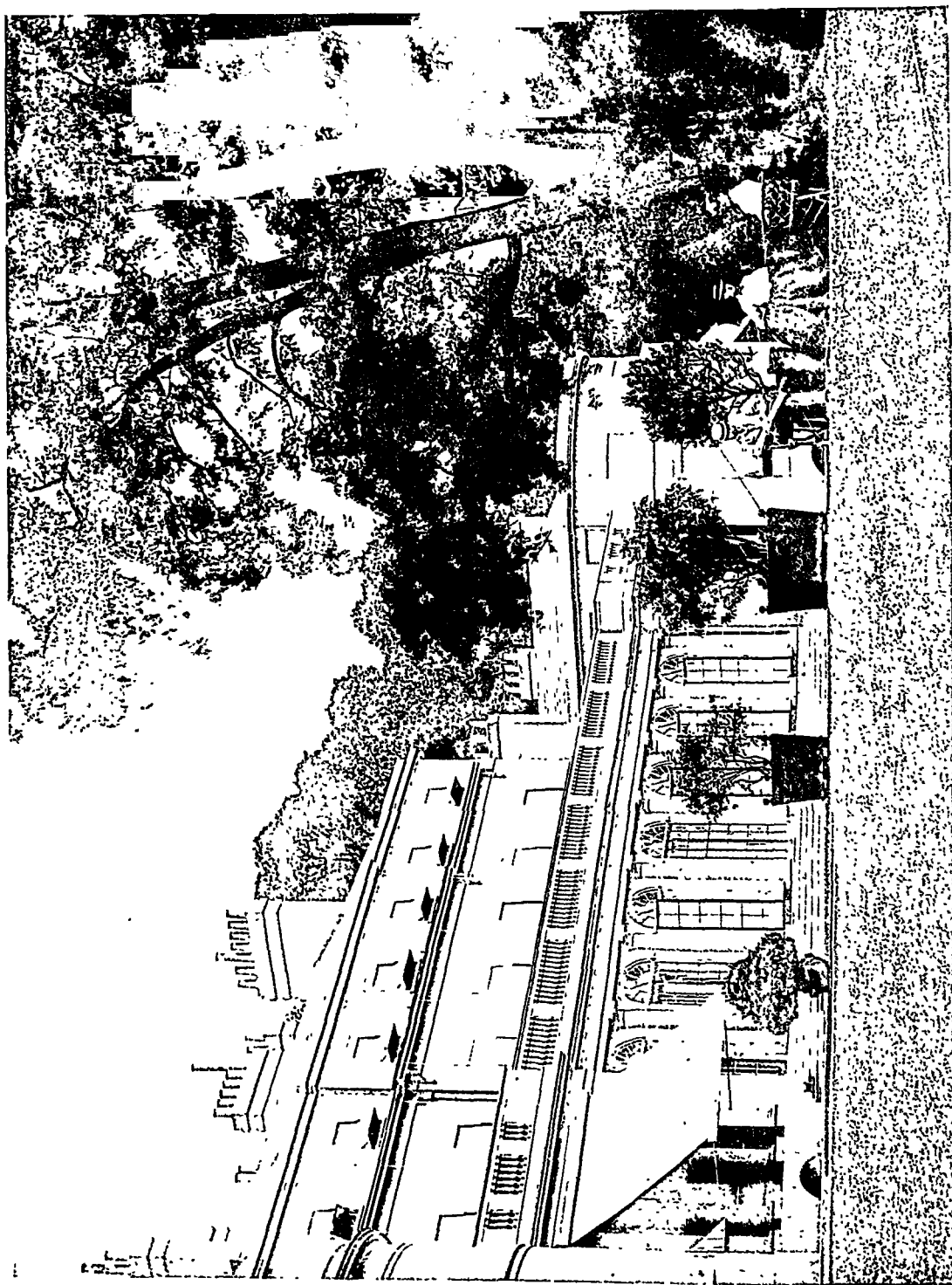
undergraduates, it is said, were more than usually noisy, and their wit was neither better nor worse



From an

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION PRIZE MEETING
The King and Queen witnessing the Match between the Lords and the Commons

engraving



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT FROGMORE HOUSE, 1863

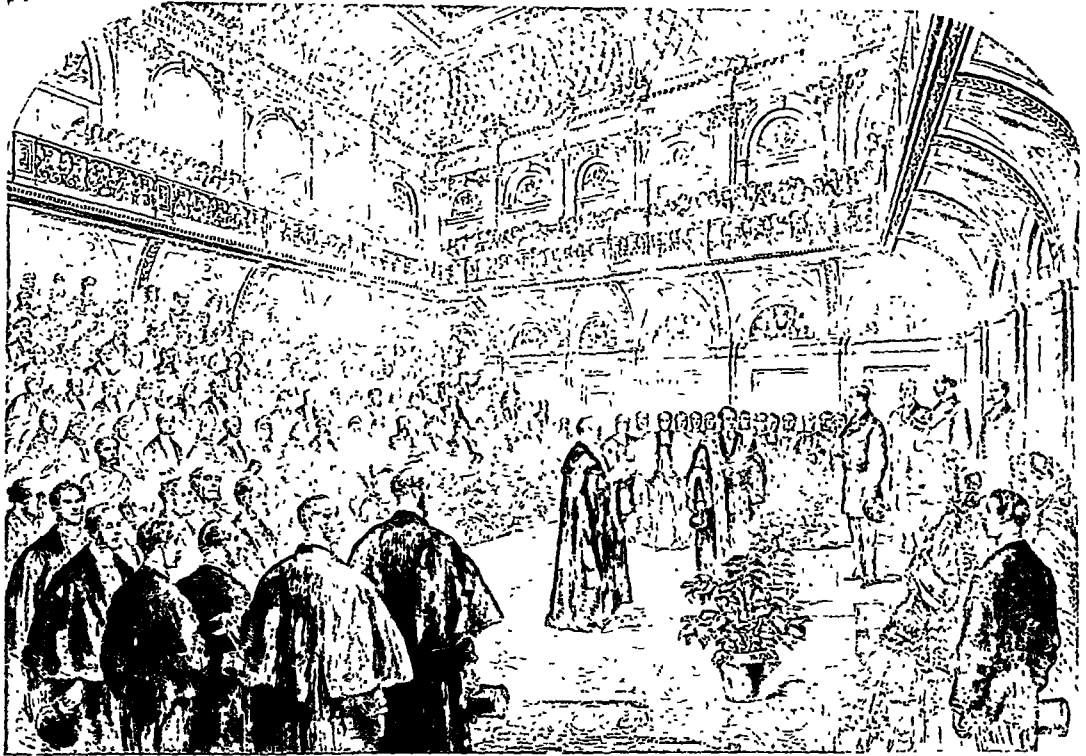
(From a photograph by Vernon Heath)

than usual, but the appearance of the beautiful Princess among them was the signal for a lull first and then for a storm of admiring applause which made the Sheldonian ring again and again. So, with the usual formalities, the Prince of Wales took his honorary degree of D.C.L. and acquired the title to wear the gorgeous robes appertaining to that academic dignity.

The afternoon was devoted to a "Fancy Fair" for charitable purposes, and in the evening, after a

to a house-warming party at Marlborough House, the first of many brilliant parties to be given there, to the Guards Ball, an affair unexampled in its kind for grandeur, and so on. Then, a little later, their Royal Highnesses were present at the opening of municipal buildings in Halifax.

A characteristically English scene was witnessed by the Royal pair in July, when they visited the Wimbledon Meeting and sat within the ropes to watch the progress of the match between the Lords



VISIT OF KING EDWARD TO HALIFAX IN 1863
Presentation of an Address to his Majesty in the Town Hall
(From an engraving)

banquet at Christ Church, came the Masonic Ball with the procession under the arch of steel in the old Corn Exchange, always one of the most brilliant features of Commemoration. On the following day came the procession of boats with Trinity at the head of the river, and a flower show in the gardens of St. John's College, and the next day was devoted to that sight-seeing of which in Oxford the end never comes. Amongst other places which the Princess visited with special interest was Frewin Hall, the home of the Prince's undergraduate days.

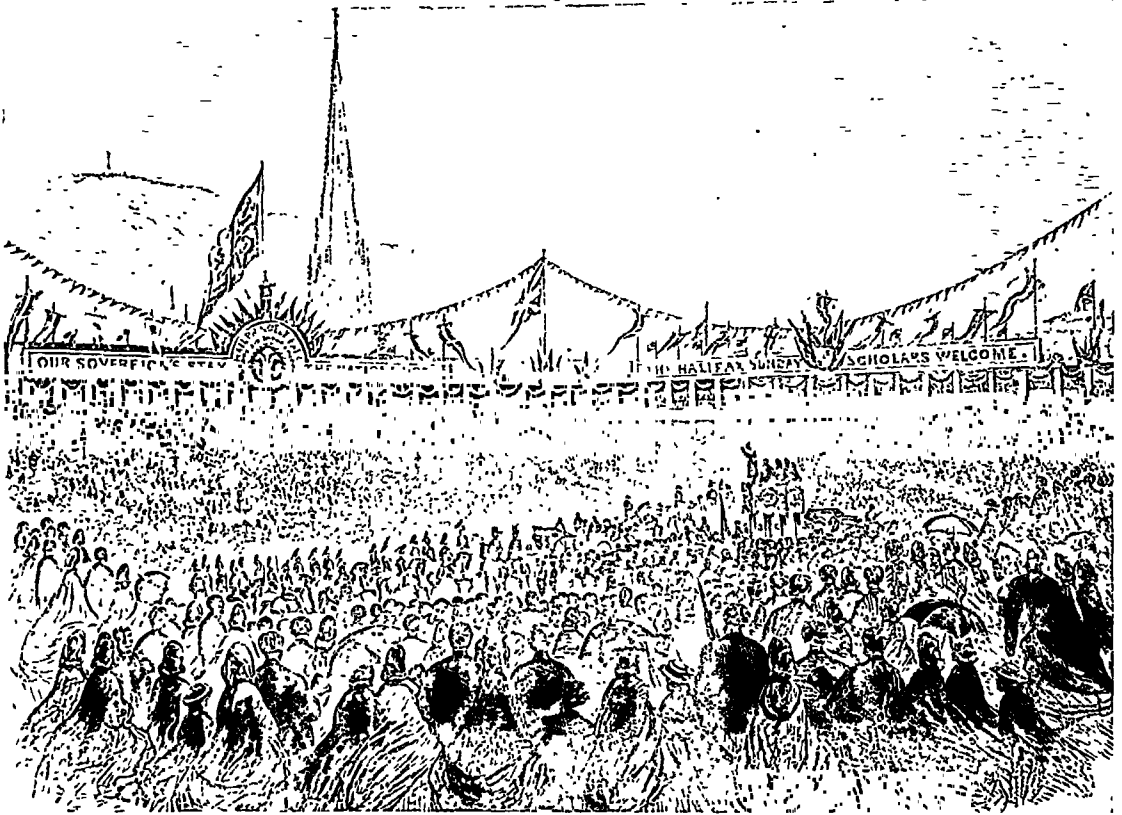
So, to copy the style of Mr. Pepys, back to London,

and Commons. Those were the days of the lusty infancy of the National Rifle Association, which had held its first prize-meeting in 1860, when Queen Victoria herself fired the first shot from a Whitworth rifle, fixed in a rest, of course, but laid so truly as to strike the centre within a quarter of an inch of its own absolute centre; and the Lords and Commons match, now usually abortive, was then a very great affair. The very names of the competitor, or of some of them, stir up many memories. Amongst those who represented the Upper House were Lord Ducie, who with Lady Ducie took the greatest in-

terest in the meeting; the Marquess of Abercorn, father of the present Duke; Lord Dufferin, the same prince of diplomatists whom the country has but lately lost; Lord Suffield, afterwards very closely associated with the Prince of Wales; the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Wharnccliffe, whose name will always be honourably associated with the annals of rifle-shooting. Among the champions of the Commons were Mr. Dillwyn, sportsman and Dis-establisher, Mr. Talbot, Earl Grosvenor, Mr. Wemyss,

no less a singer than Jenny Lind, who sang at Wimbledon during that meeting.

Particularly interesting, too, was the scene at Halifax in August, part of which is represented in an illustration, for there the Princess, always keenly interested in children, insomuch that Sir Henry Burdett detects in her an amiable prejudice in favour of institutions devoted to their interests, heard the "Old Hundredth" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" sung by a brightly dressed choir of no less than



THE ROYAL VISIT TO HALIFAX

16,000 Sunday School Children singing in the Piece-hall

(From an engraving)

and Lord Elcho, now Lord Wemyss, who may fairly be described, now that Sir Henry Halford is dead, as the person among the living who has done most for rifle-shooting. The Prince on this occasion joined the National Rifle Association, and the Princess, who had seen nothing of the kind before, was keenly interested in the proceedings. Amongst the company present were Lady Elcho, Lady Constance Grosvenor, and Lady Ducie, and luncheon was taken in a tent near the Windmill, the familiar landmark of the camp in those days. The visitors did not stay till evening, else they might very likely have heard

16,800 Sunday-school children with a strong orchestra.

But it would be unjust and inartistic alike to leave an impression that the lives of the Prince and Princess of Wales were entirely devoted to ceremonies and pageants. Even thus early they began to show, each of them with equal zeal, that philanthropic tendency which has marked them through their lives; and the Slough Orphan Asylum, lying under the shadow of the towers of Windsor, was the first institution to receive their presence and their patronage. Again, by reason of the American Civil War, the

cotton famine was in full swing, and the cotton operatives of the North, suddenly deprived of wages to the amount of £170,000 a week, were, to use their own expressive vernacular, fairly "clemming." It was the one great occasion on which foreigners, who usually look to the Mansion House for help in all their troubles, came to the rescue of England, and money poured in to the relief fund. Of that money 200 guineas came from the pocket of the Prince of Wales. The disastrous wreck of the *Orpheus*, when

1817 the house was repurchased by the Crown for the Princess Charlotte, and her widower lived there until he succeeded to the Belgian Crown. Queen Adelaide subsequently occupied Marlborough House, and it was thence that she was summoned, it may be remembered, on the occasion of the Prince's birth. Finally, not long before the Prince Consort's death, with the intention that it might become the town house of the Prince of Wales, a thorough restoration of the house was undertaken, and it was then that



INAUGURATION OF THE BRITISH ORPHAN ASYLUM AT SLOUGH

The ladies placing purses containing contributions on the table before the King and Queen, June 1863

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R. A.)

166 souls perished, and the famine among the inhabitants of the Lewis, also found in him a ready sympathiser, and showed him ready to give substantial help to the sufferers.

For the greater part of the winter Marlborough House and Sandringham alternately were the homes of the Royal pair, and of Marlborough House it may perhaps be desirable to give some slight account. The original building, erected by Wren for the victor of Blenheim, was begun in 1709, but Marlborough had not occupied it many years before he lent it to the Prince and Princess of Wales of those days. In

the very interesting frescoes representing Marlborough's campaigns were discovered.

But when the winter was half spent the Prince and Princess of Wales were at Windsor, or rather at Frogmore, and there was hard frost, which tempted the Princess of Wales, always a good skater, to venture upon the ice at Virginia Water. In fact, she was skating but a few hours before she was taken ill, and her first-born son, afterwards the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was born at Frogmore.

All went well, the child was neither weakly nor delicate, and his christening was fixed for March 10

in the private chapel in Buckingham Palace. That chapel presented an imposing scene on the occasion.

Above the Communion-table was a tapestry representing the Baptism of our Saviour. The Queen alone wore black; the child wore the christening robe of Honiton lace which his father had worn before him, and it was the Queen herself who replied to Dr. Longley that the child's names would be "Albert Victor Christian Edward." Present also were Doctor Tail, Bishop of London; Doctor Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford; Lord Palmerston, Professor Stanley, the King of the Belgians, Prince Christian, and, of course, the father and mother.

And so the family life of the Prince and Princess of Wales of those days began, and the succession to the throne of England seemed to be assured.

It is needless to say that Queen Victoria, albeit startled at the news of the birth of the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales so long before the event was expected in the natural course of events, was greatly pleased at the happy issue of the brief period of anxiety which was inevitable. From the beginning, being by nature of an essentially motherly disposition

and exceedingly fond of children, she took the warmest interest in the infant prince, and one of the

most touching pictures in the following chapter shows her in close juxtaposition to him. The English people, too, were keenly delighted. Already, in the shape of the brothers of the Prince of Wales, there were guarantees that if, by any untoward chance, he should not outlive his mother, an heir to the throne would still be present. But now, the birth of an heir to the Prince and Princess of Wales in a measure set the Prince's brothers at liberty for other duties and other privileges. If, for example, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George had not

been born to show every sign of vigorous life, the probabilities are that the Duke of Edinburgh would not have felt it to be consistent with his duty to the British Empire to accept the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with its accompanying powers and wealth. More important still, he could hardly have carried on his professional duties as a naval officer with the zeal which made him a valuable servant of his Queen-mother. Then the Duke of Connaught was free to pursue a military life, and even to go on active service with conspicuous success.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE INFANT DUKE OF CLARENCE, 1864

(From an engraving)



LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS
Present at the Christening of the Duke of Clarence

(From the painting by Winterhalter)



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN 1864

(From an engraving by William Holl, after the photograph by Vernon Heath)

CHAPTER X



HE Prince and Princess of Wales of the latter half of the nineteenth century were now blessed with a son, and assurances that the succession would not fail came in rapid succession. On June 13, 1865, was born

Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, to become

Duke of York later, Duke of Cornwall and York upon the death of Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales upon his return from that Imperial tour which is still fresh in the memory of Greater Britain, and of Great Britain no less. Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, now Duchess of Fife, came into the world on February 20, 1867; Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary had July 6, 1868, for the day of her birth, and November 26, 1869, saw the family of the Prince

FROM CRADLE TO CROWN

and Princess of Wales completed by the appearance of Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, now

in which it would have been flagrantly wrong for England to take part was a cause of acute sorrow



VISIT OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO SWEDEN AND DENMARK

The landing at Stockholm, September 27, 1864

(From an engraving)

Princess Henry of Prussia. In the little churchyard at Sandringham too is a simple cross above the grave of yet another child whose brief existence has been forgotten now by almost everybody. But there is one person to whom we may be sure that grave represents many buried hopes, and that person is Queen Alexandra; for a mother never forgets her lost child, and Queen Alexandra is and always has been the most devoted of mothers.

Those years when the children were in the nursery were years of great happiness, but also of considerable trial. Not for the first time in our history, a Continental war

to the Royal Family; and this time the sufferer was the beloved Princess of Wales, who had to stand on one side with folded hands while the country which she loved so well bled under the iron hand of Bismarck and was, in part, dismembered by it. There was no thought of interference. The quarrel was not our concern; it had, indeed, been encouraged by France, and it would have been contrary to constitutional principle for us to take a hand in it; but it is easy to understand the sickness of heart with which the Princess studied the telegrams from the seat of war, and the tender sympathy



A ROYAL GROUP AT FREDENSBORG, October 1864

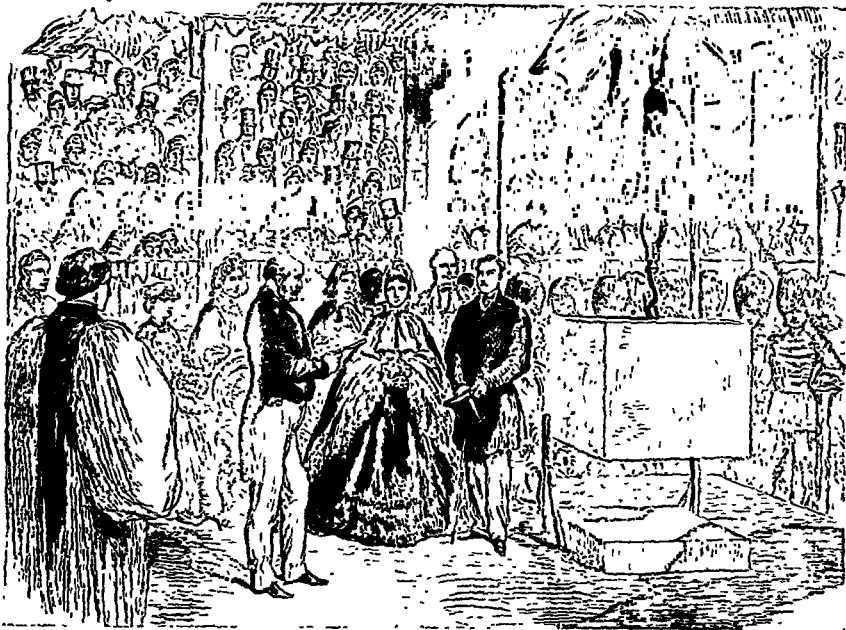
(From a photograph)

which went out to her from the people who quickly learned to love her and from her husband and the Queen.

Fortunately, before this war began the proud young Princess had been able to display her first-born son to her parents. He was but a baby in arms when the *Victoria and Albert* was again brought into requisition to transport him, his father, and his happy mother across to Copenhagen, when, of course, there was a great family reception; and on the way back the Royal party received an illustration of the fact that the sea is not a respecter of persons.

Mrs. Blackburn, then living in a thoroughly comfortable house on the South side of the river Thames, showed particular pride in certain ancient photographs of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and pointed eagerly to the stout legs and arms of the elder child. She was a devoted nurse, and it was interesting in a small way to note that she wore set in a ring the first tooth which her charge lost. The idea sounds a trifle gruesome, but, set with turquoises round it and highly polished, the tooth was really quite pretty and pearl-like.

This journey, first to Copenhagen, then to Bal-



THE KING LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE WEST WING OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL, July 16, 1864

(From an engraving)

Indeed, the infant Prince's nurse, Mary, afterwards Mrs. Blackburn, told me with clear pride that, on the return journey, the baby was hurled so violently into her face by a roll of the ship that she was disfigured by a black eye, at which Queen Victoria laughed heartily when nurse and child made their appearance at Bal-moral, to which the family immediately repaired. It may here be remarked that Mrs. Blackburn, who certainly is, or it may be was, the best authority on the subject, always repudiated the suggestion that Prince Albert Victor, albeit born prematurely, was in any sense a delicate child. Indeed, I well remember, as I have recorded elsewhere—[*H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale: A memoir (written by authority)*—Murray 1893], that

moral, and then back again to Marlborough House and to Sandringham, is an illustration of the kind of life which was lived by the Prince and Princess of Wales in those days. It was half a domestic life, half public, and it was probably not nearly as domestic as either of them wished it to be.

During those early years they attended many functions together when the Princess was well. For example, in 1864 they were present together at the opening of the West Wing of the London Hospital, which was very properly called the "Alexandra" Wing, and an appeal issued on the spot, the first in which special use was made of the Prince's name, produced no less than £34,000. In another chapter an attempt will be made to summarise within a brief

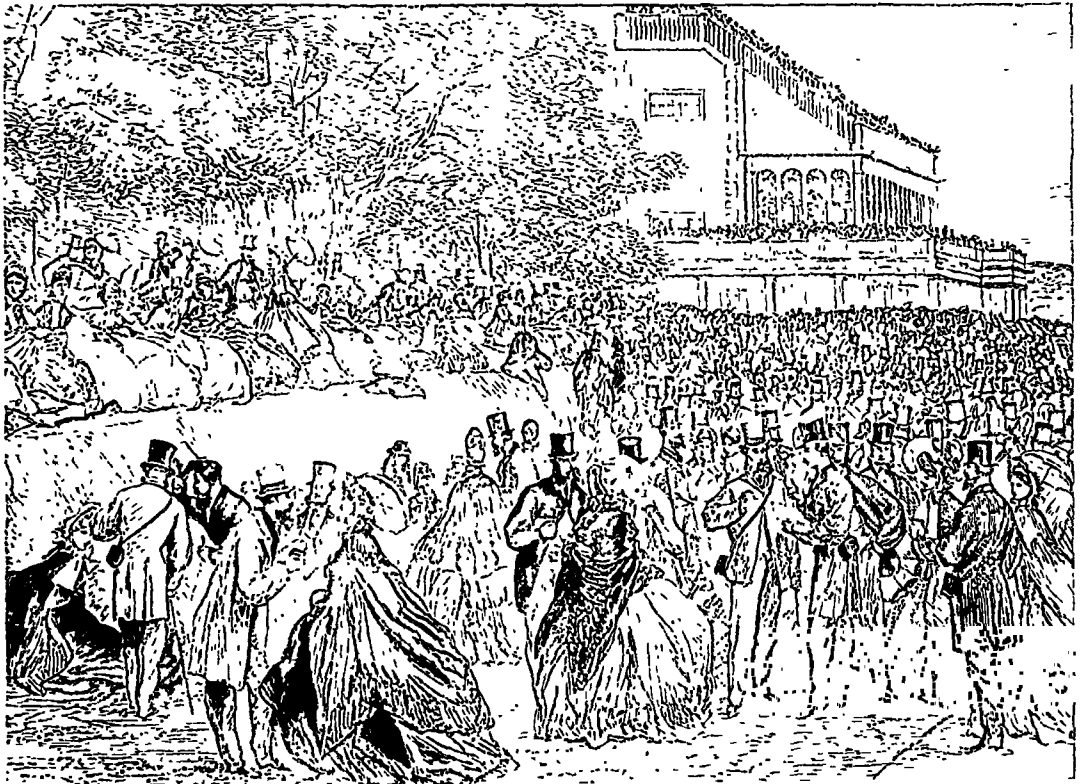


THE KING AND QUEEN IN WINDSOR PARK IN 1864

(After Barrand)

space the enormous work for good, in the encouragement of hospitals in particular, which has been done by our King and Queen. Similarly in the same year "Glorious Goodwood" was made more glorious than it had been for many a year by a Royal visit; but the Turf again, and the King's meritorious connection with it—for it is quite possible to have a commendable interest in the Turf—have their places in another chapter. Numerous pictures,

and Princess of Wales in 1864. The outlines of the proceedings during a Royal visit to a city or an institution are well known to everybody. Reception, presentations, an address, a reply, a progress through gaily decorated streets, more presentations, a bouquet or two, and a public duty accomplished are the constituent parts of a story which is told many times and in many different words. But Eton and the Fourth of June, outside the tolerably large Etonian



VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO GOODWOOD IN 1864

The Ladies' Lawn

(From an engraving)

too, serve to show that public duty was never neglected, and that the people had their full share of opportunities of seeing Royal faces. But those pictures, relating to events which, important and interesting as they were in their day, have no historical value, tell their own tale quite plainly, and they may safely be left to do so while this narrative proceeds to matter of a more interesting and valuable character.

Let an exception be made, however, not without reason, for the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton which were graced by the presence of the Prince

and the Princess of Wales, with her Continental education, that day in June of 1864 must have been a glorious spectacle.

Let me try to reconstruct it in imagination. Imagine a street, not too wide, on the one side tutors' houses, the windows gay with flower-boxes, on the other side first a low wall, some three feet six in height, which has been used as a seat by many generations of boys. Above this tower great trees, and behind them are the venerable buildings. The street, of course, was crowded with countless boys,

smart as Eton boys alone can be. Then, through the archway, Prince and Princess would go into the great quadrangle known as "School Yard," with the statue in the centre, and the Hall at the far end, and the Chapel to the right. Entering they would turn first directly to the right, or perhaps would go to the Provost's House first, and then they would take their places in that oak-panelled Upper School where the names carved on the walls are full of historical memories. Then would come the speeches, far more simple than at schools of more modern date which stand in need of advertisement, speeches delivered by boys in courtly knee-breeches and buckled shoes. Next, luncheon in Hall, a fine building, and then perhaps a visit to the playing-fields with their immemorial elms, and later, be it hoped, an inspection of the procession of boats, still one of the prettiest aquatic displays to be witnessed in England, for to this day the "steerers" wear hats garlanded with flowers and little jackets like the uniform jacket of a midshipman in the Navy. In 1864 the scene was, probably, prettier even than it is now, for Etonian celebrations have shed some of their picturesque glory; but even now, and even for one who is not an Etonian, there are few days more delightful than the Fourth of June at Eton.

With thus much of allusion to matters external let an endeavour be made to sketch what is really much more interesting and valuable, the family life of our

King and Queen when they were a newly married couple with a growing family around them; and let attention be paid principally to the two sons, not because they are essentially more interesting than their sisters, but because their childhood and the manner of their training is of more-practical importance. It is one of the penalties of the highest station that some of the tenderest of parental duties cannot be exercised by those who are born to it. Queen Victoria, the most motherly of good women, was never able to nurse her own children, much, no doubt, as she would have liked to do so. Similarly our present Queen was compelled to be away from home a great deal while her children were growing up.

But it is quite clear that she never missed an opportunity of being in her nursery, and Mrs. Blackburn used to say: "The Princess was in her

glory if she could find time to run up into the nursery, put on a flannel apron, wash the children and see them asleep in their little beds." And when she was away from home, she had, like any other mother, the habit of sending the most particular directions to their nurse as to their medicines and tonics and the like. One pretty little custom of the Royal Household was that, on the birthday of the head of it, the

custom was for each child to recite a little verse, composed by the Princess in honour of the occasion. Here is one such composition, and it is well to note that the simple words were carefully written out in the hand of her who was mother and wife:



THE PRINCE OF WALES

From a photograph taken on his first birthday

(By Hughes & Mullins)



QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

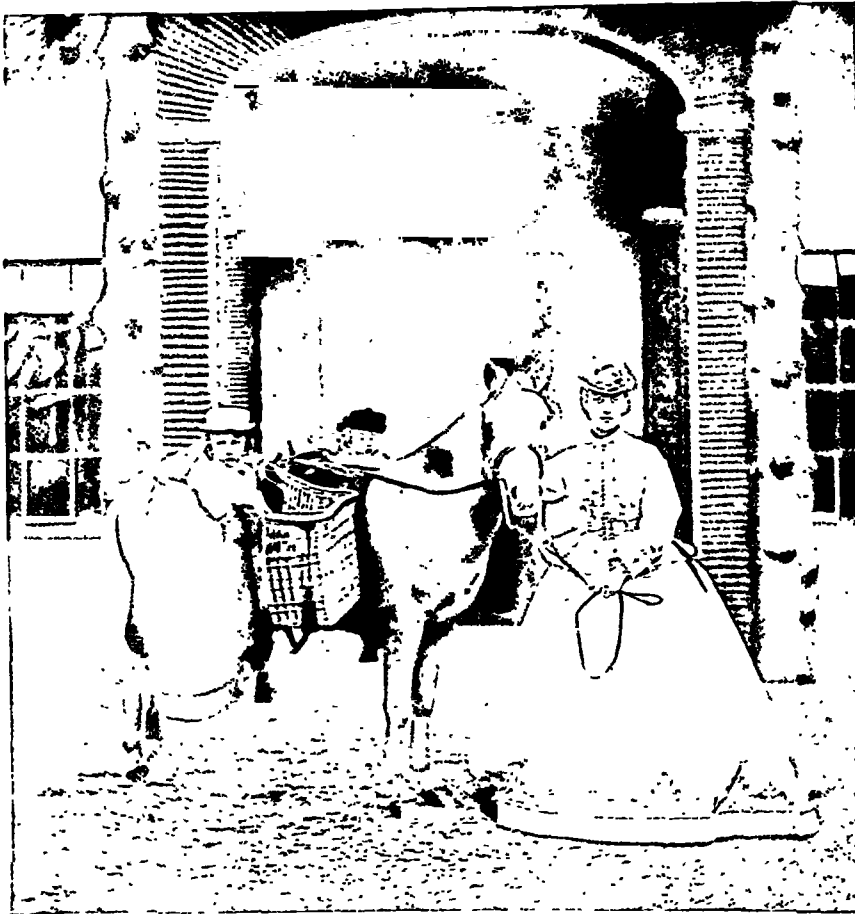
(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)



THE KING AT THE AGE OF 23

From the picture by H. Weigall

(Published by Henry Graves & Co.)



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE

(From a photograph by W. & D. Down.)

EDDY'S VERSE FOR PAPA'S BIRTHDAY

November 9, 1869

Day of pleasure
Brightly dawning,
Take the gift
On this sweet morning.
Our best hopes
And wishes blending
Must yield joy
That's never ending.

Simplicity was the keynote of the whole life of the family; simplicity in dress, in fare, and in manner, both at Marlborough House and at Sandringham. Home, in those days, was Marlborough House rather than Sandringham, but there is no doubt that as soon as the young Princes and Princesses began to be able to run



THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE

(From a photograph by W. & D. Down.)

about, there was no place more suitable to them than Sandringham, and that their mother took the greatest delight in attending to them during their childish games. There is in existence a picture which shows the Princess of Wales of those days holding the bridle of a cobby pony, a chestnut with a silver mane and tail, by the look of it, on which, in panniers, are carried Prince Albert Victor, looking stout and healthy, and on the other side Prince George, looking remarkably small. There is no doubt, indeed, that those days at Sandringham were the happiest.

But they were fairly busy

days even in the nursery, for the royal father and mother clearly saw that if their children were to be accomplished as conversationalists in foreign languages, as it was essential that they should be, they must learn not only English but also French and German in early childhood. That they did this the present Prince of Wales, when he was Duke of Cornwall and York, proved abundantly in Canada during his recent Imperial tour. True it is that, after that tour was over, some mischief-maker—it is to be hoped charitably in sheer ignorance—caused to be published in England a statement that the French-Canadians were disappointed

because the Prince of Wales as he is now, the Duke of Cornwall and York as he was then, did not address them in French. The truth is that they were not disappointed, and that French speeches even in the Parliament House at Ottawa are becoming a rarity, for the simple reason that the reporters, for the most part, will not follow them. No disappointment upon this point was expressed during the Imperial tour, and as a matter of fact it may be added that on one occasion of a semi-private character the Duke of York did make a speech in French, and that his fluency and the correctness of his accent were admired



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1866

(From an engraving)

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, PRINCE GEORGE AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, 1867

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

PRINCE GEORGE, 1867

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

FROM CRADLE TO CROWN

as much as his delivery, which is always perfect. His capacity to make that speech he, no doubt, owed to his early training.

It seemed right to the Prince and Princess of Wales to remove their two sons from the care of women exclusively at a very early age. Prince Albert Victor was not much more than six, and Prince George was proportionately younger, when a tutor was provided for the two little boys in the person of the Rev. J. Neale Dalton, now a Canon of Windsor, then quite a young man. The choice was made by Queen Victoria, and that it was a happy choice is sufficiently shown by the fact that Canon Dalton, although by that time an elderly man, was chosen as one of the select company who went on the Imperial tour of 1901. Born in 1839, and the son of a Buckinghamshire clergyman, Mr. Dalton had been educated at Blackheath and at Clare College, Cambridge, where his career had been distinguished, and he had attracted the

notice of the Queen while he was curate of Whippingham in the Isle of Wight; for Whippingham is practically the parish church of Osborne. His office of tutor lasted *nominally* from 1871 to 1879, but from 1879 to 1884 he held that post of Governor to the young Princes that had been held in relation to their father by General Bruce; and from 1879 to 1882 also he held a temporary appointment as Chaplain in the Royal Navy, so that he was able to accompany his charges during their tour round the world in *H.M.S. Bacchante*.

The manner of the education of the Princes was matter of earnest consideration for their father and for their mother, and to a fruitful conversation with Canon Dalton, enjoyed some years ago, I am indebted for a clear impression of the lines which the discussion took. First, as to the curriculum, the father insisted that modern languages, history and mathematics were more important than English



PRINCESSES LOUISE AND MAUD IN 1867

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



A CHRISTMAS-TREE AT SANDRINGHAM

(From the photo by Ralph, Deringham)



THE QUEEN IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

THE KING IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

classics. Mr. Dalton did not disagree with him, but he made it clear that the act of learning Latin has an educational value apart from the result secured, and he carried his point. Curiously enough, too, amongst the Latin books which they read was the Vulgate, from which, in their letters home during the *Bacchante* cruise, both boys were in the habit of quoting.

Lessons were regular, discipline was reasonably stern. For the Prince of Wales was not among those parents who believe that high-spirited boys can be ruled entirely by kindness. Indeed, those who are of that opinion are not as a rule persons in high station; and young dukes and highly bred boys of lesser degree at Eton

are birched when they require it with a severity which would certainly involve the police court for a board-school master. Noteworthy points in the characters of the Princes were the gentle disposition of Prince Albert Victor and his devotion to his mother, and the bright intelligence of Prince George.

Year after year passed away quietly for the young Princes, and in 1872 came that most anxious time for them, for their mother and Queen Victoria in particular, for the whole Royal Family, and for the nation, when the Prince of Wales lay dangerously ill, and his life appeared to hang upon a thread. But for the present, with a view to obtaining coherence of narrative



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE DUKE OF ALBANY
AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

let us consider what was the mode of education which the Prince and Princess of Wales decided upon as the best available for their sons.

Of the manner in which the King himself was educated a sufficiently full description has been given in the earlier pages of this book, and, as I expected, I have been taken to task—mainly by persons of no authority whatsoever—for suggesting that the system of training prescribed by the Prince Consort for his eldest son was gloomy, and that he who suffered under that system felt that it was not the best. As to the gloom there can be no doubt. One fortnight of holiday in the year for the tutor could not mean more than one fortnight of complete holiday for the pupil. Moreover, it is plain that, if the Prince of Wales had thought that private tuition was the most suitable form of education for his sons, they would have remained under private tutors during the whole period of their boyhood. That he chose another form of education places the matter entirely beyond doubt.

What was the form of that

in the first place, and in the second place because the illness of the Prince of Wales, his recovery, and the national thanksgiving were events of the first importance, which must be treated separately, these things are put aside. For the moment

education to be? The ideal education from the point of view of those who believe it to be more important to produce gentle men than learned men, is a public school education. By the time that the



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE IN 1875

(From a photo by Downey)



THE KING IN 1875

(Photo by Russell)

young Princes were old enough to go to a public school, several of the great public schools had advanced to a stage when they were nearly fit for the reception of princes. That, perhaps, is as high as it is just to put it, for there were abuses at Eton and Harrow, and the "Tunding Row" at Winchester was of about that date. But, as has been explained in an earlier chapter, the head-masters of the public schools showed an unanimous desire, expressed, of course, in the most courtly and polite terms, not to receive any honour of the kind. Moreover, though Prince George was robust enough, and Prince Albert Victor had been strong as a child, the latter suffered, just before joining the *Britannia*,

from an attack of typhoid fever which was not likely to have improved his constitution.

In these circumstances, the Prince and Princess of Wales undoubtedly acted for the best in choosing for their sons a naval education. Placed in the *Britannia*, they were at one and the same time in daily intercourse with boys of their own age and of manly disposition, and surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in England, and living in an atmosphere of absolute health.

On board the *Britannia* the young Princes enjoyed

profession upon which the greatness of their country depends. The friendships which they made there lasted, particularly in the case of Prince George, and amongst his personal attendants of to-day are to be found several of those with whom he became acquainted in the *Britannia* first, in the *Bacchante* later, and during the real naval career which he afterwards followed. The single privilege allowed to them was that their hammocks, by the request of the Admiralty and not by that of the Prince of Wales, were slung behind a separate



THE QUEEN IN 1870

(From the picture by H. Oshill)



THE KING IN 1876

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

hardly any special privileges. Their father took them down to Dartmouth, and introduced them to Captain Fairfax, C.B., who was then in command of the *Britannia*. Many fathers have done that.

Their mother came once, like many another mother, to the annual prize-giving. They stowed their clothes, as midshipmen do, in those capacious chests which can never be tidy, because everything that is wanted is always at the bottom. They attended the same classes as the other cadets, messed with them, played with them, drilled with them, and made friends among them. At the same time they picked up, at any rate, the rudiments of that glorious

bulkhead. The only difference between their training and that of their companions was that Canon Dalton was there to overlook and to advise them.

In 1879 they had finished their education on board the *Britannia*, and the Prince and Princess of Wales—sorrowfully, no doubt—resigned themselves to the necessity of parting with their sons for a prolonged period, in order that their professional education might be advanced by an important stage. Prince Albert Victor, it was true, was not intended to be a naval officer pure and simple; but then, as now, many of the most distinguished and successful military officers had gained their first professional



THE KING AND QUEEN, THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK, AND THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA IN 1873

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

training in the senior of the sister services, and it was clear that Prince Albert Victor would be all the better for a similar experience. In passing it may be observed, just to show that this is not random talk, that General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and Lieutenant-General Sir John French, that dashing cavalry leader, were both of them naval officers to start with. Prince George was to be a naval officer before everything else, and by the consent of all who knew him, he showed before his brother's untimely death an amount of professional ability which would have carried him far, even if he had been a mere commoner. As things turned out, of course, his brother's death, to his great disappointment, put an end to his career as a practical sailor. His fortune in this respect, indeed, was very much that of William IV., who, also as Duke of York, had little hope

or thought of ever succeeding to the throne of his ancestors. Another sailor Duke of York, who also, oddly enough, came to the Crown in later life, was James II., of whom we constantly read in connection with the extinct office of Lord High Admiral.

With such a series as this in the mind, it occurs to one to wonder how it is that no ship *Duke of York* is borne upon the *Navy List* to-day. The title is vacant and might well be revived.

For the moment, however, all things seemed rosy, and, apart from the educational advantage of a period of naval life, there was much to be said in favour of travel for the young Princes and nothing to be said against it. They were, therefore, gazetted on July 15, 1879, to the cruiser *Bacchante*, Captain Lord Charles M. D. Scott; Commander V. W. Hill; Lieutenants the Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, J. W. Osborne, C. H. Adair, A. M. Farquhar, W. B. Fisher, C. W. W. Ingram. Lieutenant H. Roxby was navigator, Lieutenant A. C. Smyth commanded the detachment of marines, Mr.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND FAMILY IN 1878

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

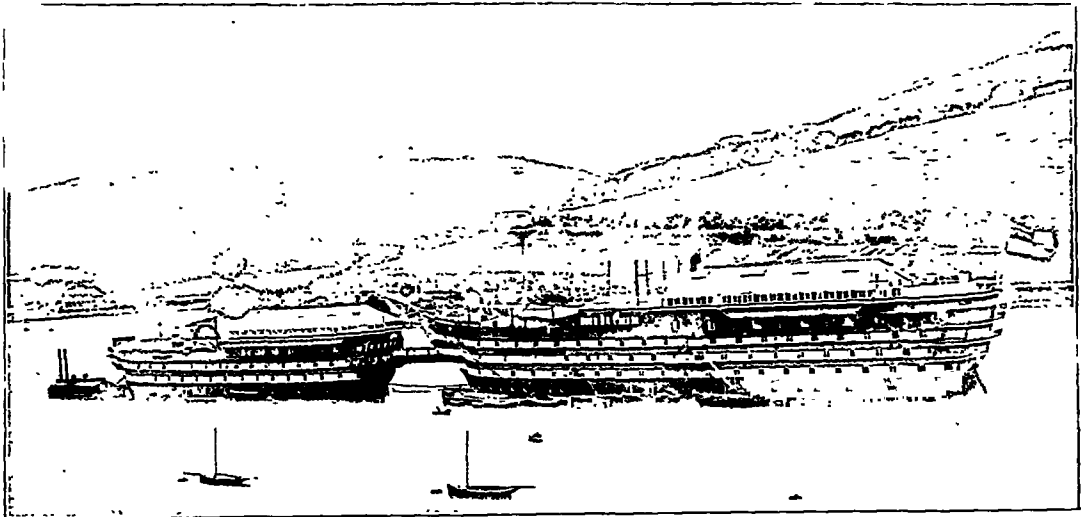
J. W. Lawless was naval instructor, and the "Reverend J. N. Dalton, R.N.," was chaplain. More important to the young Princes were the occupants of the gun-room. Of these the sub-lieutenants present at one time or another were H. N. Rolfe, D. K. W. Murray, E. Le Marchant, F. M. Royds, H. C. Burrows, C. H. Moore, and F. B. Henderson. The midshipmen were E. L. Munro, W. F. Peel, B. Currey, Hugh Evan-Thomas, R. P. Fitzgerald, A. H. Limpus, the Hon. J. C. M. D. Scott, A. A. Christian, and W. B. Basset. The cadets were the Hon. G. A. Hardinge, R. E. Wemyss (who, it will be remembered, was afterwards commander of H.M.S.



THE QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE IN 1878

(From a photograph by Russell & Sons)

Ophir), G. W. Hilliard, Lord F. G. G. Osborne, and their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward and Prince George Frederick Edward Albert. Before the actual departure there was a delightful week at Cowes. The cadet Princes joined on August 6 at Cowes, and during the Cowes week the cruiser and all the yachts in the Roads were dressed in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present upon the day of formal joining. After this the young Princes obtained



THE TRAINING-SHIP "BRITANNIA"

(From a photograph by Smale, Dartmouth)

leave at once, and went over with their mother to Copenhagen to bid good-bye to their grandparents. On September 17 they rejoined, with their father as escort; on the 19th they said good-bye to him finally, and on September 25 they started on their first long voyage.

To give a prolonged account of that voyage would be foreign to the present purpose. Suffice it to say that by their parents' wishes the Princes lived precisely the life of ordinary midshipmen. They slept



ADMIRAL FAIRFAX

with the rest of their companions. The cruise extended first to the Mediterranean, and then to the West Indies, where, at Barbados, they recognised in the Governor, Major G. Strahan, R.A., one who had dined at Abergeldie on the night after Prince "Eddie" had killed his first stag—when, by the way, he must have been very young. A long stay was made in the West Indies, and it was not until May 3 that the *Bacchante* anchored at Spithead; and father and mother and all three sisters, with Prince

Edward of Saxe-Weimar, came down to meet the travellers and to luncheon on board the *Bacchante*.

Only for a month or two now were their Royal Highnesses able to enjoy the company of their sons; for on July 19, the *Bacchante* having been refitted, the Royal cadets rejoined her. First came



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE ON BOARD
"THE BRITANNIA," 1879

A lesson in rope-tying

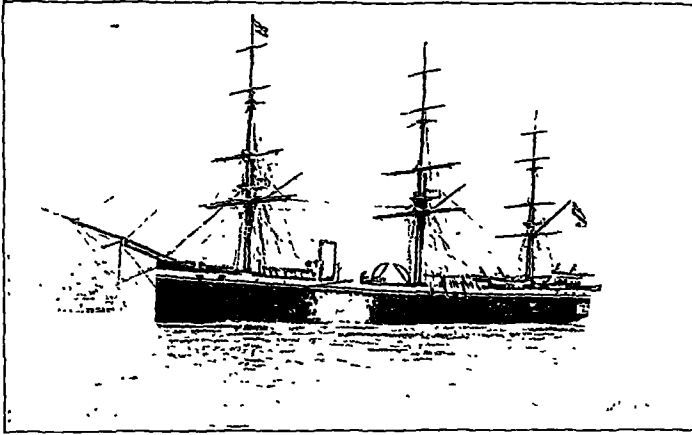
(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE ON BOARD
THE "BRITANNIA," 1879

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

in hammocks, got up early, drilled, had their two hours of school when the duties of the ship did not call for their services; they were instructed in taking sights, and played games of various kinds



H.M.S. BACCHANTE

(From a photo)

an educational cruise of the combined Channel and Reserve Squadrons to Bantry and to Vigo, when H.M.S. *Hercules* was the flagship of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the *Bacchante* was one of the squadron, and then another family meeting at



CANON DALTON

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

Cowes, when the *Bacchante* was boarded first of all by the Princess of Wales and her daughters, with Miss Knollys, Sir Henry Keppel, Sir Allen Young, and Lord Charles Beresford, from the yacht *Fortuna*, and then by the Prince of Wales, with Captain Stephenson, from the yacht *Zuleika*. One or two more family meetings there were, including a visit to Osborne to say good-bye to the Queen and the

Empress Eugénie, newly returned from her sad voyage to South Africa after the death of her son, the Prince Imperial; and on September 15 the final good-bye before the cruise of the training squadron round the world.

Then it was that the Princes began a tour almost as memorable as (although it was less ceremonial than) the Imperial tour of 1901. They touched first at Ferrol, then at Madeira, then at Monte Video,



LORD CHARLES SCOTT

(From a photo)

from which excursions were made on to the Pampas; and Christmas was spent at Monte Video on board ship. Those who were with the Duke of York on his recent tour found that he remembered the Pampas

for, on being taken on foot to inspect a "mob" of cattle in Australia, he said that on the Pampas to inspect cattle on foot would be suicidal. Next they went towards the Falkland Islands; and then suddenly, at anchor off the Falkland Islands, the *Blue Peter* was hoisted by the flagship, and the squadron was ordered off to the Cape at once. Letters had missed them; nobody knew what had happened except that there was war, and it was not until they reached Simon's Bay that they heard of Majuba and Laing's Nek.

So, for the first time, but not by any means for the



MR. J. W. LAWLESS, R.N.

Naval Instructor to the Princes on board the "*Bacchante*"

(From a photo)

last, Prince George had practical experience of the anxious feeling which comes of the interruption of the knowledge of the course of everyday events which is the inseparable accident of life at sea. And here there is a little peculiarity of that inter-

South Africa and the chance that the cruise might be interrupted hardly seemed to be noticed in the very full journals of the Princes. In like manner the news, when it was received by the voyagers, does not seem to have excited them greatly. Since then



THE KING IN 1879

From the picture by H. von Angeli

(Published by Henry Graves & Co.)

ruption of knowledge and of the manner in which news is received when it comes which it seems worth while to notice. Writing of these very events years ago, I commented on the fact that, although the Queen had bidden farewell to the Rifle Brigade shortly before the *Bacchante* sailed, the probability of war in

I have myself been at sea, following in the train of the Duke of York, when communications were interrupted, and great events came upon one like a thunderclap, and now I understand. Great news heard at sea seems far less serious than when it is heard on land; its importance is minimised, because



THE PRINCES IN THE WEST INDIES

An ovation from Barbados washerwomen on board the "Bacchante," Christmas 1879

at sea, to men face to face with the elemental powers of nature, man feels his insignificance. Even the greatest calamity seems to be a thing to be accepted as part of the day's work. So it was when, arriving in South Africa just after Majuba, the Royal travellers heard of the assassination of the Tsar of Russia, and last year, when a man-of-war brought to the *Ophir* the intelligence that a dastardly attempt had been made on the life of President McKinley. It was not until Quebec had been reached and the Stars and Stripes were seen to be at half-mast, and one felt the firm earth under foot,



THE KING, PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE, 1886

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

that the horror and despair due to the crime were fully felt.

In the circumstances there could naturally be no very long stay at the Cape, and the opportunities which it had been hoped that the Princes would enjoy of seeing the country were curtailed. They wrote home, however, of the kindness of Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson, and of some interesting rides in which Prince Albert Victor rode the same grey horse by which the Prince Imperial had been carried on the day of his death. They received also, in the middle of March, the belated mail which



THE YOUNG PRINCES' CABIN, ON BOARD THE "BACCHANTE"

ought to have reached them in the Falkland Islands.

After the Cape came Australia, so that the Prince of Wales's visit to various places in Australia last year was not, as he reminded more than one audience, his first; and the next place from which their anxious parents heard news was Yokohama, where they were received by and themselves entertained the Mikado. They wrote, too, of a cruise on the Inland Sea, and next of China, where they drank their mother's health on her birthday in the cabin of the *Ariadne* houseboat, and on Christmas Day at Hong-kong. The next address from which letters were received was Singapore,



AT MADEIRA

The Princes in a running Carro

and from Ceylon came enthusiastic accounts of elephant-driving. So to Suez, where the Princes had the pleasure of seeing M. de Lesseps, as their father had seen him before, and thence into Egypt, of which they were able to write that the Khedive received them with all honour; but the parents must have been amused to hear that the robust English lads were full of pity for the Egyptian Ruler's effeminate sons. Here, too, much attention was paid to them by Sir E. Malet; and then, in the Holy Land, they looked upon nearly all the scenes which their father had visited with Professor Stanley. But it is no disrespect to Canon Dalton to say that the father had the

better of the sons in point of guidance, for Professor Stanley was absolutely the best guide of all the ages for a traveller in that land of sacred memories.

So, when the *Bacchante* sighted the *Osborne* off Swanage on August 5, 1882, and the signal was made that the Prince and Princess of Wales were on board the Royal yacht, a joyful meeting was at hand, and one can well imagine how father and sons compared notes about Egypt and the Holy Land, and how the Princess of Wales was eager to hear all the little personal news about her brother and his children whom the Princes had visited in Greece on their voyage from the East to the West of the Mediterranean.



THE QUEEN IN 1880

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

Almost at once, during a visit paid by the whole family to the Queen at Osborne, the two Princes were confirmed at Whippingham Church and, as Archbishop Tait warned them, their courses in life were thereafter to be divided. So long as it was possible the Prince of Wales had kept his two sons together; but now one was to be trained with the direct object of succeeding to the throne, to be sent to Cambridge and into the army; and the other was to continue his naval career. Afterwards it turned out that the son who was specially trained with a view to kingship was taken away and that the other was left; human plans were thwarted, but certainly of late that other one has shown, in a



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCESS LOUISE, 1880

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MAUD

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



A ROYAL GROUP IN 1881

(From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight)

very unmistakable fashion, that a naval career pursued with whole-hearted zeal may be a very excellent way of bringing out the kingly qualities. The Prince of Wales of to-day, indeed, has had his one great chance of showing his capacity, and he has seized it in such a fashion as to astonish those who did not know his character and his ability. But those who knew him best, his old friends of naval days, were not in the least surprised.

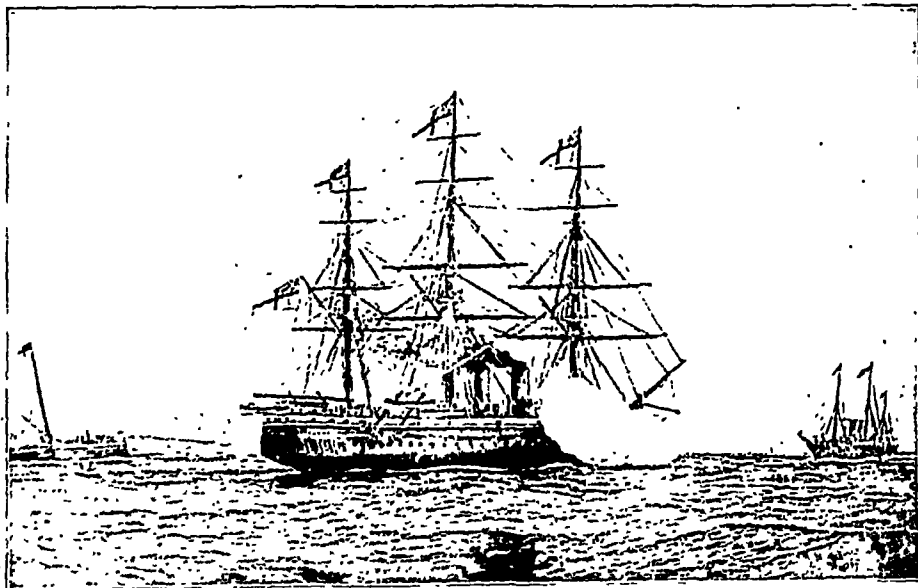
For Prince Albert Victor there followed, after the cruise of the *Bacchante*, days in the cottage at Sandringham in which he



THE KING IN 1892

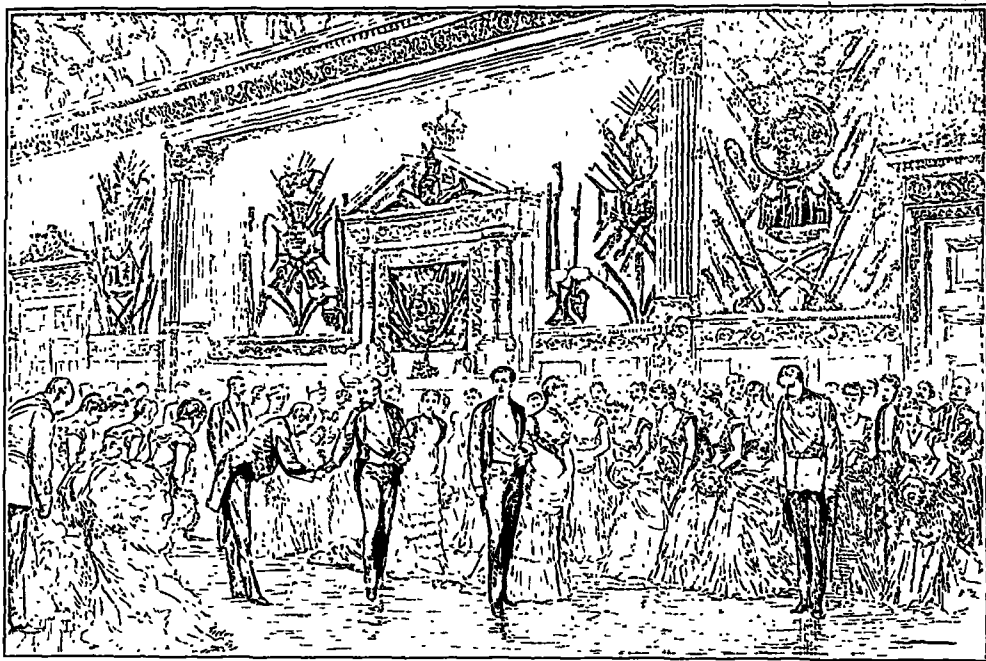
Painted by H. J. H. for the Prince of Wales, 1892.

saw much of his parents, days when he was under the care of that brilliant genius Mr. J. K. Stephen, who took care to introduce him to some of the best amongst the Cambridge men whom he was likely to meet. Of these, Mr. H. F. Wilson and Mr. Goodhart, of Eton and Cambridge, were two; and it is sad to reflect that of that quartette who met from time to time at the "Bachelor's Cottage" at Sandringham, one only survives. Mr. Wilson, after doing good service at the Colonial Office, has done better service still in South Africa; but Prince Albert Victor, Mr. Stephen,



THE RETURN OF THE "BACCHANTE"

Saluting King Edward at Osborne, August 1892



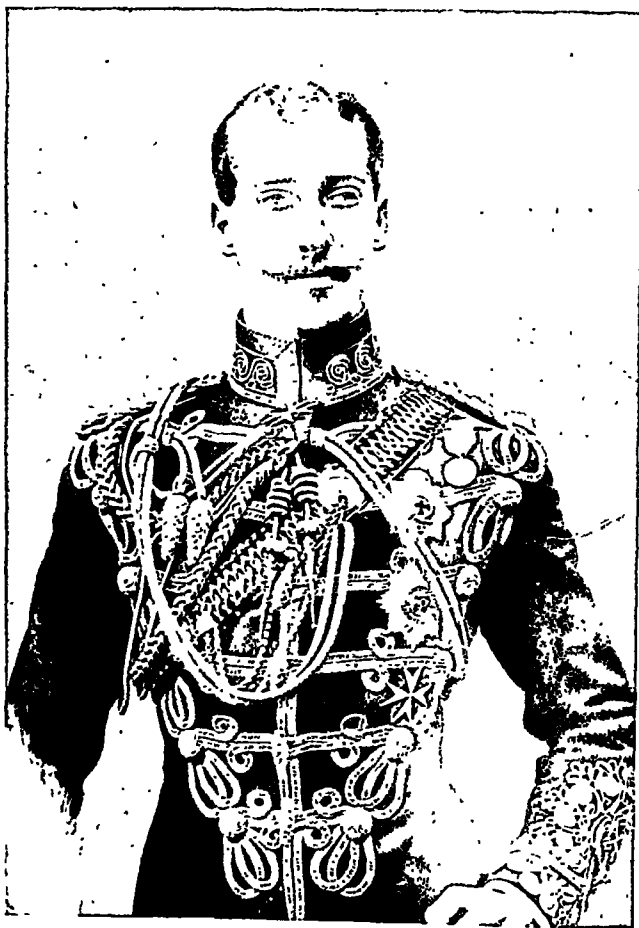
THE BALL AT SANDRINGHAM ON THE OCCASION OF THE COMING OF AGE OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR

(From an engraving)

and Mr. Goodhart have one and all, to use a beautiful Celtic phrase, "crossed to the other side."

But these griefs were of the future. In the meanwhile the Prince of Wales had but to give to his son the best education available, and he did so by sending him to Trinity College, Cambridge, to live not at Madingley Hall, but in College in Nevile's Court, to attend various lectures including those of Professor Seeley on history, for which he had a distinct taste, and those of Mr. Edmund Gosse on English literature.

In this University career the King took the closest personal interest, visiting his son, and receiving his friends at luncheon,



H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, DUKE OF CLARENCE, IN 1890

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

and inviting them to Sandringham on the occasion of Prince Albert Victor's majority.

Afterwards for Prince Albert Victor came travel, in India and elsewhere, military life as an officer in the 10th Hussars, public appearances, and finally his engagement. Then death, calamitous and unexpected, shattered the whole edifice which had been built up with so much of loving care, afflicted his father and mother alike with inconsolable grief. The years, indeed, seemed to have been wasted, but the record of them has been summarised to show how a wise father and mother trained their sons for high place.

CHAPTER XI



IN the last chapter, the growth of the family of the Prince and Princess of Wales of the concluding half of the last century, and the manner in which their children were educated and trained for their high position, have been dealt with at some length; and it has been necessary to the coherent treatment of the subject to glance over many years and at the same time to omit

almost all reference to outside events. But those outside events were, of course, the very environment of the life of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and they were interesting enough in all conscience. In 1865 Lord Palmerston, who had become a British institution, died of old age and was honoured with a funeral in Westminster Abbey. He had taken the liveliest interest, Sir Henry Burdett tells us, in the progress and education of the Prince, who often consulted the veteran statesman and regarded him as one of his best friends. Almost immediately after Lord Palmerston's death, the long duel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, which was to

embody nearly all of the political history of many years, began to be very acute. Amongst men who had come to the fore were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Robert Cecil (now Lord Salisbury), Mr. John Bright, and Mr. Robert Lowe, who made his great mark in opposing Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill. In 1865, too, and 1866 came that tremendous wave of popular excitement over the measures used by Governor Eyre in suppressing the Jamaica rebellion, of which the world was reminded suddenly a year or so ago when Governor Eyre died, and the general feeling was one

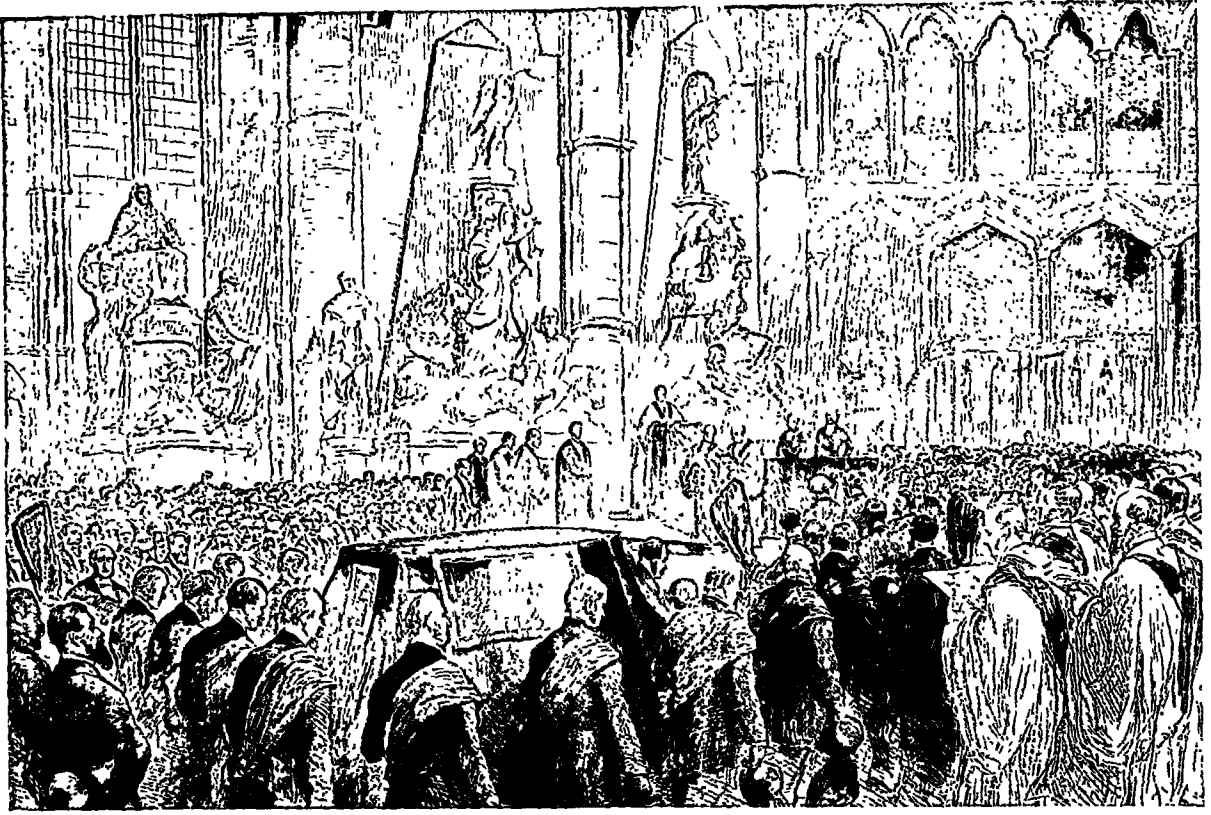
of surprise. He had passed out of public memory altogether, and if men thought of him at all, they thought of him as one dead. The prolongation of his life and the quietness of his later years enabled the public to form a moresane judgment of the quality of his acts than had been formed at the moment.

Other points of interest at the time were that the Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, opened the first Parliament after Lord Palmerston's death, and the agitation over Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill, with its accompaniment of the Hyde Park riots. The Constitution has been many times more reformed since then, and the



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1865

(From a photo by Russell & Son)



THE FUNERAL OF LORD PALMERSTON
Scene in the North Transept, Westminster Abbey
(From an engraving)

question how much the Hyde Park riots had to do with the ultimate passing of the Reform Act has now become merely academic. Very much more important is it to note that in 1866 the Atlantic Cable, after many efforts, was finally laid. It was in connection with this that the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the huge steamer *Great Eastern*, then lying at Sheerness, and it is curious to note

that, whereas in those days the *Great Eastern*, after having done her great work, came soon to be regarded as a white elephant because of her enormous size, and was rarely used for any purpose whatsoever, the whole tendency of modern shipbuilding is to make merchant ships bigger and bigger every year. The *Great Eastern* was born before her time; that was all.



THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL, 1865
(From an engraving by D. J. Pound)



LORD SALISBURY, 1865
(From a photo by John Watkins)



THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, 1865
(From a photo by John Watkins)



GOVERNOR EYRE IN 1865

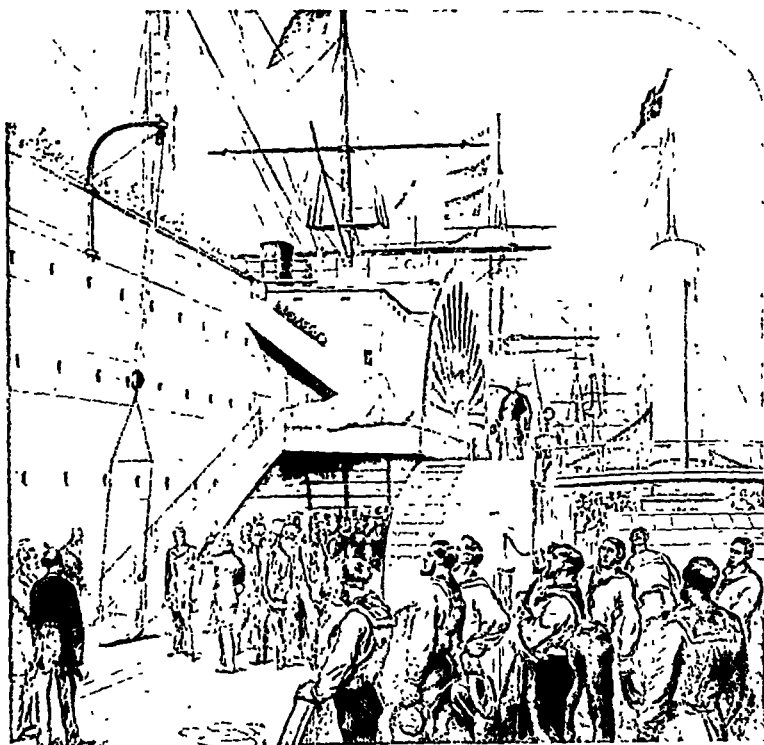
(From a photo by H. Hering)

beyond the Seas, in which the manifestations of loyalty and of Imperial community were both colossal and grateful, I am convinced absolutely that the development of communication by cable, by ship and by rail, is of simply paramount importance to our well-being, and to our strength as a people who have interests all over the globe. Much progress has been made in that direction lately, more is being made now, and it is abundantly certain that more still will be seen in the immediate future. More cables and cheaper cablegrams are essential to prosperity and to unity alike. The Empire is one great body, of which Great Britain is the heart and the centre. Even now the circulation of the blood of important news is far weaker than it ought to be, especially between Australia and London. The reason is not far to seek. It is to be found partly in the expense of cablegrams, partly in an agreement between a number of Australasian newspaper proprietors, by which, vastly to the profit of these prosperous gentlemen, news from London to Australia is cut down

But in laying the Atlantic Cable the *Great Eastern* performed a work which, from all other points of view than that of the shareholders, was of incalculable value. Having returned but a short time ago from that Imperial Tour in which the present Prince of Wales visited the greater part of the King's Dominions

to the smallest possible limit, and is obtained through one agency only. That sort of thing cannot last; and cablegrams are already much cheaper than they were a year or two ago, but they must grow much cheaper still. Also competition will soon give ampler and better news to Australia.

No apology is required—certainly none shall be offered—for a digression which is apparent rather than real. Instead, and by way of showing the vital importance of cable communication and of cheapening it, an illustration of inconvenience due to its dearth shall be given. In the course of the last session of the Federal Parliament of Australia, the Alien Immigration Bill was in discussion. It undoubtedly involved, if it were passed, for good or evil, the gradual suppression of all Kanaka labour in Australia, the consequent extinction of the greater part of the sugar industry of Northern Queensland, and possibly complications with the Japanese, with whom the Foreign Office must at that time have been in close negotiation concerning that treaty of alliance which has since then been signed and made public. Yet it is not too much to say that London knew practically nothing of the Alien Immigration Bill, of its scope, or of its certain tendencies, until



KING EDWARD VISITING THE "GREAT EASTERN" TO INSPECT THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, 1865

(From an engraving)

it was actually in the state of readiness for the Royal assent, and until the sugar-planters of Queensland had petitioned Lord Hopetoun to represent to his Majesty that the Royal assent ought not to be given by him (Lord Hopetoun), as representing his Majesty, until a Royal Commission had inquired into the complaint of the Queensland planters. That, clearly, is not a state of things that ought to exist with regard to the conduct of important business of a world-wide Empire.

Another curious illustration was the New South Wales Arbitration Act, a scheme of the most drastic kind, for the settlement of labour disputes, of which practically the first thing heard in England was a long but still not sufficiently complete Reuter message, summarising the measure, and stating that it was an accomplished fact. All the great newspapers had leading articles on the subject; all of them declared that judgment must be reserved pending the transmission of the text of the Bill. The text of the Bill must have been in England long ago; but, since the subject had ceased to be uppermost in the public mind, it has not received attention, so that we have to look back upon a measure of first-rate importance, affecting the very existence of the trade of a whole Australian State, passed into law before England had heard of it, commented upon with inadequate information, and finally not criticised at all when the whole facts were accessible. That, again, is distinctly not business.

The Atlantic Cable, then, was the beginning of that indispensable circulation of news which is even yet very imperfect, and emphatically it was a great event in which the Prince of Wales of that day did well to show his eager and intelligent interest. Further, it and the tremendous exertions of Lord Durham, Sir William Molesworth and others, paved the way for

the grant to Canada of that new Constitution which began to be formed when Lord Granville's Bill for the Federation of the North American provinces of the British Empire had become law. Then it was that Ontario and Quebec, or Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick became the Dominion of Canada, into which Manitoba was admitted in 1870, British Columbia and Vancouver's Island in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873.

These were, from our present point of view, the most important events of the period which is at present under consideration. At home, there was abundant trouble in the shape of the Fenian movement, into

which, for many and obvious reasons, it is not proposed to enter, save for the purpose of mentioning that in later times, which really hardly belong to the present chapter, but are not likely to be treated in any other, and may therefore be alluded to, it afforded James Russell Lowell, when he was American Minister to Great Britain, an opportunity of showing tact and firmness, of which he availed himself in a manner which was never fully understood until his life was published last year

("James Russell Lowell": two volumes: by H. E. Scudder. Macmillan, 1901). Few people who have not read these interesting volumes are aware how ingeniously the Irish Americans tried to bring about war between the United States and Great Britain for their own purposes, or how neatly and firmly Lowell, although he was himself somewhat inclined to be a Home Ruler on principle, met them. One instance of this is distinctly worth giving, and it is contained in the despatch from Lowell to his own Government, dated June 4, 1881:

"Amongst the most violent are often the Irishmen who have been naturalised



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



PRINCE BISMARCK

in America, and then gone back to Ireland with the hope, and sometimes, I am justified in saying, with the deliberate intention of disturbing the friendly relations between the United States and England. Such a one called upon me the other day. His name was —, naturalised in 1875 at Baltimore, and going over to Ireland immediately after on the plea that his health could not resist the American climate. He is, now at least, a remarkably robust and florid man. He told me that he was a draper in Charleville, County Cork, and, hearing that a warrant was out for his arrest, he had come over to London to claim my protection. He had been acting as treasurer of the Land League in that place.

He professed not to know on what grounds the warrant had been issued, but I satisfied myself in the course of our conversation that he knew perfectly well it was for seditious language and incitement to violence. He favoured me with a good deal of a sort of rhetoric with a manner that implied no earnestness of conviction, and as if repeating something he had learned by rote. He several times repeated that the 'best thing would be a war between England and the United States.'

After hearing this man's talk, my belief was that he had purposely exposed himself to the chances of arrest in the hope of adding to the difficulties of the Government. I asked him if he had considered the enormous interests at stake, quite apart from any normal consideration, and that England was our greatest customer for cattle, corn, and cotton? He merely repeated what he had said before as to the desirability of war. — declared that he meant to return to America whenever his health would permit, but admitted that it would take at least five years to wind up his business, and I think his intention may fairly be questioned. As he declared himself ready to be quiet for the future if not arrested, I

thought it prudent to mention his name unofficially to Lord Granville, and to suggest that the warrant should not be put in force unless further offence were given.

"I have spoken at some length of his case, because I think it of some importance that the Department should be informed as to the kind of persons who may ask its intervention, and as to the doctrines they preach. Under ordinary circumstances they would be harmless, and are made mischievous only by the



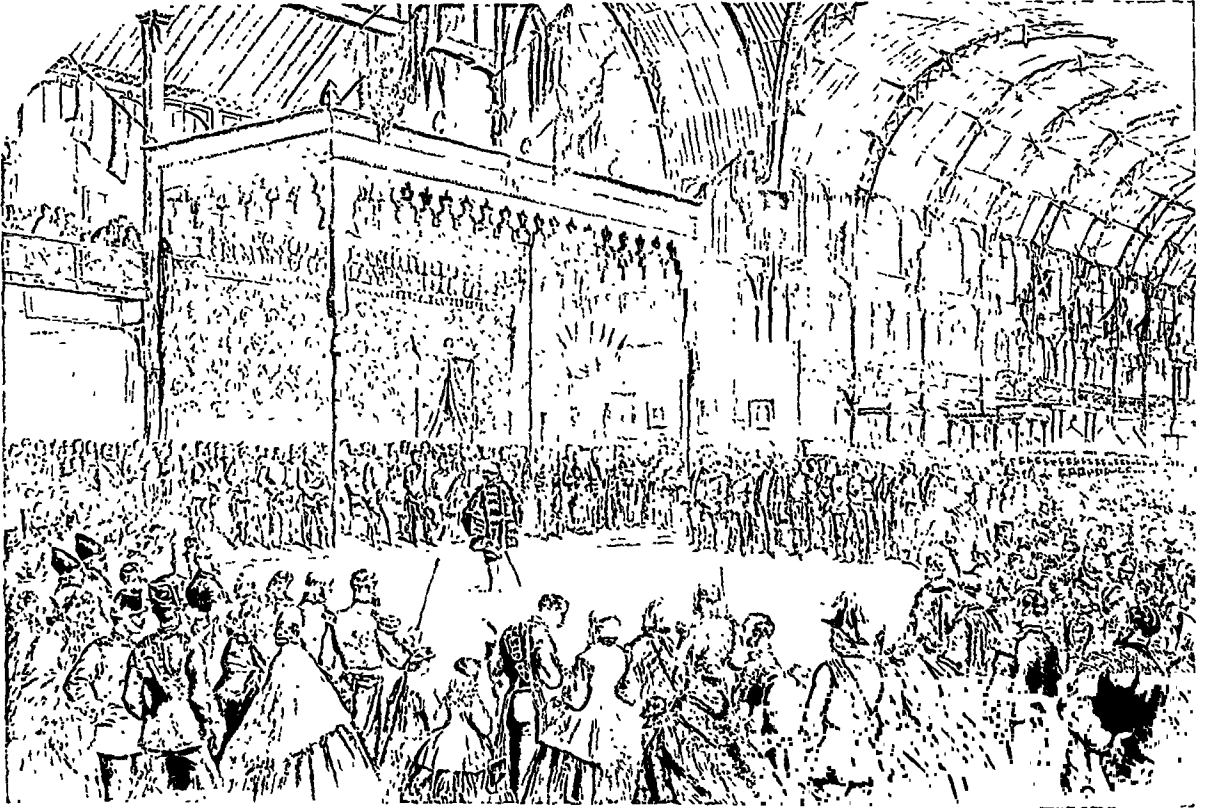
PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRINCE IMPERIAL, 1879



THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE VALLEY OF ILYOTOZI, 1879

excited state of the country. My own judgment is that the Ministry have gone to the extreme limit of public opinion in their concessions to Irish necessities ; that they are perfectly honest in their desire to be generally just, and that the best friends of Ireland are not those who, however sincerely, throw obstacles in their way. The real cure, which I believe to be a larger measure of Home Rule, will be made easier by the better state of things which, in the opinion of those best competent to judge, is likely to result from the passage of the Land Bill."

struggle. The Princess Royal, the Queen's daughter, the Prince of Wales's sister, was the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was an heroic figure in that war. The Princess of Wales—although the story is doubtless untrue that she once said laughingly that the choicest gift that could be made to her would be Bismarck's head on a charger—could hardly have failed to long for the defeat of those who had shorn her fatherland, by this time also her father's kingdom, of territory. Again, as there has been occasion to say in an earlier part of this work,



KING EDWARD OPENING THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865

(From an engraving)

Interesting, too, were the Sultan's visit to England in 1877, and Napier's Abyssinian Expedition. Then 1870 was a great year, marked by the death of Dickens, for whom the Prince of Wales had always had a warm attachment ; by the introduction of Mr. Forster's Education Bill, undoubtedly the most far-reaching enactment of modern times ; and by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. With the colossal blunder of the third Napoleon, and its causes, and with Bismarck's triumph this work has fortunately no concern. What is interesting is to note that the Royal Family of England were painfully interested in many ways in the issue of the

and as subsequent history has proved plainly, both the Queen and the Prince of Wales had a warm personal feeling of regard for the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. They illustrated it afterwards by unremitting kindness to the Emperor when he was deposed, and to the Empress when she was widowed. They showed it by allowing the Prince Imperial not only to join the British army, but even to go on active service, and by their acute sorrow when he fell in the service of his adopted country. But at the time their feelings must have been, and were, very painful.

Let us turn aside from these great events of the

outer world to others, some of them partly public and partly personal, some of them purely personal and domestic, but not for that reason the less interesting. In 1865, the Prince of Wales, who already knew Ireland fairly well as a tourist and as a soldier—the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to him when he was at the Curragh will, not have been forgotten—paid his first State visit to Dublin on the occasion of the opening of the International Exhibition on May 9. It was a great municipal demonstration, in which the Lord Mayor of Dublin extended his hospitality to the Lords Mayor of London and York, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and the Mayors of Cork and Londonderry. One face, that of the Princess of Wales, was sadly missed, but the reason of her absence was apparent not long afterwards when her second son, now Prince of Wales, was born.

Later, in the same summer, however, the Princess, by this time the joyful mother of two sons, was able to accompany her husband to Cornwall, and to gladden the hearts of "Tre, Pol, and Pen" by descending not only underground but also undersea into the heart of the famous Botallack Mine.

In the same year, too, the Prince of Wales made a handsome subscription to the Hyde Park Corner improvements, which were sadly needed. Then, in

August, York was visited by the whole family on their way to see Lord de Grey and Ripon at Studley Royal. There were agricultural and other exhibitions to be visited, and, in spite of pouring rain, the Prince stood up bareheaded in the carriage, and a memorial window to the Prince Consort was unveiled in the Cathedral. After this the Prince and Princess visited

Studley Royal, which, with the adjacent and beautiful ruins of Fountains Abbey, is distinctly one of the historic places of England.

For the Princess, the most interesting event of the year by a long way was the visit of her mother, the Queen of Denmark, to Sandringham, for, as we see to this day, the Royal Family of Denmark are remarkable for their warmth of family affection. At that time the Prince of Wales was at St. Petersburg, where another of the Queen of Denmark's daughters, Princess Dagmar, was being married to the



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA DESCENDING THE BOTALLACK TIN MINE, CORNWALL

(From a engraving)

Czarewitch. But, on his way, he stopped at Berlin and at Potsdam, and in the "Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus" (2nd Series: Cassell and Co., 1894) some interesting notes on the German part of the visit are recorded. At Potsdam his Royal Highness visited the new Palace, the summer residence of his eldest sister and the Crown Prince. He was received with great cordiality by the King at Babelsberg, and visited the Queen

Dowager at Sans Souci. Not only did he attend a State dinner, but also he was present at the usual Sunday dinner given by the Queen Dowager to the members of the Royal Family. A pleasant and homely gathering, when you come to think of it. Lord Augustus Loftus refers in all sincerity to the exceedingly kind and affectionate interest manifested by the King of Prussia in the Prince of Wales, and to Lord Augustus Loftus's book the world is indebted for the account of the impression made upon the Prince of Wales by the festivities at St. Peters-

family. I may here observe that by his Royal Highness's extreme tact and amiability, by his dignified bearing and ingratiating manners, he has acquired a popularity in every country, and at every Court which he has visited, which has been rarely, if ever, accorded to a Royal prince, and which in many cases has been of intrinsic value to his country."

Over 1867 it is necessary to glide very rapidly. Early in its course, the Prince of Wales, albeit greatly interested in maritime affairs, declined to become Grand Master of the Trinity House, an d



FOUNTAINS ABBEY

(From a photo by Valentine & Sons)

burg and of the impression made upon Lord Augustus Loftus by the Prince of Wales.

An unpleasant but fortunately harmless incident occurred on the way from St. Petersburg to Berlin, for shortly after leaving Königsberg the Royal saloon caught fire, and the Prince was obliged to change carriages. It was in December that he received Lord Augustus Loftus, who went to "present my felicitations on the anniversary of the Princess of Wales's birthday. His Royal Highness appeared greatly to have enjoyed his trip. Nothing could exceed the kind attentions he had received from the Emperor, and Empress and Imperial

pointed out that his naval brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, would be a far more fitting recipient of the honour. In later days the Duke of Edinburgh was succeeded by the Duke of York, and the *Ophir*, at every port during the Imperial Tour when the Duke of Cornwall and York was on board, flew two flags, which were usually misdescribed. The first of them was the Prince of Wales's Standard, which differs from the Royal Standard by having a lozenge in the middle, but was none the less commonly described as the Royal Standard; and the second was the flag of the Grand Master of Trinity House, whereas it was nearly always called the Trinity House



WILLIAM I. KING OF PRUSSIA

(From a photograph)

flag, which is far less distinguished, seeing that only one personage in the world can fly the Grand Master's flag, and he is the successor in title of William IV., the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Palmerston and of the Duke of York.

In the summer, too, came the Clerkenwell explosion, interesting to us now, not by reason of the political controversies which arose concerning it, but because the sufferers were taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which the Prince was president, and were there visited not only by the Prince but by the Princess also.

But to the Royal Family the events of the year were the birth of Princess Alice Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, who was subsequently married to the Duke of Fife, and the subsequent and somewhat serious illness of the Princess of Wales.

1868 was the year in which the Prince and Princess of Wales paid their State visit together to Ireland, and Sir Henry Burdett records many interesting episodes of that visit. To begin with, as the late

Queen, when she landed in Ireland in 1849, was presented with a white dove, so in 1868 a white dove was given to the Princess as a token of peace, as soon as the Royal Yacht came to an anchor in Kingstown Harbour. (Since this episode is included in sober English prints, it may be accepted; but I cannot resist the temptation to tell the story of another white dove, also connected with Royalty, which was purely apocryphal, but none the less went round the world. The occasion was the Coronation of the Dutch Queen, so called in a somewhat Irish fashion, because it involved everything appertaining to a Coronation except the act of Coronation itself. In the course of the festivities, the Queen drove in State to a great athletic ground, and some thousands of pigeons were liberated to celebrate the event. As they probably all returned to their familiar dovecots, the celebration was a cheap one; but it so fell out that, while writing the account of the day's proceedings, I was questioned by a friend, whose one desire it was to send some

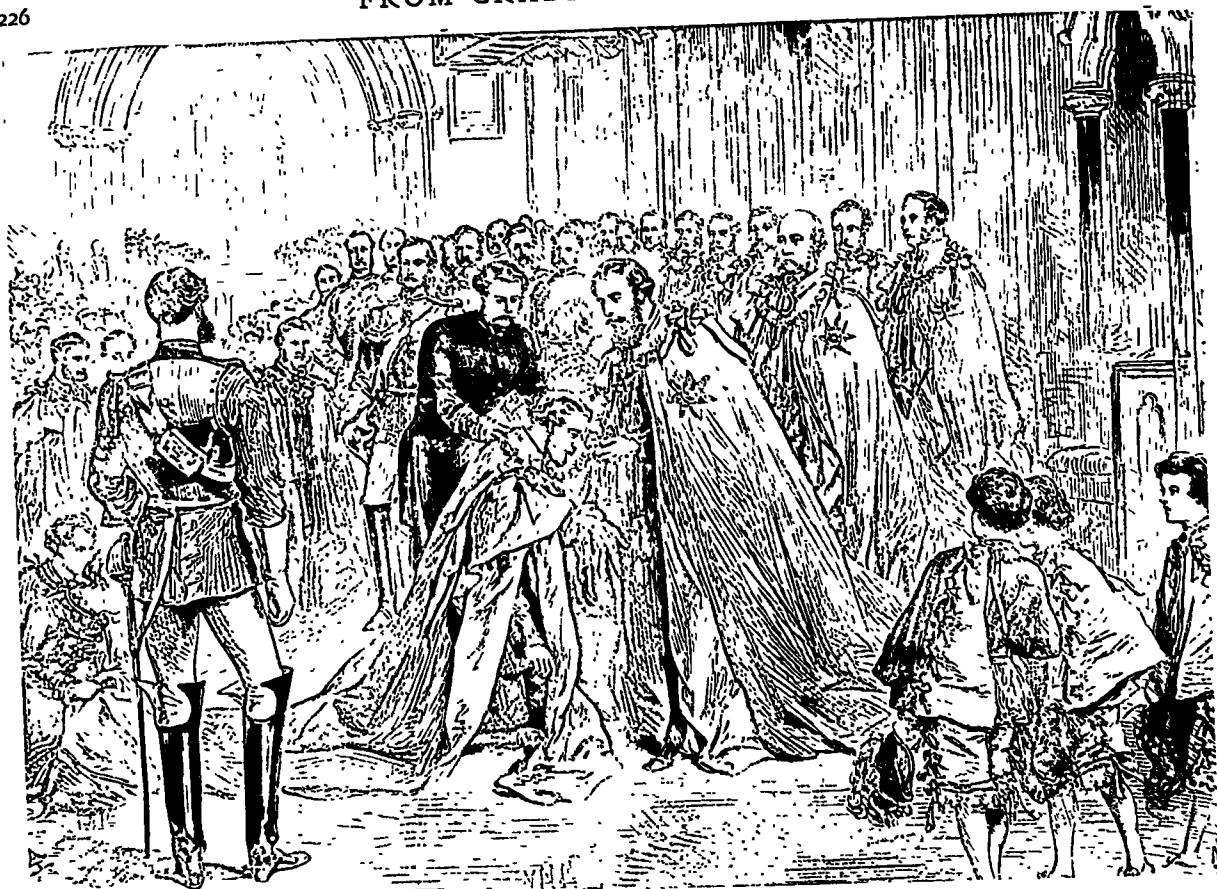


LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS

(From a photo by Byrne & Co., Richmond)

EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION AT THE HOUSE OF DETENTION, CLERKENWELL

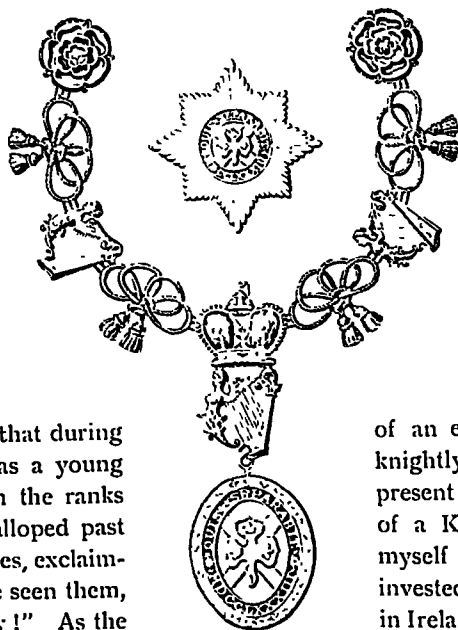
(From an engraving)



THE GRAND MASTER INVESTING KING EDWARD WITH THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN, 1868
(From an engraving)

item of out-of-the-way news to the United States by cable. He wanted not news but a "story." He had not got one. So, said I: "Did you not see that white dove which alighted on the Royal carriage when they were all set loose?" Said he, "No." "Nor did I, but I saw it in the spirit," and it is a literal truth that that fabulous dove appeared in the newspapers of every continent!)

Sir Henry Burdett also notes that during the entry into Dublin there was a young Irish lady who dashed through the ranks of guards on horseback and galloped past the Prince and Princess of Wales, exclaiming, "Oh, thank you all, I have seen them, and I shall go home happy now!" As the lady was Irish, it is perfectly safe to say that her utterance was misreported, for she is sure to have said, "I *will* go home happy now!" She would not have been Irish



THE COLLAR AND
BADGE OF A KNIGHT
OF ST. PATRICK

had she used her future tenses rightly. However, whatever her words were, the Prince with his usual tact rose to the occasion, and took off his hat to the daring, and probably charming, intruder.

In Dublin, too, the Prince was invested with the Order of St. Patrick, with full ceremony in St. Patrick's Cathedral. And this, it may be added from the testimony of an eye-witness, is one of the prettiest knightly ceremonies which endures to the present day. For the light blue mantle of a Knight of St. Patrick, in which I myself saw the present Prince of Wales invested during his well-remembered tour in Ireland, is distinctly the most picturesque robe ever worn by any layman, and almost as beautiful as the crimson vestment worn by the Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

Concerning this Irish visit, a really excellent article in the *Times* has been quoted so often that there need be no hesitation in reproducing it :

"There were presentations and receptions, and receiving, and answering addresses, processions, walking, riding, and driving, in morning and evening, military, academic, and mediæval attire. The Prince had to breakfast, lunch, dine, and sup with more or less publicity, every twenty-four hours. He had to go twice to races, with fifty or a hundred thousand people about him; to review a small army, and make a tour in the Wicklow Mountains, of course everywhere receiving addresses under canopies, and dining in State under galleries full of spectators.

"He visited and inspected institutions, colleges, universities, academies, libraries, and cattle shows. He had to take a very active part in assemblies of from several hundred to several thousand dancers, and always to select for his

partners the most important personages. He had to introduce the statue of Burke to the wind and rain of his country. He had to listen to many speeches sufficiently to know when and what to answer. He had to examine with respectful interest pictures, books, antiquities, relics, manuscripts, specimens, bones, fossils, prize beasts, and works of Irish art. He had never to be unequal to the occasion, however different from the last, and whatever his disadvantage as to the novelty or dulness of the matter and the scene.

"He was always before persons who were there

at home on their own ground, and amid persons and objects familiar to them, and sometimes in a manner made by them. Be it cardinal, chancellor, rector, mayor, commanding officer, president, chairman, or local deputation, he had to hold his own, without ever seeming to do so—that is, without effort or self-assertion. All this he had to do continually for ten days. Now, men of common mould know what an anxious thing it is to have to do this even once, and how utterly they may be upset by

the concurrence of two or three such occasions. As a result, everybody was satisfied, loyalty triumphed, and neither the Prince nor Princess were any the worse for their truly herculean labours in Ireland."

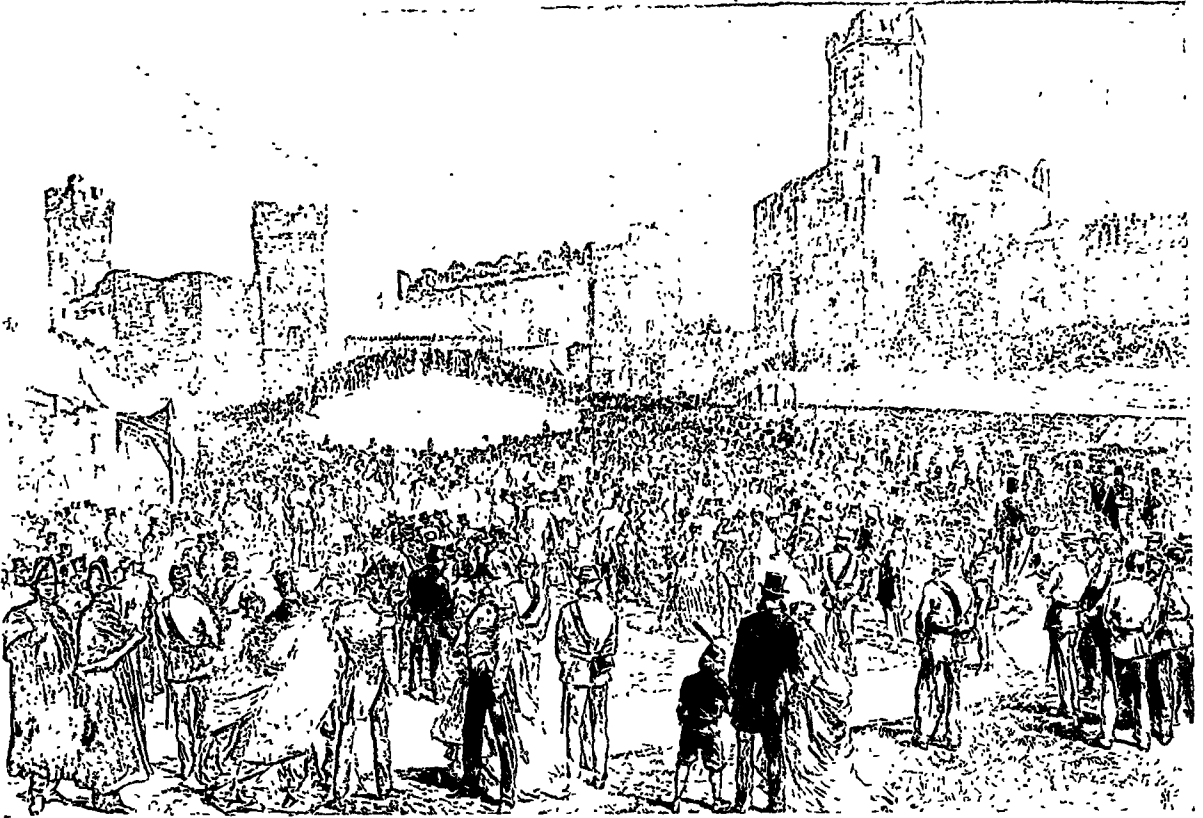
On the whole the reception does seem to have been a good one; but the courtly fashion of the day persuaded the chroniclers to shut their eyes to some incidents of the Royal visit which were not so pleasant. The mass of the Irish people behaved



THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, THE PRINCE OF WALES
AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, 1867

(Photo by Russell & Sons)

well; but it is a matter of common knowledge that in a few isolated instances the Princess of Wales was grossly insulted by banners and legends of the most outrageous character, exposed by excited members of the Fenian movement. It has even been said that she vowed never to set foot in Ireland again. It was on the way back from Ireland that the Prince and Princess of Wales visited North Wales, one of the most appropriate places touched at being Carnarvon Castle, which was inspected under the guidance of Sir Llewelyn Turner of Parkia, the learned and enthusiastic Deputy Con-



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE UPPER CASTLE YARD, CARNARVON CASTLE, 1868

(From a drawing by C. Robinson)

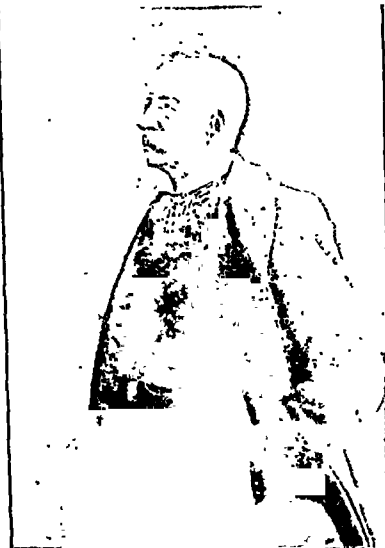
stable of the Castle. With him the Royal travellers inspected the traditional birthplace of the first Prince of Wales, and Sir Llewelyn Turner remembers to this day (when he is over eighty years old), the kindness and the interest of Prince and Princess. Later, in July 1894, he performed the like pleasure and duty in showing the beauties of the Castle to Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, who sent him their portraits.

In November began one of the most interesting journeys ever undertaken by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the form of a tour in the Mediterranean, and through Egypt and Palestine, which lasted until May of the following year. H.M.S. *Ariadne* was fitted out for the accommodation of the Royal tourists during this trip, a large glass structure being built on deck, so that the man-of-war was altered beyond recognition. I have been

fortunate enough to meet a middle-aged naval officer of to-day who, as a sub-lieutenant in the *Ariadne* on this occasion, remembers with pleasure the gracious manner of the Prince and Princess when the officers dined with them in rotation, as the officers

of the *Ophir* did with the Prince and Princess of Wales last year, and he recalls a little incident which has not been reported publicly before. It involved an escape of the Princess by only a few minutes from serious injury at least; for on the way back from Egypt the *Ariadne* put into Constantinople, and just after the Princess had left the ship there was a collision, which brought the whole glass structure down with a run.

In Egypt the Royal party were in charge of Sir Samuel Baker, than whom no better cicerone could have been found, and the vessel in which they went up the Nile carried also Prince Louis of



SIR LLEWELYN TURNER

(From a photo)

Battenberg, then a midshipman of the *Ariadne*, between whom and the King (as he is now) there has always been a close friendship. Perhaps the most interesting event of the Egyptian portion of the tour was a fancy ball at Ismailia, attended by the Prince and Princess, and following upon a dinner given by Monsieur de Lesseps to the visitors and the officers of the Suez Canal Company. It was in the course of this ball, Messrs. Douglas Murray and White tell us ("Sir Samuel Baker—a Memoir": Macmillan, 1895), that the Khedive started his idea of nominating Sir Samuel Baker as the commander of an anti-slave trade expedition on the White Nile; and it is clear from the book of Dr. (now Sir W. H.) Russell, that the "final arrangement was entirely due to the Prince of Wales, who highly approved the expedition, and suggested the conditions of service, which the Viceroy proposed to Sir Samuel Baker."

The whole Egyptian expedition was entirely successful, not only by reason of the gorgeous entertain-

ments given by the Khedive, but also because the Royal wanderers saw more of Mohammedan customs than the Prince himself had seen on a previous occasion. He, of course, was travelling over old ground, and he was tracing past steps again also in the Holy Land, although it appears probable that Sir Henry Burdett is mistaken in his account which he gives of this part of the tour. He writes: "A great sensation was caused by His Royal Highness entering the Cave of Macpelah," and goes on to describe the precautions which were taken by the Turkish authorities, and to say that, "This expedition was not without value, apart from its interest, as it has

enabled scholars to form a correct judgment of the biblical descriptions of many matters relating to this spot and its sacred associations." This would have been perfectly correct if it had been ante-dated by a year or two, for, as readers of this work are aware, the Prince had visited the Cave of Macpelah on his first Eastern tour, and it is no disrespect to the Prince



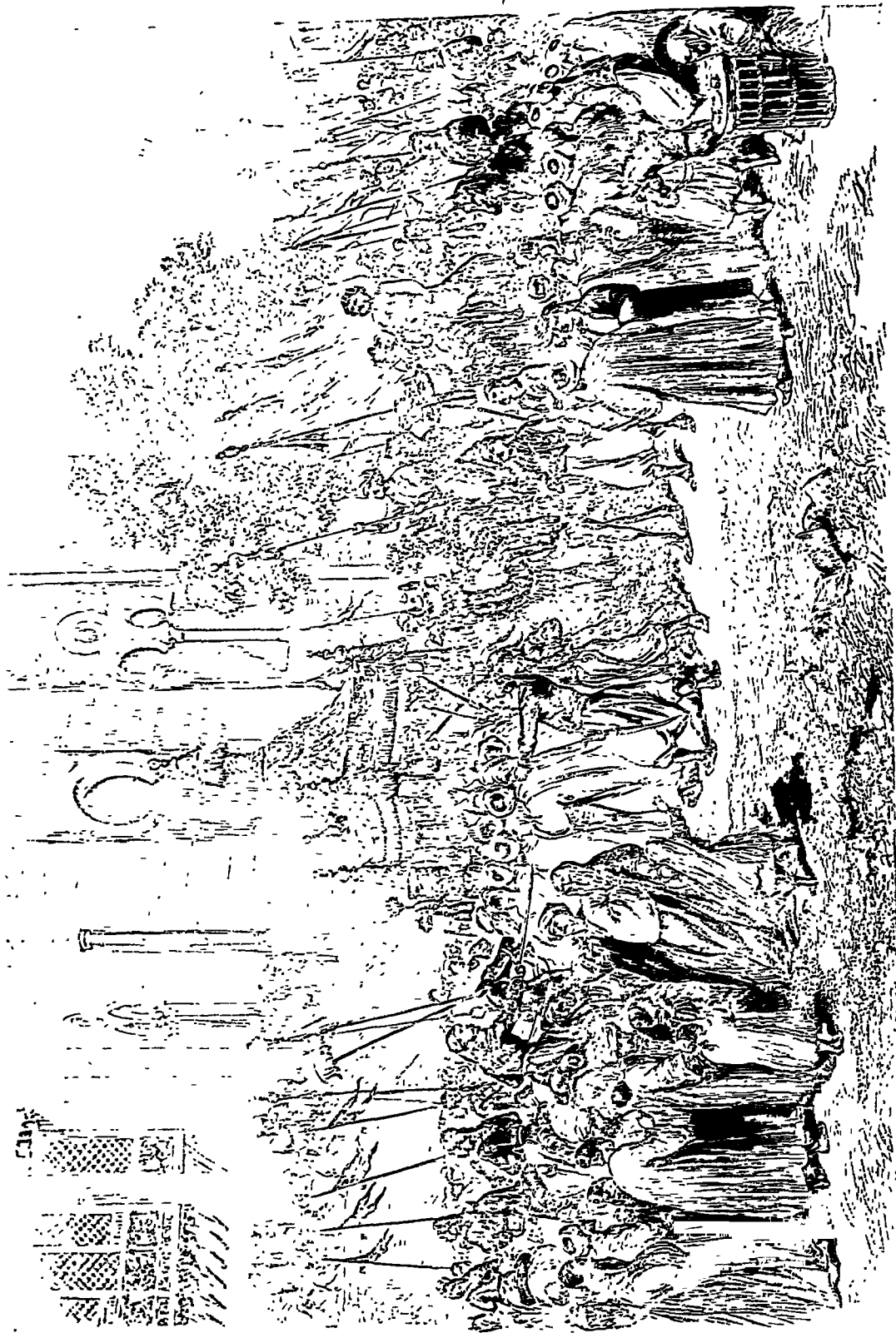
SIR SAMUEL BAKER

(From photo by Elliott & Fry)



RECEPTION OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA BY THE VICEROY OF EGYPT AT CAIRO, 1869

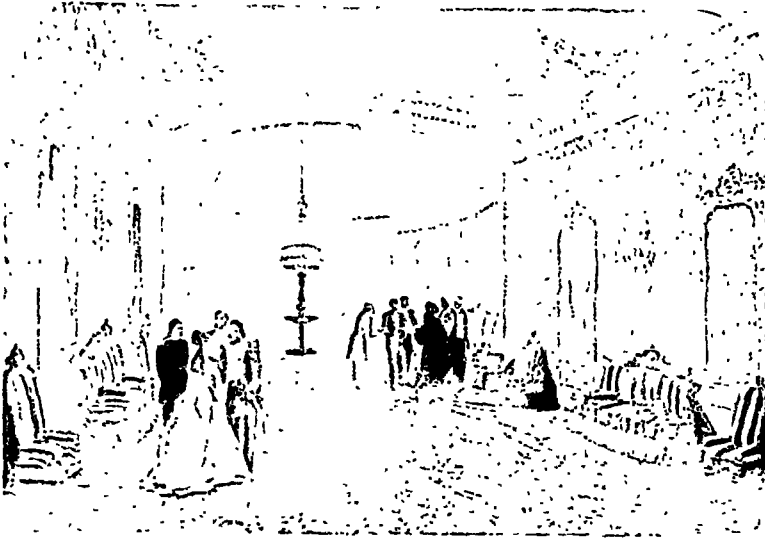
(From an engraving)



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN EGYPT 1869

Procession of the Holy Carpet at Cairo

(From an engraving)



THE KING AND QUEEN'S VISIT TO EGYPT, 1869
The Palace of Esbekieh, Cairo
(From an engraving)

to say that the presence of Professor Stanley on that occasion was of infinitely greater service to biblical study than that of the notabilities who accompanied the Prince on his second tour to the East. For Stanley was beyond question the greatest authority in the world upon the annals and topography of the Holy Land. The Prince's companions were distinguished, but in knowledge of biblical learning could not be compared to Stanley.

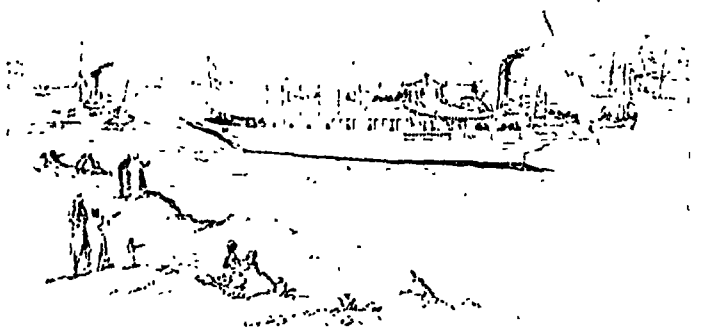
On the return journey the Crimea was visited, and there the Royal party had the advantage of the guidance of Russell, whose authority in matters connected with the Crimea was equal to that of Stanley on Palestine. There is preserved at Sandringham a rusted revolver which the present Queen picked up on this occasion. Then, a visit to Athens and the King of the Hellenes, the Princess of Wales's brother, was keenly enjoyed, and the memory of it is still grateful to the naval officers who were present. Also, the Prince of Wales, always a first-rate shot, had some capital sport with the Albanian wild boars.

The next great and long event of importance which requires to be chronicled is the Prince's illness of 1871. It was in November of that year that Princess Alice,

writing to the Queen, desecated upon the happiness of a birthday party at Sandringham. Very shortly after that, the Prince and Lord Chesterfield paid a visit to Lord Londesborough (the Prince being attended by a groom named Blegge), and subsequently the Prince went to the house of his familiar friend Lord Carrington, at Gayhurst. He had hardly got back to Sandringham when typhoid fever made him its victim, and for the next few weeks the nation was sick with anxiety, and Doctors Jenner, Gull, Clayton, and Lowe were in constant attendance. It

is hardly necessary at this distance of time to follow the dangerous malady through all its courses. Interesting is it rather to take from a source not commonly quoted an impression of the state of public opinion and public feeling during these terrible days. Lord Augustus Loftus writes :

"On leaving Baden we went to London. We arrived at the time of the grave illness of the Prince of Wales, and I was obliged to defer my departure for St. Petersburg until the Queen was able to grant me an audience. It was a most anxious moment, for the Prince's life hung on a thread. All classes of the nation were shrouded in gloom and anxiety : crowds gathered round the telegraph-offices till late in the night to learn the last bulletin, and every-



KING EDWARD'S NILE BOAT

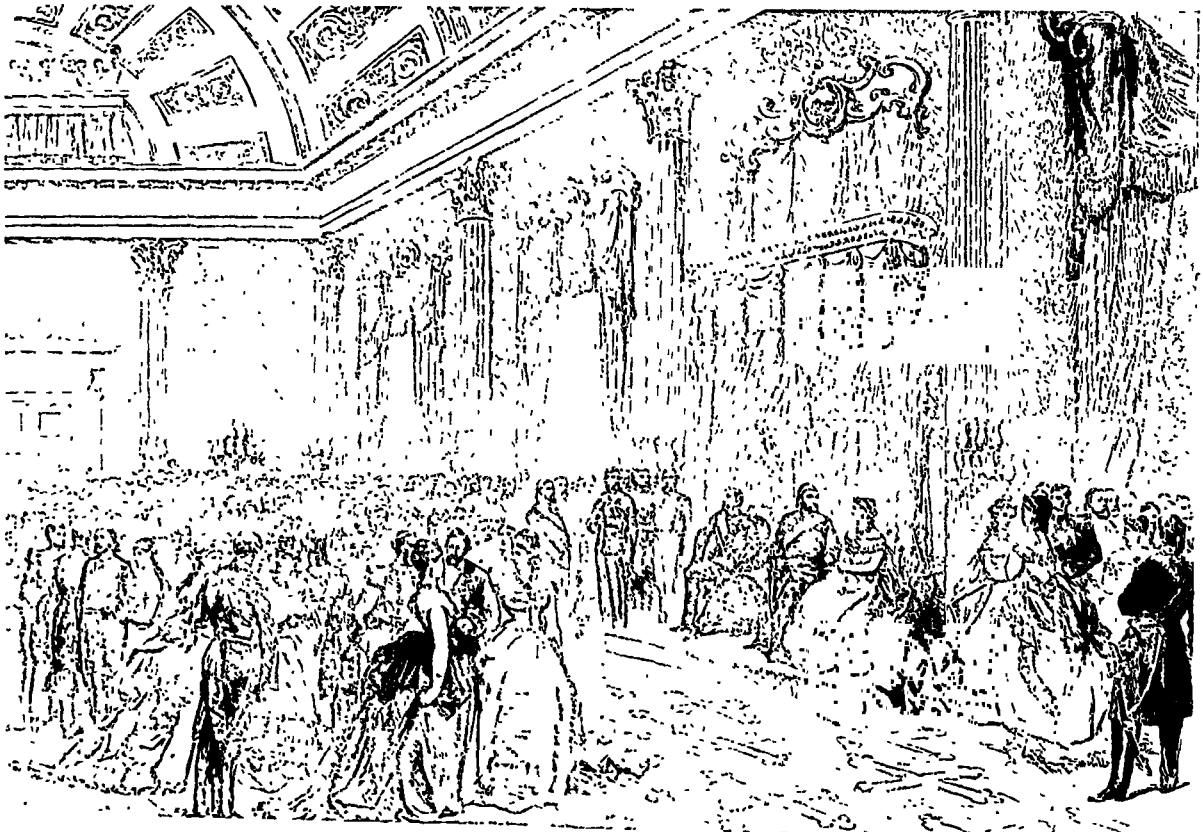
where the deepest interest and sympathy were manifested. Prayers were offered up in all the churches for the Prince. Those prayers were graciously answered by the Almighty Ruler of events, and the life of the Prince was mercifully spared to the nation. It is on such occasions that the innate loyalty of the British nation is instinctively shown, and it was never more expressively evinced than during the illness of the Prince, which had called forth the deepest sympathy, not only in the vast dominions of the Queen, but throughout the world at large. His popularity was universal, and by his gracious, genial, and winning manners, and his consummate tact, he won the hearts of all who approached him."

The story that the Prince of Wales was in a critical state and that he asked for a glass of beer, which was permitted to be given to him, in the despairing consciousness that he was in such a condition that nothing could do him any harm, must, it is to be feared, be dismissed as apocryphal. On the other hand, there is a true story, not hitherto published, which is quite amusing now that it is possible to look back cheerfully upon those days of stress and misery. It happened that the Pope Pius IX. offered special intercession for the recovery

of the Prince, and a pious Roman Catholic asked Sir William Gull whether it was not the fact that the Prince's turn for the better exactly synchronised with the intercession of his Holiness. "Certainly," replied the great physician, "but his Holiness took very good care to make the intercession on the twenty-first day." Now, as everybody knows, typhoid fever runs in seven-day periods.

The Prince was nursed throughout by the Princess of Wales and by Princess Alice, and the Queen herself stayed at Sandringham from the 29th of November.

Fortunately, by Christmas, there was room for distinct hope, and the last bulletin was issued on the 14th of January. The unlucky groom, however, who also caught the malady, died, being visited by the Princess, in spite of her own anxiety, on his death-bed; and Lord Chesterfield died also. But the life of the Prince of Wales was mercifully preserved, and by universal consent it was determined that the joy and gratitude of the nation should be expressed by a thanksgiving service. That service itself, and the procession through London to St. Paul's, is too great a matter to be disposed of at the end of a chapter by one who was himself a witness and participator in it. Let this chapter then close.



BALL AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY CONSTANTINOPLE, IN HONOUR OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA, 1867

(From an engraving)



KING EDWARD AND THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG IN 1870

(From the photograph by W. & D. Downey)

CHAPTER XII

"Bear witness, that rememberable day,
When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince
Who scarce had plucked his flickering life again
From half-way down the shadow of the grave,
Past thro' the people and their love,
And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Her trebled millions and loud leagues of man."

theatre, the turf, and even a quiet game of cards in the same way as any other man. In other words, he has good spirits and abundant vitality; and



THOSE who have read the foregoing chapters will remember numerous passages which leave no doubt that in matters connected with religion the King is inspired by earnest feeling. His confidences to

Dean Stanley during the Eastern tour, his invitation to Stanley to be present at Sandringham on the following Easter Day, his regularity in observing all family anniversaries leave no room for doubt upon this point. The matter is one upon which it is necessary to speak with some frankness. All the world knows that the King is not puritanically strait-laced, that he enjoys the



SIR W. JENNER, Bart. M.D.

(Photo by Barraud)



SIR W. GULL, Bart. M.D.

(Photo by Maull & Fox)

perhaps one of the reasons why he is best beloved by his people—he is certainly the most popular Sovereign who ever occupied the throne of Great Britain—is that we all feel that he is a man like



ILLNESS OF KING EDWARD—THE BULLETIN AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

(From an engraving)



THE ROYAL CONVALESCENT

(From an engraving)

ourselves, by no means free from failings, given to amusement in its right place, but also capable of profound earnestness and deep religious feeling on a proper occasion. This was exemplified in a marked manner after his recovery from illness.

That there should be a public thanksgiving was almost in the nature of things. It would have been strange, indeed, if after all the prayers that had been offered, all the intercession that had been made, an opportunity had not been provided to the people for



THE THANKSGIVING DAY. THE LORD MAYOR WAITING FOR QUEEN VICTORIA AT TEMPLE BAR

(From the drawing by Alfred Hunt)

giving thanks in their thousands. Of the ceremonial which necessarily accompanied that thanksgiving, the Prince, as he was then, his mother and his consort were naturally the principal figures.

But half the world has forgotten—and a great part of it never knew—that the "rememberable day" at St. Paul's was not the only occasion seized by the Prince and Princess of Wales for thanksgiving for signal mercies, apart altogether from their private devotions. It was Dean Stanley who suggested that the Prince and Princess should attend a private thanksgiving service in the Abbey, together with the Crown Prince of Denmark. It was Stanley himself who met them at the west door, conducted the brief service, and preached, his text being, "I was glad when they said unto me: we will go into the House of the Lord," and he himself records of it: "It was one of those rare occasions on which I was able to say all that I wished to say."

Then, on the 27th of February, the Prince and Princess, and Queen, and many thousands of people did, indeed, go into the house of the Lord, that is to say, into St. Paul's Cathedral, which, more completely even than Westminster itself, is the shrine of English history. It was, in-

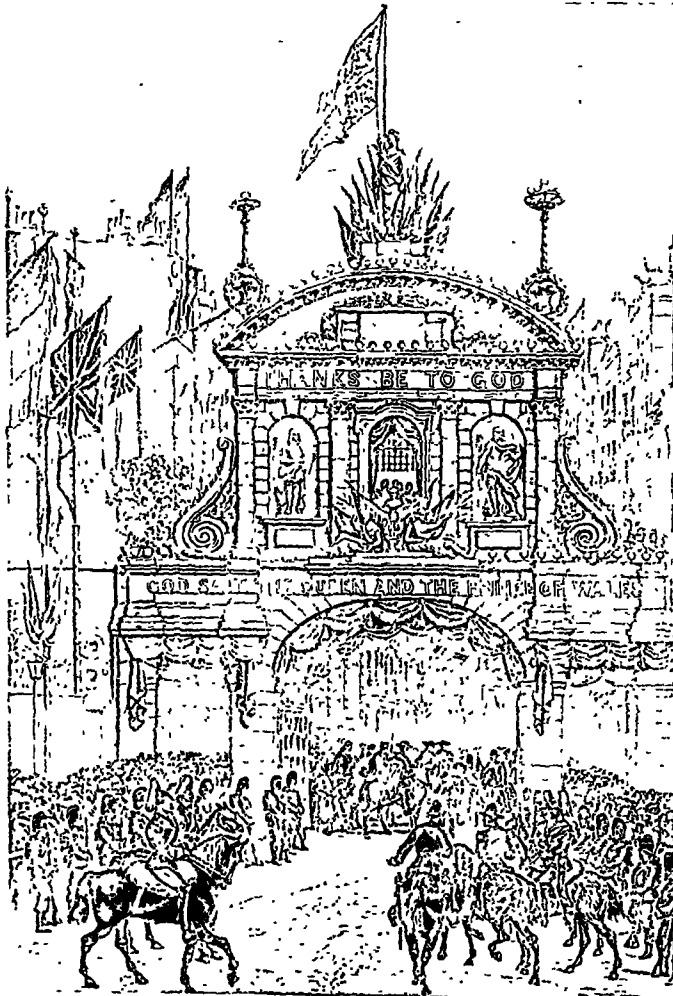


THE RIGHT HON. S. J. GIBBONS
Lord Mayor of London in 1872

deed, a great day. The correspondent of the *Gaulois* had written a little time before: "This England, which we are told is ready to become a Republic, which was accused of despising its Princes, and of having got rid of its old-fashioned ideas of loyalty—come and see it to-day in its grief and be instructed." He might have written it with even more effect concerning the day of thanksgiving, which, as Sir Henry Burdett wisely observes, was not less instructive to the English people than it was to foreigners, for it taught them how warm a place in their

hearts was held by the Prince, whom they had been by no means unready to criticise upon minor points.

The procession was a great one; the route from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's by way of the Strand and Fleet Street and back by Holborn and Oxford, was of very considerable length—nearly seven miles in fact. Every inch of it was decorated, every pavement, and every window and available housetop was crammed. Perhaps the prettiest moment of the whole was when the head of the procession came in view of Temple Bar, which, whatever its inconveniences may have been, was at any rate far more worthy to mark the entrance to the City than the nondescript heraldic beast



THE THANKSGIVING DAY. TEMPLE BAR DECORATED

(From an engraving)

which now defines the limits of the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor.

To calculate the exact numbers of the crowds was a task beyond the powers of those who were not disposed to speak rashly; and it may be said generally that all estimates of the numbers of vast masses of people are rough and untrustworthy. I have seen, for example, newspaper estimates of a crowd in Hyde Park, all of them made in good faith,

vary by as much as a quarter of a million. All that men could say confidently and accurately was that they shrank from the attempt to calculate what was, after all, immeasurable, and that since the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington there had been no crowd in London comparable to it.

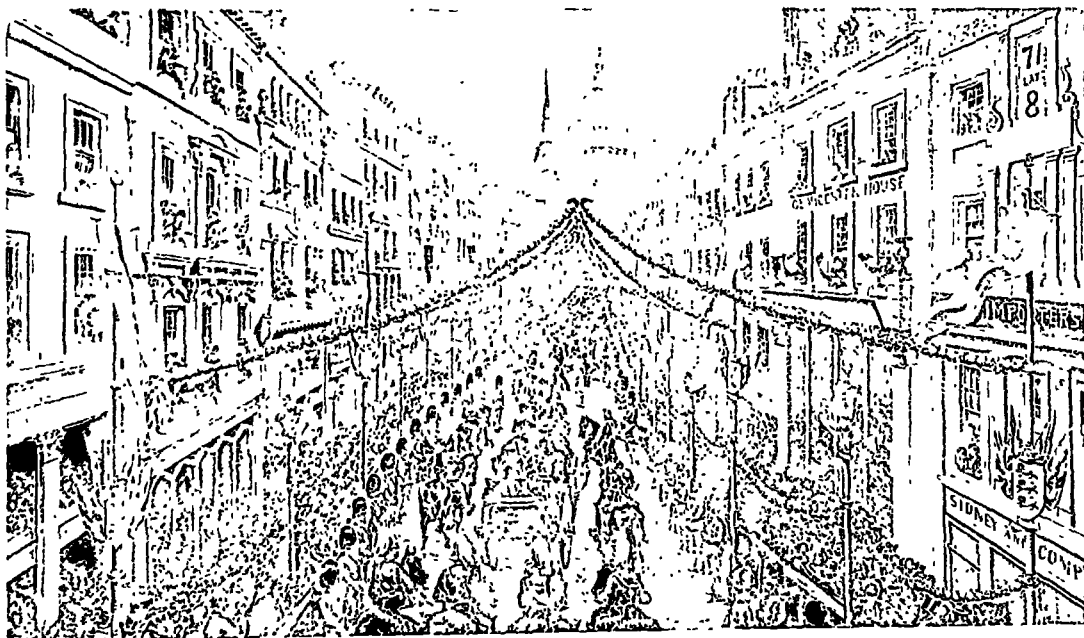
From all parts of the country people came flocking to London by the thousand. Yet in all parts of the country also there were ceremonials at



From an

THE PROCESSION AS SEEN FROM FLEET STREET

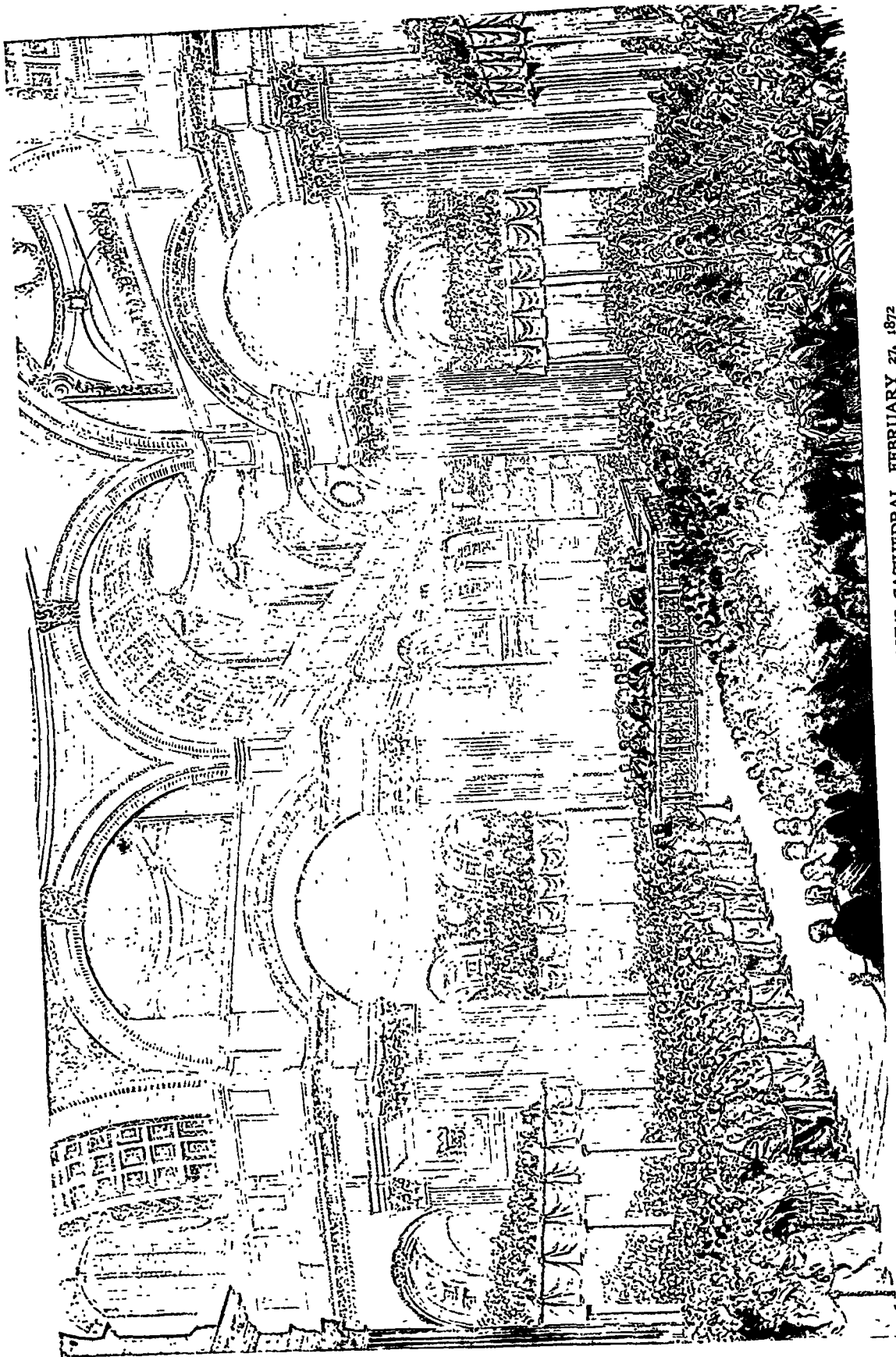
ENGRAVING



From an

THE PROCESSION PASSING UP LUDGATE HILL

ENGRAVING



THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, FEBRUARY 27, 1872

(From an engraving)



Drawn by

THE THANKSGIVING PROCESSION IN THE NAVE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

C. Robinson

men's own doors. Such ceremonials there were at Aldershot, Bath, Birmingham, Bristol, Bury St. Edmund's, Cambridge, Cardiff, Carlisle, Chatham, Colchester, Derby, Doncaster, in Dorsetshire, at Dover, Durham, Gloucester, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Lincoln, Liverpool, Lynn and Sandringham, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Reading, Sheffield, Windsor, Woolwich, Wolverhampton, Worcester, York, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, St. Andrews and Jersey, to mention a few instances.

In the colonies also,



QUEEN VICTORIA ON THANKSGIVING DAY

(From a photo by W. & D. Downes)

at Berlin, and in Calcutta there were similar demonstrations; yet, in spite of it all, there was this huge and heaving crowd, a crowd of which not the least interesting part was a large contingent of Public School-boys brought up to London for the purpose. This I remember well, for of the contingent from the Public School where I was then, one had his arm broken in the crowd by sheer pressure of weight. Sailors were there, too, as well as soldiers, and mention has been made before of the fact that the position of the Naval Brigade at St. Paul's, and on the right of the line, was due to the exertions of him

FROM CRADLE TO CROWN

who was afterwards Sir George Tryon and of Lord Goschen, then Mr. Goschen, who was his official chief. This was after a hard fight with both the Court and military authorities, the latter under the direction of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Lord Lucan, who desired first of all to place the blue-jackets in the square in front of Buckingham Palace, and later in Trafalgar Square as being particularly appropriate for seamen; but Captain Tryon and Mr. Goschen were firm, and their firmness was not less popular with the general public than in the navy. The *Times* wrote: "They are our men, we do not often see them, but we love them and are proud of them." It was an anticipation of the welcome given to the crew of the *Powerful* not long since.

Another little point worth noting is that, as in providing for the representation of the Public Schools the opportunity of impressing young minds of the higher class was not lost, so by

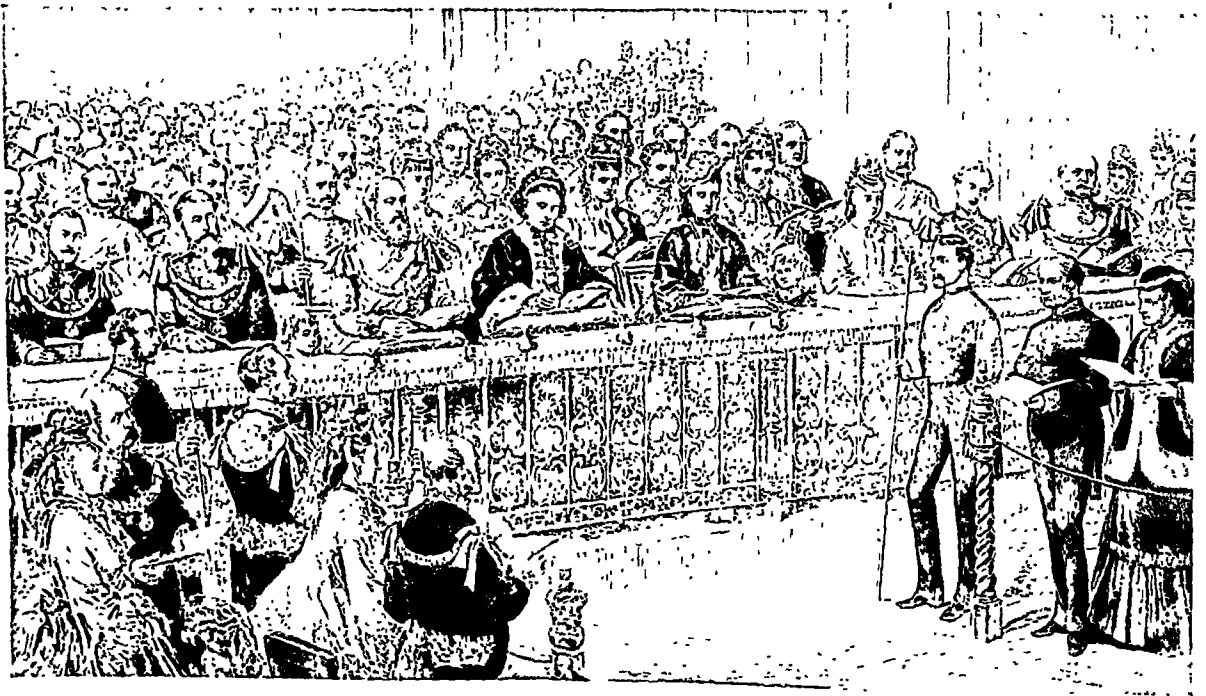


PRINCE ARTHUR, 1871

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

the assemblage of 30,000 children in the Green Park, who sang the National Anthem as the Royal carriages passed by, the minds of a young generation of the more humbly born were also impressed; and it will be found in reading the accounts of great ceremonials in which Royal personages, particularly Queen Alexandra and the Princess of Wales, have taken part during recent years, that these opportunities of seeing and hearing children, and of letting them see, have never been missed. Indeed, in Australia and in Canada last year, school children saw almost more of the Prince and Princess of Wales than did those of more mature years.

It was, indeed, a magnificent procession which passed along this seven-mile route amidst avenues of people and an incessant roar of cheering which rent the air. It was headed by the Speaker "in his ponderous coach drawn by still more ponderous horses with running



THE THANKSGIVING, THE ROYAL PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

(From an engraving)

footmen." It included all sorts of other notabilities, and no less than nine Royal carriages. But it was upon the last of the carriages that all attention was concentrated, for in it were the Queen, of whom the people had seen little of late, with bands of white ermine relieving the sombre blackness of her velvet dress, and the Princess of Wales and the Prince of Wales in the uniform of a General, wearing the collar of the Garter, and Prince Albert Victor, and Princess Beatrice, then quite a young child.

The clock struck one as the Royal Party were received at the west door by the Cathedral staff, and they then proceeded to the special pew, the Queen leaning upon the arm of the Prince of Wales; and the contemporary report in the *Times* notes, as has been so often noted since on similar occasions, that there was a burst of sunlight just as the Queen took her place. The exactness of the report enables one completely to reproduce the picture.

The Queen was in the centre in the front of the pew. On her right was the Prince of Wales, then little Prince Albert Victor (he was then only eight years old), then the Duke of Edinburgh (the sailor prince of those days), and last, Prince Arthur, not yet Duke of Connaught, but already a zealous soldier. On the Queen's left were the Princess of Wales, Prince George (our sailor prince of the present), Princess Beatrice (still with us), Prince Leopold (who has

passed away), and the Duke of Cambridge, by no means a young man even then, although he is still wonderfully hale, and no less than 13,000 people were present in the Cathedral for the brief service. Those 13,000 may be taken to be all that St. Paul's will hold, even at the greatest pressure, for crowds had waited patiently through the night for the doors

to be opened; and fully three times as many as could get in failed to obtain admission. Amongst that congregation were comprised numerous ambassadors and representatives of foreign Powers, all the leading statesmen of the day, including Mr. Gladstone, who was in office, and Mr. Disraeli, who was not, 14 dukes, 8 duchesses, 16 marquises, 22 marchionesses, and more than half a hundred peers and peeresses—an almost unexampled gathering. The service included a "Te Deum" specially composed by Mr. Goss, afterwards Sir



KING EDWARD, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND QUEEN VICTORIA ON THANKSGIVING DAY

(From the drawing by Sir J. D. Linton, R.I.)

John Goss, who indeed composed the whole of the Thanksgiving Service, as he had already composed the anthem "If we Believe" for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The new organ, though not quite finished, answered all expectations, and the choir of 250 picked voices from cathedrals and chapels all through the kingdom produced a wonderful effect. But more impressive still was the deathlike silence which followed upon the special words inserted in the General Thanksgiving:

"Particularly to Albert Edward Prince of Wales

who desires now to offer up his praises and thanksgiving for Thy late mercies vouchsafed to him." Of this the *Times* says: "With the last word the reader's voice stopped, and the perfect pause of a few moments, almost awful in its intensity, was the point at which the sublimity of the service culminated and reached its highest and intensest expression." The Archbishop of Canterbury preached upon the text, "Every one members one of another" (Romans xii. 5), and a special hymn written by Mr. Stone, a London clergyman, was sung to Wesley's "Aurelia." One verse of the four it contained is worth quoting perhaps:

"Forth went the nation weeping
With precious seed of prayer,
Hope's awful vigil keeping
'Mid rumours of despair;
Then did Thy love deliver,
And from Thy gracious hand,
Joy, like the Southern river,
O'erflowed the weary land."

So ended the great service, and then came the return journey, upon which the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen preceded the Royal procession to the boundary of the city. Then all was over except shouting, of which there was a great deal, and illuminations, which were good of their kind, though England as a rule does not excel in this direction; and on the morrow came the reckoning-up of the bill of accidents, which was a very long one, for a grand stand collapsed in the vicinity of Marlborough House, and there were so

many accidents in the streets that the bare enumeration of them consumed a column of the *Times*. This chapter may well close with the peculiarly happy letter which the Queen wrote to Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister:

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
January 29th, 1872.

"The Queen is anxious as on a previous occasion to express publicly her own personal very deep sense of the reception she and her dear children met with on Tuesday, February 27th, from millions of her subjects, on her way to and from St. Paul's.

"Words are too weak for the Queen to say how very deeply touched and gratified she has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited towards her dear son and herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the capital, and she would earnestly wish to convey her warmest and most heartfelt thanks to the whole nation for this great demonstration of loyalty.

"The Queen, as well as her son and dear daughter-in-law, felt that the whole nation joined with them in thanking God for sparing the beloved Prince of Wales's life.

"The remembrance of this day, and of the remarkable order maintained throughout, will for ever be affectionately remembered by the Queen and her family."



THE CROWD IN THE STREETS LOOKING AT THE ILLUMINATIONS

(From a drawing by Charles Green, R.I.)

CHAPTER XIII



NO amount of thanksgiving, however, could restore the heir-apparent to complete health and vigour after his wasting illness, and accordingly, as soon as he was deemed strong enough to travel, the Prince set out

upon an all-too-brief Continental tour in quest of strength and rest. If any one ever deserved a holiday it was the Prince of Wales of that day; but the period that he allowed himself for convalescence was, in its duration, out of all proportion to the needs of the case. That stern sense of duty which is, perhaps, the most marked feature of his character quickly drew him back to England, where we find him once more plunging into the round of public duties—a round which had only been broken off by his illness—his first public act, a few

days after his return, being the laying of the foundation-stone of some new buildings in connection with a children's hospital. On this occasion the Prince was, of course, accompanied by the Princess, who has ever been a friend of poor children. The Railway Benevolent Institution, too, was one of the charities which the Prince, as well by his attendance at the annual meeting as in another way, was, at this time,

able to help forward to no small extent. As President also, of the English Commission of the Vienna Exhibition, his Royal Highness was far from being merely the titular representative of British manufacturers, for, as the Irishman said, "no figure-head was ever so worked to death."

The following year (1874) was an equally busy one. It saw, to begin with, Sir Garnet Wolseley's operations in Ashantee brought to a quick and brilliantly successful conclusion, and, amid the immense enthusiasm which the conduct of our troops in that trying climate aroused, the Prince was not behindhand to welcome the principal officers on

their return to England. Then, another interesting event must not be missed. On the Grand Night of Trinity Term, the Prince, robed as a Q.C., and wearing the ribbon of the Garter, dined in the Hall of the Middle Temple, of which he had been made a Bencher a dozen years previously.

On this occa-

sion, Sir Henry Burdett notes, his Royal Highness remarked that, though he was genuinely appreciative of the honour attaching to his membership, he none the less considered it a good thing for the profession and the public that he had never been called to the Bar, "to which I would never have been an ornament." We make bold to state that, had our present King been born to a lowlier station



ROYAL GROUP TAKEN AT FREDENSBORG SHORTLY AFTER THE KING'S ILLNESS

(I run a photograph)

in life, there are few professions in which he could not have made a considerable mark, not by dint of genius but of that rarest of gifts common sense. In 1874, too, for the first time in his life, his Royal Highness paid a visit to Birmingham, in the Mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. On this occasion their Royal Highnesses—for the Princess accompanied her husband—stayed with Sir Robert Peel at Dayton Manor, Tamworth.

It had been the wish of the Prince of Wales, as he himself afterwards explained in the course of a speech delivered in Bombay, to visit India, and to see the British Empire in the East as it really was. The idea, it is thought, originally emanated from Lord Canning, who, when Viceroy, suggested to the Prince Consort that such a visit might well form a part of the heir-apparent's education. "The value," says Dr. Russell, in his record of this period of the Prince's career (*The Prince of Wales's Tour*, by W. H. Russell: Sampson Low, 1877) "of a quick and observant eye in aiding the other faculties in the acquirement of knowledge is very great :

*"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem.
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."*

Which may be roughly summarised, rather than translated, into "the eye is a more stimulating teacher than the ear," or "object-lessons are best."

However, for a long time, partly owing to the deaths of Lord Elgin and General Bruce, the idea remained nothing but an idea. But the success of

the Duke of Edinburgh's tour again turned the Prince of Wales's thoughts towards India, and "the native offers of lavish hospitality gave a foretaste of what the Prince of Wales might expect on his arrival." Nevertheless, the assassination of Lord Mayo made those in high places more than ordinarily

diffident, inasmuch as it was deemed impossible for the heir-apparent to travel in the East *incognito*. It was not, then, until the winter of this year (1874), that a suggestion was put forward favouring an Indian tour in the following autumn. Persons of all ranks felt that the Prince was fully entitled to a respite from public ceremonial, but if he himself had any such thought, his anticipations were scarcely justified in the sequel, for ceremony, as all know, in India is carried to incredible lengths, and the Prince could not afford to dispense with it altogether. No doubt he took comfort in the fact that a change of work is the next best thing to rest.

But still there were difficulties. His Royal Highness

worked so hard at his public duties, that his absence from England, even for a half-year, would be a serious blow to the nation, and though one can hardly bring one's self to believe that this fact could have been seriously considered as an obstacle to the tour, there is evidence that only the Prince's direct insistence turned the scale of opinion in favour of the journey.

On March 16, 1875, Lord Salisbury officially announced the project to the Council of India, who loyally passed a resolution that the cost should be charged to the revenue of India. A little later their



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER SISTER THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA
IN 1874

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

loyalty was qualified, as will be seen below, by the determination that only the actual cost *in India* should be paid by India.

Now came the question, by no means to be dealt with summarily—of the choice of an appropriate suite. There were, in this matter, many considerations to be weighed, and they may be summed up tersely in this sentence—the names most familiar in the United Kingdom were not necessarily known at all in India. The *Times* announced very early that Sir Bartle Frere would go out at the Prince's express wish, and this forecast was quickly proved accurate. Into the various reasons why such and such a member was added to the suite, it would take too long to enter here. Suffice it to say that the utmost care and deliberation accompanied such selection.

The choice of Sir Bartle Frere was undoubtedly one of the happiest that could have been made. His biographer ("Life of Sir Bartle Frere," by John Martineau, London: John Murray, 1895) writes:

"Frere seems to have been at once fixed upon, by common consent, as the man who was best fitted, for social and political reasons, to undertake the direction and management of the tour, the effect of which upon the people of India would depend so much upon knowledge of native institutions, character, susceptibilities, and upon sympathy and tact in dealing with them.

"Some, indeed, wondered if a man of his distinction, and who had completed his sixtieth year, would consent to forego his hard-earned repose for so arduous and harassing an office. But he did not hesitate. It had long been his desire that Royalty should be seen in the flesh by the people of India. The Eastern mind, he had often pointed out, seeks for a visible chief on whom to bestow its allegiance,

and cannot rest on the idea of power latent in a Code or a Constitution. 'Who is my lord and master?' not 'By what rules and laws am I to be governed?' is the question that is asked. In modern European life the significance of pageants has become faint and feeble, or has vanished altogether except as an historical commemoration. It requires an effort of the imagination to realise that—like the act of homage done in public to the liege lord in the feudal ages of Europe—the regulated splendours and ceremonies of an Indian Durbar still constitute a re-

cognition, a symbol, and a picture of existing fact, and an indication of the source and degrees of authority, which have a practical effect and influence on the minds of those who witness them. 'The event of the Prince's coming,' writes Lord Napier of Magdala, 'is a great one for our prestige in India. It is a want that has been unfulfilled since the time of the best Moguls. The shadow of it rests in the mind of the old Zemindar, who holds with pride the family Sunnud given by Akbar.'

"Frere drew up the plan of the tour, communicated with the authorities at the places to be visited, and was consulted or referred to as to all the arrange-

ments, great and small, which had to be made. The six or seven months before the start for India were a time of continual interviewing and letter-writing. The Admiralty fitted out the large troopship *Serapis* for the voyage. The Indian Government were to pay the travelling expenses in India. The House of Commons passed a vote of sixty thousand pounds for the personal expenses of the Prince and his suite, notwithstanding the opposition of some members who were unable to perceive that the tour was to have any more significance or effect than a magnified Lord Mayor's Show, and some of whom took especial exception to any part of the expense being borne by India.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1875

(From a photo by H. N. King)

"This sum of sixty thousand pounds, Frere, who would have to make it suffice, and was to be responsible for the way in which it was to be spent, pronounced to be inadequate. Unless the amount was increased to something like a hundred thousand pounds, the Prince would be unable to give presents, according to indispensable custom, suitable to his rank and to the occasion. Old Indian officials, when consulted, expressed their agreement with him."

If Frere did not quite carry his point, he carried it in part, and it was upon his shoulders that fell the difficulty of arranging for the special correspondents and all the thousand and one harassing details of the tour. To that much-abused man, whose virtues were never really appreciated until after he was dead, belongs, therefore, much of the credit for the success of the expedition.

The suite was finally composed as follows: Sir

Bartle Frere, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Suffield, Colonel Ellis (to whom, with Sir Bartle Frere, fell the delicate task of giving presents, for which Parliament eventually, and under pressure from him allowed, £60,000, in considering the financial side of the tour), Major-General Probyn, V.C., Mr. Francis Knollys,

Lord Alfred Paget, the Reverend Canon Duckworth (chaplain), Dr. Fayrer (physician), with Lord Aylesford, Lord Carrington, Colonel Owen Williams, Lieut. Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., Lieut. Fitzgeorge, Mr. S. P. Hall, M.A. (artist), who also went on the *Ophir* tour, Mr. Albert Gray (Private Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere), and Dr. Russell (Hon. Private Secretary to the Prince). And here it is convenient to mention, in relation to the expenses of this tour, that the Admiralty claimed £52,000 for "movement of ships, &c.," and that £30,000 was the sum estimated to be charged to the Indian Budget for "hospitality."

The Princess at first decided to accompany the Prince, but as the day of departure drew near, her Royal Highness shrank from leaving her children for so long a time, and at last, at Calais, she turned back. Queen Victoria was at Balmoral when her son set out. On Sunday, October 10, Dean Stanley had preached an eloquent sermon in the Abbey, referring to "those distant regions which the greatest of his (the Prince's) ancestors, Alfred the Great, so ardently longed to explore"; the Prince of Wales had lunched quietly with his brothers, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught; and in the evening there had been a farewell dinner at Marlborough House. Then, on the following day (Monday, October 11), "since," as Bacon says, "princes are like to heavenly bodies, which

cause good or evil times, and have much veneration, but no rest," the Prince of Wales left Charing Cross for Dover. The train was stopped at Ashford, where the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught said farewell to their brother, and at 10 P.M. that evening three rockets announced that the heir-apparent had left our shores. The Princess



SIR BARTLE FRERE

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



LIEUT. LORD CHAS. BERESFORD, R.N.

(From a photograph)



THE DUKE OF ALBANY AND CANON DUCKWORTH

(From a photo by Hermann Ernst)

early the following morning parted from her husband, who proceeded to Paris, where, quite by chance, he encountered the President, Marshal Macmahon, at the Nord Railway Station. In Paris, the Prince remained *incognito*, and later continued his way *via* Turin, Bologna, and Ancona to Brindisi.

And here the tour may really be held to have begun; for it was at Brindisi that the Prince was met by the *Serapis*, the specially chartered and fitted Indian troopship that was, with a few short intervals, so long to be his home. It was the ship, too, that he loved so well that some of its furniture is still preserved in the *Serapis* room at Sandringham. But whether Brindisi be considered as a mere stage of the journey, or as its starting-point, there was nothing lacking in the way of welcome or display. The town was profusely decorated, and in the har-

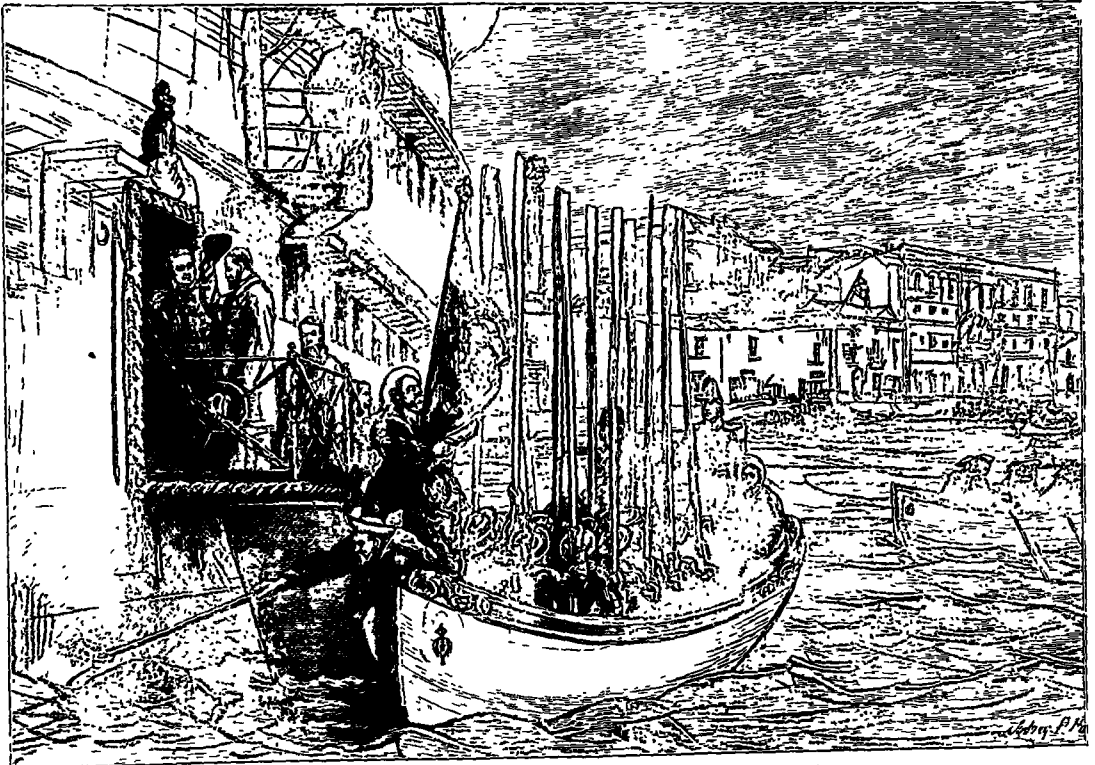
bour the Italian men-of-war *Castel Fidardo* and *Reina Maria Pia*, H.M.S. *Hercules* and *Pallas*, the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and a number of foreign vessels were dressed with flags. The Prince was met by *prefetto*s and *sotto-prefetto*s, members of British and foreign legations, the Italian Minister of Marine and a host of other officials, whilst the ships in the harbour bellowed forth Royal salutes with deafening persistency. It was all very gorgeous and ceremonially satisfying, but as the same, or a similar state of affairs prevailed at every halting-place throughout the tour, the Prince must have felt (though he would be the last person in the world to show that he felt) the monotony of the proceedings,

not a little. The reader might almost be asked to imagine cheering crowds, waving flags, echoing salutes, and more or less dreary speechifying on every occasion, except where otherwise stated; without



DR. W. H. RUSSELL

(From a photo by Goss)



EMBARKATION OF THE KING ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS" AT BRINDISI

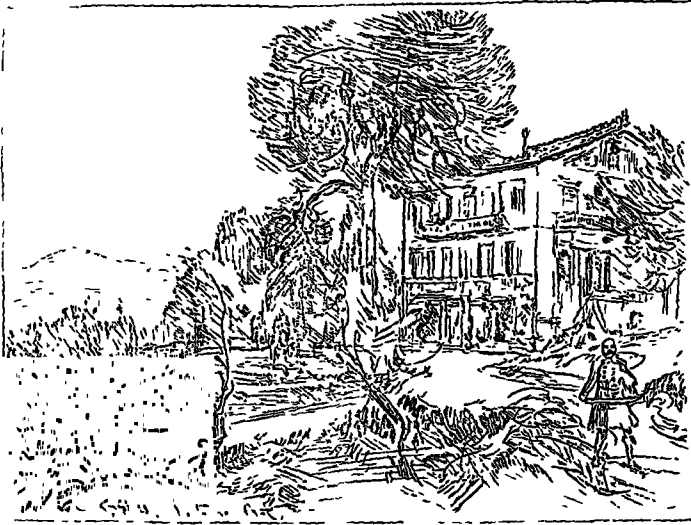
(From the drawing by Sydney P. Hall)

going into detail of an unnecessary sort, then, let us accompany the *Serapis*, led by the *Osborne*, *Hercules*, and *Pallas*, upon the journey to Athens.

The entrance to the Piræus, to use Dr. Russell's "apt alliteration," is far better suited to an ancient trireme than a modern troopship, and the difficulties of navigation in these narrow waters were exemplified when the time came for the Royal flotilla to anchor. Whilst the *Serapis's* star-board anchor was being let go, the chain cables snapped, and the anchor went to the bottom—"unattended." A similar fate befell the port-side anchor. Now, the *Serapis* had blown

off steam, and, drifting, carried away the bowsprit of the Greek Royal yacht *Amphitrite*. Further damage seemed imminent, but was averted by the prompt action of those on board a Russian sloop, who carried a warp to the *Osborne*, which towed the *Serapis* back to her right position in the harbour.

The story is told, and it may here be repeated parenthetically, of an American officer who remarked that the Prince (who, it should have been mentioned, had brought presents for the Royal Family of the Hellenes in the shape of livestock from Sandringham)



TATTOI—COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF GREECE

(Drawn by S. P. Hall)



LAWN TENNIS ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS"

(Drawn by S. P. Hall)

had been very liberal with his gifts of cows, pigs, sheep and *two* anchors!

This exciting interlude over, the Prince of Wales was visited on board the *Serapis* by his brother-in-law, the King of the Hellenes, who, in turn, was followed by British, American, Russian, Turkish, and Austrian officers.

It is brought home to every traveller in Greece, whether prince or peasant, that she is but a shadow of her former self.

"States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die."

And though the Royal pilgrim was unable to visit

some members of his suite the first glass, and from what he saw of their faces, decided to put off the experiment. Then came a large and representative gathering at a State banquet, a lavish distribution of the Order of the Redeemer, and a State leave-taking. All dangers as regards navigation were not over, it would seem, for in leaving, the *Serapis* nearly came into collision with a French ship in the narrows.

En route to Egypt perfect weather prevailed, so that deck-tennis became possible, whilst the evenings were beguiled by performances in the "Theatre Royal, Serapis": Stage Manager, the 1st Lieutenant. In this respect, it may be noted, the cruise of the



Drawn by

A CHRISTY MINSTREL PERFORMANCE ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS"

S. P. Hall

the land of all "humanity, religion, learning and laws," he could, and assuredly did, take pleasure in glimpses, however fleeting, of the Acropolis and the Parthenon, and the mountains of Greece, which still look on Marathon.

That the Princess of Wales was left behind was naturally a source of keen regret to the King and Queen of the Hellenes, who, with their family, the Duke of Sparta, Prince George, Princess Alexandra and Prince Nicholas, were delighted that the Prince could spare time to visit them on his way to the East. An excursion was formed to Tatoi, which, looking like a large Swiss chalet, forms the King's country house. There, his Majesty, in true hospitality, pressed the Prince to taste some Resino, a locally grown wine, but the latter cautiously allowed

Serapis closely resembled that of the *Ophir* last year, when dramatic entertainments, organised by Commander Wemyss, were a great feature. With such amusements, together with quoits, pistol practice, and so forth, the hours passed till Port Said was reached. About this time an amusing entry in Dr. Russell's diary records that Dr. Fayrer was forced to restrain the "generous energy of the French chef. Hot dishes at breakfast reduced to two. Lunch attendance optional, and three courses at least to be struck off dinner."

Port Said was really little more than a repetition of Brindisi. There was bunting and booming of guns *ad nauseam*; Princes Tewfik, Hassem, and Hassan in gorgeous raiment, accompanied by equally splendid officers of the Khedive's Court, came on

board the *Serapis*, and later the Prince of Wales, wearing an Indian helmet and plume, blue frock-coat, and white duck trousers, repaid the visit by

by train to Cairo, where, after a grand reception at the railway station, quarters were assigned to the Prince in the Gezireh Palace. Whether any com-



Drawn by

CAIRO—START FOR THE BAZAAR

(Rout of the Donkey Boys)

S. P. Hal.

boarding the Egyptian yacht *Mahsa*. All light baggage was now shifted over to the faithful *Osborne*, and in the Royal yacht the Prince travelled through the Canal. The occasion was memorable from the fact that no Royal personage had passed up the Canal since its opening by the Empress Eugénie. From Ismailia (which was not entirely new to the Prince, for he had visited it once before in the company of M. de Lesseps), the journey was continued

fort was to be obtained there, in spite of the "magnificent modern furniture" with which the Palace was garnished, is doubtful, for the chronicler

records that "if mosquitoes were out of season, other things were in." Though entertained at State luncheons and dinners, the Prince of Wales was like many an ordinary tourist in one respect; he was unable to resist the attractions of a donkey ride. Later, the Prince invested the Khedive's eldest son



ILLUMINATION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID

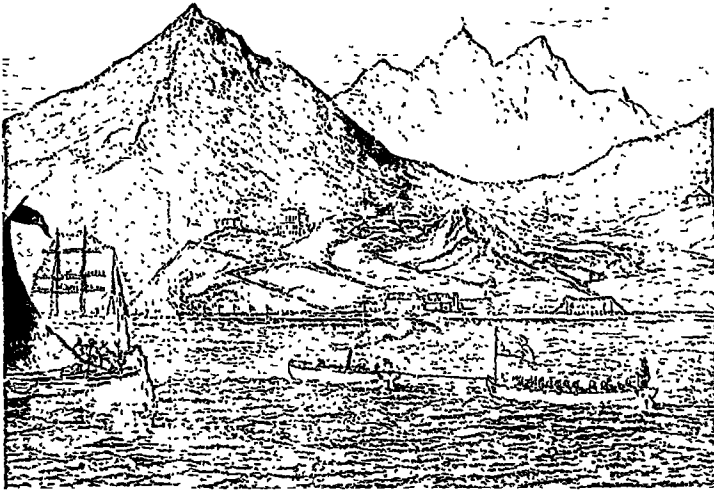
with the Order of the Star of India, and in the evening the Pyramids were illuminated—a truly magnificent spectacle.

The journey back to Suez was uneventful as Royal progresses go, and no amount of forethought could do away with the utter discomfort of a passage down the Red Sea to Aden, with the water, as usual, hotter than the air.

The polyglot community of this lonely and sunbaked outpost made a brave show of decoration, so far as their means allowed. Some wit had adorned the garrison

slaughter-house with the words: "*Morituri te saluant*" ("Those who are going to die salute thee"), whilst another "decoration" was formed of a pile of champagne bottles with the toast, inscribed over them, "*Thirsty Aden drinks to thee.*"

Here, too, the Prince held his first *levée* in his Indian dominions, at which, though every official of every department attended, chiefest interest centred round the Arab chiefs themselves. The Sultan of Lahej, a person of some importance, was presented with one



KING EDWARD GOING ON SHORE AT ADEN



KING EDWARD DECORATING AN ADEN CHIEF

Sydney P. Hall



KING EDWARD LANDING AT BOMBAY

(Drawn by Sydney P. Hall)

of the medals specially struck for the tour, and a gold ring inscribed "A. E." He it was who was so disappointed at not being permitted to enter Aden with one hundred men, the reason for the refusal being that no one quite knew what form his loyalty might take. He dated his application for this permission, "18 Ramzan, 1292."

But, interesting as it would be to record many such details, space is scarce, and there are many miles yet to cover. Bombay was reached in a week, and a dozen British men-of-war thundered their welcome

ordeal was the *levée* on the next day, only those who understand native Indian ideas of ceremonial and hospitality can fully appreciate. It is believed that there was never before

to the *Serapis* as she steamed between the two lines in which they were drawn up. Soon the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, put off to greet the Prince, whose tact, as every one might have anticipated, saved the



LORD NORTHBROOK

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

situation in regard to the difficult question of precedence. The Prince stayed at Parell, the Viceregal residence, and hot and trying as he found all ceremonial in this climate, everything passed off to general satisfaction. How great an



THE YOUNG GAEKWAR OF BARODA

(Photo by John Blees & Co.)



A DURBAR AT BOMBAY. INTERVIEW WITH THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA

(Painted by S. P. Hall)

such a gathering of princes in Western India as on that occasion, whilst the roll of minor notabilities was a very long one. Amongst the Prince's visitors were the then representative of the House

of Oodeypoore, who boasted the longest pedigree in the world and the bluest blood, and the young Gaekwar of Baroda. Notwithstanding the fatigue incurred by the long reception he had



KING EDWARD DINING IN THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA, BOMBAY



THE KING IN SHOOTING COSTUME

accorded, the Prince was prepared in the evening to visit the Caves of Elephanta, and later still to view a display of fireworks and a procession of boats. Unconquer-

able energy is, indeed, one of his most marked characteristics.

It was at this time that grave doubts arose as to the possibility of the Prince of Wales ever going to the South, where rumours had it that cholera was rampant; for, a case of cholera was discovered actually on board the *Serapis*, and caused no small uneasiness. Eventually—albeit, with so much depending on the decision there was small time for consider-



BARODA—SWAMP SHOOTING



KANDY—THE DEVIL DANCERS

(Drawn by S. P. Hall)

ation—it was arranged that the Prince should next visit Baroda. So thither he went, travelling by way of Poonah, where he made a short stay, and had some sport—of an indifferent kind; for, whereas the deer-stalking was a failure for lack of game, the shikar party organised for his amusement, when his Royal Highness was conveyed on an ox-cart, occasioned the use of cheetahs, and this form of sport appealed to the Prince no more than it does to the average European.

Pig-ticking, however, was a great success, and the Prince "got his spear" by killing a pig. Before leaving this neighbourhood his Royal Highness ac-



KANDY—THE BUDDHIST PRIESTS EXHIBITING BUDDHA'S TOOTH TO KING EDWARD

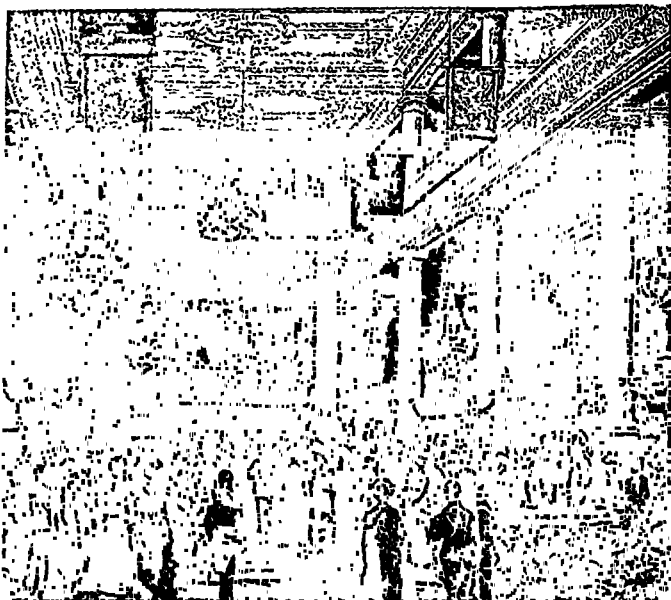
cepted the invitation of the 9th Native Infantry to dine with them, and he enjoyed this unique experience very much. On his return to Bombay, colours were presented to the Marine Battalion of 2,400 men, whose old colours are now on the walls of Sandringham. The Prince, who by now had received over 400 presents—tissues, brocades, gold, silver, jewellery with every kind of metal and armoury—then embarked for Goa to visit the Portuguese Governor. Here his stay was short but instructive, and the *Serapis* now proceeded on her way to Colombo.

For his State reception in Ceylon the



CEYLON—ELEPHANT KILLED BY KING EDWARD

S. P. Hall



MADRAS—THE LEVEE IN THE BANQUETING HALL

Prince was attired as a Field-Marshal, with, of course, modifications to suit the climate. On the arrival of the *Serapis*, once the inevitable addresses had been duly presented and gracefully

answered, the Prince, as the best means of showing himself to his future Cingalese subjects, took a long drive round the town and its environs, returning in time for a State banquet on board ship. The next day came a journey to Kandy under the charge of Governor Gregory, and this expedition gains added interest from the

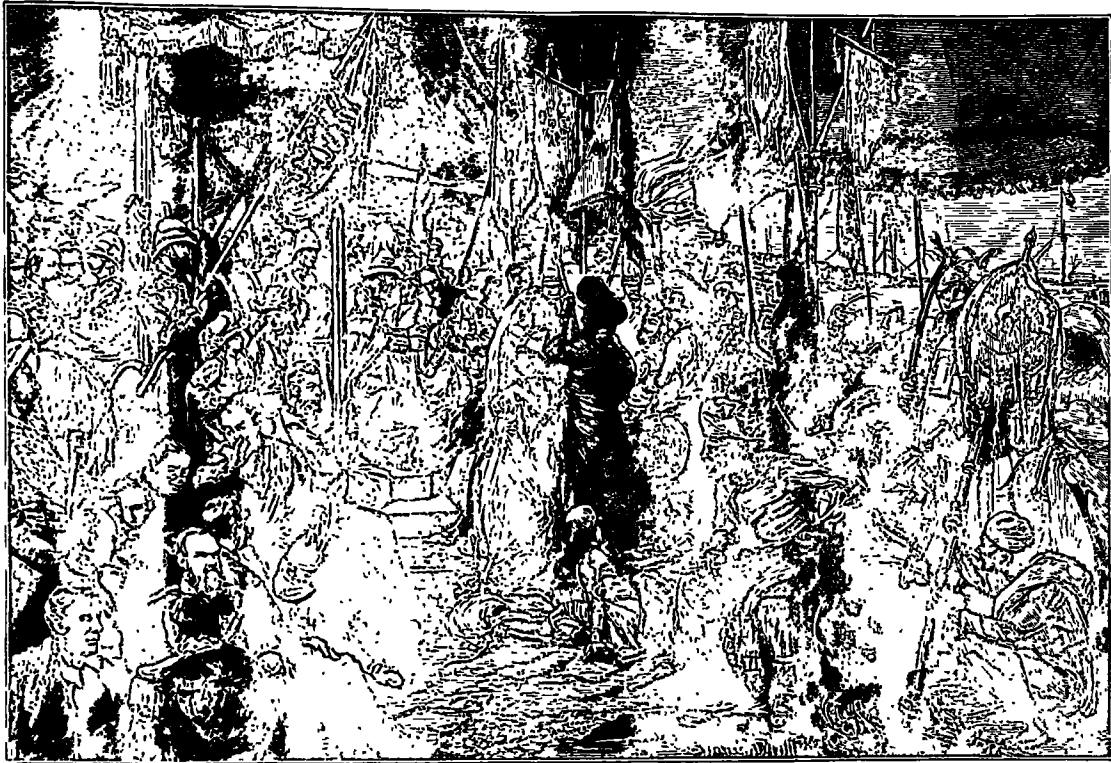


THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS
(Governor of Madras at the time of the King's Visit)



THE KING AT MADRAS RACES

(Drawn by S. P. Hall)



Drawn by

CALCUTTA—INVESTITURE OF THE STAR OF INDIA BY KING EDWARD

S. P. Hall



Drawn by

VETERANS OF THE MUTINY BEING PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD AT LUCKNOW

S. P. Hall



THE KING'S ENTRY INTO RAMNAGAR

(Drawn by S. P. Hall)

fact that the present Prince of Wales took an exactly similar journey last year. He, too, as his father before him, was treated to the sight of "devil-dancing," and the chiefs and Buddhist priests were as friendly in 1901 as they were in 1875. His father was also shown specimens of teas and coffees, and before departing for the Coast planted a small-shoot of the Peepul—the Bo tree or *ficus religiosa* (which was alive last year)—to commemorate his visit, which was further marked by the bestowal of a knighthood upon the Governor and a shower of smaller distinctions for the lesser lights of the Ceylon Administration, whilst to the native "somebodies" commemoration medals of gold and silver gave unbounded satisfaction. On the return journey—or perhaps it should be written, as an interlude before returning—the Prince and some members of his suite enjoyed much good sport, both with buffalo and deer at the expense of several drenchings by

rain. The Prince also had the good fortune to take part in a successful elephant drive, in which one beast fell to his rifle amid a burst of European and native cheers. According to custom, his Royal Highness cut off the tail.

Back again at Colombo once more, the foundation-stone of the new breakwater had to be laid, and a farewell dinner to be given.

The Prince landed at several places on the eastern shore of Ceylon and the Coromandel coast during his passage to Madras, but owing to the prevalence of fever, any inland excursion was quite out of the question. As it was, two native policemen at Madura died of cholera one night, within a stone's-throw of the Prince's quarters.

To mention even the names of some of the dignitaries who received kindnesses from the Prince, and departed to their palaces laden with presents and good wishes, would convey but small meaning to many.



LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA

(From a photograph)

It will, consequently, be enough to say that by far the greater part of the present-giving took place in this part of the tour, whilst, in turn, many purchases of

possible on other State occasions too—the Prince should be beneath a golden umbrella. It must be remembered that many millions of those who came



KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO THE CAWNPORE MEMORIAL

(Drawn by S. P. Hall)

specimens of every kind of native craftsmanship were made.

The Duke of Buckingham was Governor of Madras at this time, and he saw to it that the Prince's welcome was worthy. He it was who contrived that during all processions—and wherever

to see the Prince of Wales now had never seen him before, and it may easily be realised that, without some such simple scheme, the natives of Madras would have had as much difficulty in recognising their future Sovereign, as we in England have in distinguishing native princes, one from another, in our

own streets. The Prince, after being present at a banquet and a *levée*, found a little relaxation—not a great deal, perhaps, owing to various causes—at the races in Guindy Park, just outside Madras city. It was at one time feared that Madras would be the last place the Prince would be able to visit; for “the Sick Man” was again giving trouble, and complications with Russia rendered the Prince’s immediate return almost a certainty. The political atmosphere clearing, however, the Prince was enabled to continue his pilgrimage another stage, and to visit



THE KING VISITING THE MONKEY TEMPLE AT BENARES

Calcutta. He was, indeed, in Calcutta during Christmas week, and it is superfluous to say that the festivities were extraordinarily brilliant. Here, again, the Prince was present at a race-meeting, but in being so he was merely carrying out an elaborate scheme of showing himself to the largest number of people in the easiest manner. Nor was he neglecting the more obvious duty of receiving visitors, distinguished or not; and it seems little short of incredible that every single visit paid to him in that vast and overcrowded capital was returned as



A WAR-DANCE AT DELHI

Drawn by

WALPURG'S NIGHT DELHI 18 J...

S. P. Hall

punctiliously as if the number did not run into thousands. The Prince was kept busy, then, as can be easily imagined; but in addition he attended garden-parties, balls, dinners, tent-pegging exhibitions, and he visited hospitals—a prodigious proof of strength and staying power. On New Year's Day came the grand climax of the

whole tour—namely, the Chapter of the Star of India. His Royal Highness, in order to avoid all

question as to precedence with the Viceroy, acted as High Commissioner of the Order. This most

solemn and gorgeous ceremony was held in a sort of open tent, and around it, in smaller tents—a vast encampment—the recipients of the Order awaited their turns with their trains and suites. In England, of late years, there have been many stately cer-

monies, gorgeous, mournful, or inspiring, but the most impressive of them can scarcely vie with that



ARRIVAL OF KING EDWARD AT AGRA



THE KING'S FIRST TIGER

unique concourse, representative of the whole of our Indian Empire, which assembled at Calcutta on New Year's Day, 1876, to receive honour at the hands of their Sovereign's eldest son.

The Prince did not stay long in Calcutta after this. He remained just long enough to witness a regatta on the Hooghly, to unveil a Statue of Lord Mayo, and to receive the degree of Doctor, *honoris causa*, of Calcutta University. Then he started on a rapid tour through the largest cities of the Eastern Empire—Patna, Benares, Lucknow, and Cawnpore to start with. Cawnpore had changed out of all

battery, one heavy (elephant) battery, thirteen cavalry regiments, British and Native (including the 13th Hussars, then under the command of Sir Baker Russell), the Bengal Sappers and Miners, and twenty-four battalions of Infantry. It was a magnificent display, of which Delhi had cause to be proud. The next stopping-place was Lahore, whence a day's journey was made to Wazirabad for the purpose of christening a bridge over the Chenab the "Alexandra" bridge. Back again to Lahore, and away to Agra and Gwalior went the Prince, and then came several days' good tiger-shooting in Nepal.



Drawn by

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE. PAD ELEPHANT

S. P. Hall

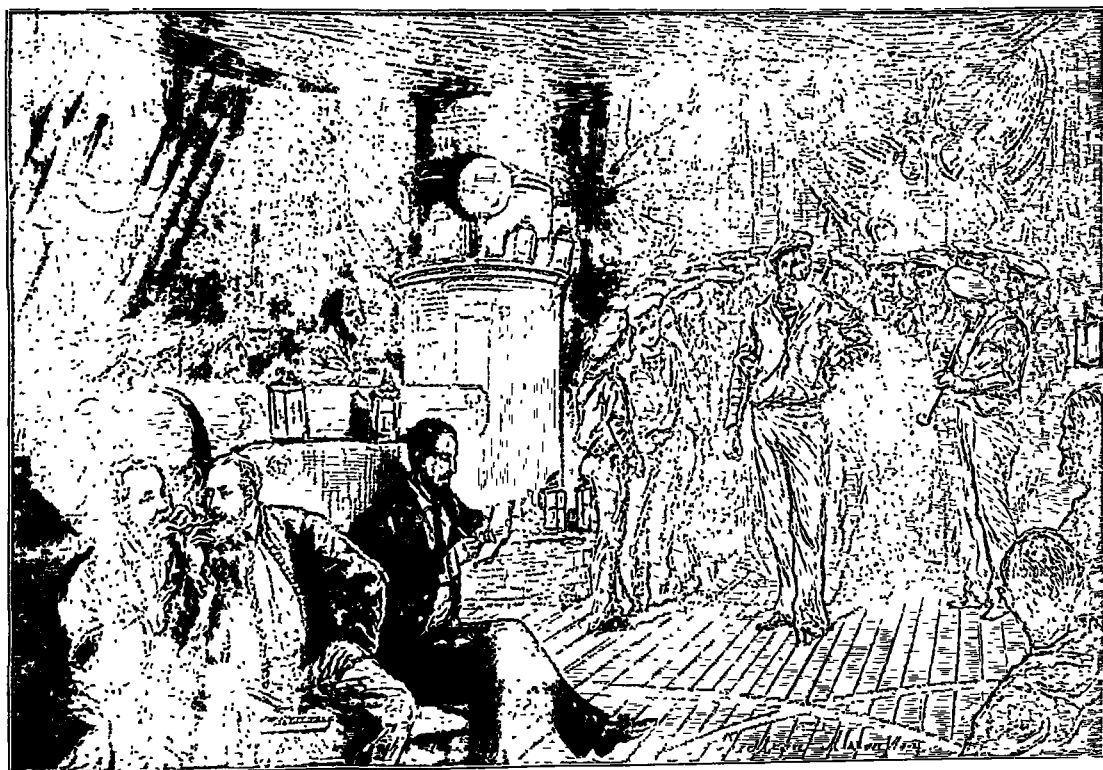
recognition in twenty years, but the Prince visited the Memorial Church and the Memorial over the well: "To the memory of a great company of Christian people, principally women and children, who were cruelly slaughtered here." "No two people," says Dr. Russell, "agree as to the expression of Marochetti's Angel, which stands over the well. Is it pain? pity? resignation? vengeance? or triumph?" The Prince could not bear to stay long, and hurried away to Delhi. Here, entertained by Lord Napier of Magdala, he held a grand review, when there paraded before him no less than four batteries R.H.A., six batteries R.F.A., one mountain

At Allahabad an investiture of the "Star of India" was held, second only in importance to that at Calcutta. But the tour was now rapidly drawing to a close. Passing through Jubalpoor, Holkar, and Indore, the Prince reached Bombay in the middle of March, after an absence from it of seventeen weeks, during which he had covered 7600 miles by land and 2300 by sea.

Homeward bound, the Prince was visited at Cairo by the Grand Duke Alexis, commanding the *Svetlana*; at Malta he presented colours to the 98th Regiment, and soon Gibraltar, Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Madrid and Toledo were left behind. A public entry into



NAGAS DANCING BEFORE KING EDWARD IN THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT JEYPORE



Drawn by

KING EDWARD ON BOARD THE "SVETLANA," CAPTAIN H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS

S. P. Hall



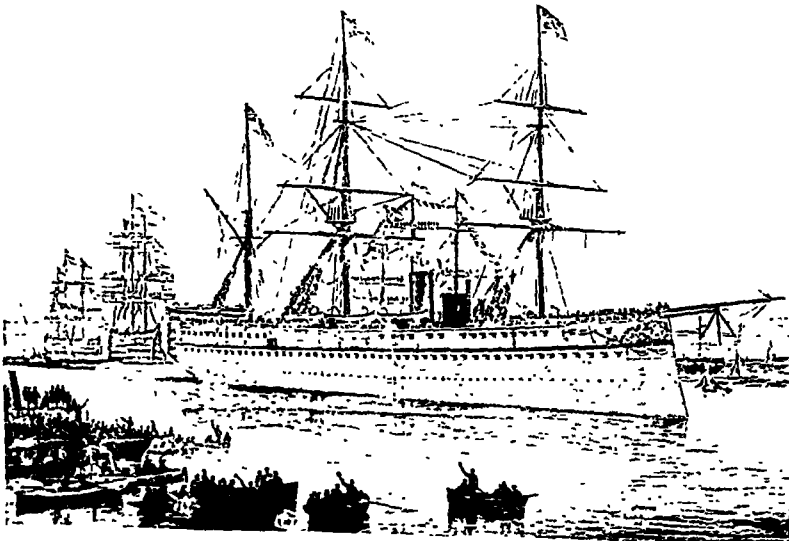
Drawn by

A LEVEE OF PETS ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS"

S. P. Hall

Lisbon was the last occasion of interest abroad ; and on May 11, 1876, the Prince reached Portsmouth after an absence of seven months. Those months were full of interest, trying as many incidents in them must have been, and the memory of them is kept green by a collection of souvenirs which the Prince has amassed, and which ever recall the glorious East. And surely one may legitimately picture the King of to-day, sitting in the *Serapis* room at Sandringham, and talking over with his son,

an even greater traveller, the scenes which they have visited in many climes. Theirs have been indeed great experiences, tending to make them understand the greatness of the King's Empire and the complexities of the many races united within it. Of their travels the walls of Sandringham bear abundant evidence, and there is no doubt that the spears and the armour and the trophies are hung up not merely as ornaments, but also with the deliberate intention of stirring up memories.



ARRIVAL OF THE "SERAPIS" AT PORTSMOUTH

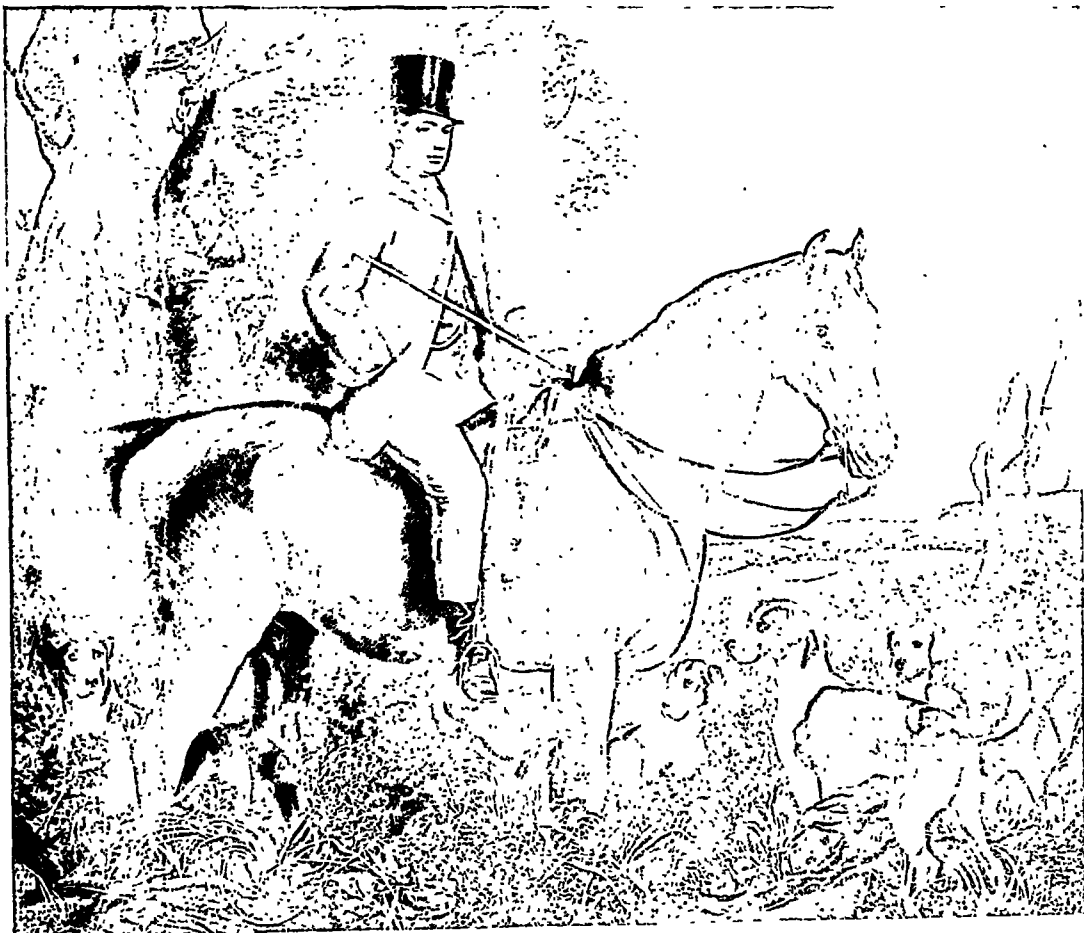
CHAPTER XIV



THE main object of this chapter, which will be a long one, is to describe the King and Queen in their relations to country occupations and amusements: the King as landlord, as farmer, as sportsman, as yachtsman, and as an

illustrious patron of the turf and enthusiast in the newly risen pastime of motoring; the Queen as dog-lover and as gardener. But these topics are laid aside for the moment, in order that an opportunity may be made to carry on the story of the

King's life, in a brief fashion, over a period of more than twenty years. The public events of those years, and the history of the State during them, were important, but they are fresh in memory, and for the moment we must content ourselves with those happenings, bright and gloomy, in which the Prince and Princess of Wales of that day were specially and personally interested. To the succeeding chapter will be left the account of the King's participation in great movements, particularly those connected with hospitals, with the development of public interest in the colonies, and with military affairs.



We left the Prince of Wales of those days newly returned from India after a gorgeous tour, which was rendered all the more impressive by the fact that even then it was well known that the genius of Mr. Disraeli had conceived the idea of causing the Queen to be proclaimed Empress of India. That idea, for good or for evil, was carried out in the year 1877, and in the same year the statesman who had fought his way from a position of complete insignificance to one of the highest eminence took his seat in the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield.

Work for the Prince and Princess of Wales continued to be of the normal type, not particularly interesting save at the moment, and probably more interesting then to spectators than to the Prince and Princess themselves. 1878 was a busy year, in which the Prince took the greatest possible interest in the coming Paris Exhibition, as President of the British Commission, and it was a year rendered inexpressibly sad by the death of Princess Alice, whose marriage to him who became Grand Duke of Hesse has already been recorded. Her consort had succeeded to the Grand Duchy only a short time, and she herself, by dint of the interest

she showed in German affairs, and her taste in art and in literature, and the tender care she displayed

in nursing the sick and wounded during the Franco-Prussian War, had become as greatly beloved in Germany as she was in England. Her death from diphtheria was a very bitter blow, and it needs hardly to be said that the Prince of Wales went to Darmstadt for the funeral.

In 1879 came the death of the Prince Imperial, an event which filled England with horror, and caused acute

distress to all members of the Royal Family, and particularly to the Prince and Princess of Wales, by

whom he was greatly beloved. The proposal that a memorial should be placed in Westminster Abbey was warmly supported by the Prince of Wales, but equally strongly opposed by other persons, and if an opinion is expressed that the other persons, who carried the day, were in the right, the fact none the less remains that the action of the Prince was entirely creditable to him. Many of those who are now living will remember the particular sympathy which was shown by the Prince of Wales to the bereaved Empress, the fact that he acted as pall-bearer, and that later he went to Woolwich with his sons to unveil the memorial of



A SNAP-SHOT AT BALMORAL
Duke of Albany, Sir Arthur Bigge, Duke of Connaught
(By W. & D. Downey)



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE KING IN HIGHLAND COSTUME, WITH
THE DUKES OF CONNAUGHT AND ALBANY, AND
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL
(Photo by W. & D. Downey)

the ill-fated Prince, which, like the statue of King Alfred at Wantage and many others, was made by the gifted and lamented Count Gleichen. In 1880 the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Earl of Fife (as he then was) with Prince Leopold in their company; but it was not until many years later that the engagement between their then host and their daughter, Princess Louise, was announced.

For two or three more years there was no special event requiring to be chronicled at the present moment, but 1884 was indeed a black year. It witnessed the fall of Khartoum and the murder of the gallant Gordon, after he had been besieged in that city for 337 days. The Prince was deeply affected by this sad event, and took the greatest interest in all movements tending to show the national sorrow in a practical shape. He made a very touching speech at the meeting of the Gordon Committee, and, with Queen Alexandra, attended the Special Service at St. Paul's.

In the same year the Prince's brother, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who had been married in 1882 to Princess Hélène of Waldeck, died in a most unexpected manner. He had, it is true, been very delicate in youth, but had grown in strength as his years advanced, and his life seemed full of promise; but a slip and a fall at a ball at Cannes produced complications which were fatal to him. Again we pass over a few years, including that of the Jubilee of 1887, which, like that of 1897, is reserved for special

treatment—and for a special reason—in the last chapter, and merely note that in 1888 the Prince and Princess of Wales celebrated their silver wedding in a very quiet way, since the Court was in mourning for the death of the Emperor William the First. Within a very few months that mourning was to be renewed or redoubled, for whereas the old Emperor died on March 9, 1888, his son, whose heroic figure at the Jubilee of 1887 produced an indelible impression upon the memories of all who saw him, died, three months after his father, on June 15, and left her who had been the Princess Royal of England a widow.

In the following year came the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife, a union which has been extremely happy, and has produced two daughters, the Lady Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louise, and

the Lady Maude Alexandra Victoria Georgina Bertha Duff. It was a very pretty ceremony in the chapel at Buckingham Palace, amongst those who were present being Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales and all their family, the King of the Hellenes, the Crown Prince of Denmark and the Grand Duke of Hesse. In the next year an event of particular interest to the Royal Family was the formal introduction into the House of Lords of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale by the Prince of Wales.

1891 and 1892 were years of unrelieved sadness, save for one transitory gleam of light.



COUNT GLEICHEN

(From photo by Maull & Fox)



GENERAL GORDON

First of all, Prince George, our sailor prince, was ill of that typhoid fever which seems to mark the members of the Royal Family for its special victims. However, he recovered, and was none the worse for his illness. Perhaps, indeed, he was all the better, for typhoid fever, when recovery is complete, is apt to leave a man stronger than ever he was before. In the same year died Count Gleichen, the well-beloved, an artist in sculpture, as has been mentioned, and of no mean merit. Then, in December, there seemed to be a gleam of brightness, for the Duke of Clarence and Avondale was engaged to her Highness Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, only daughter of the Duke of Teck and of the ever-popular, and now much-lamented, Princess Mary, daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, who, as all will remember, was the seventh son of King George the Third.

But this brightness was not long to remain, for I shall never forget a morning early in



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY IN 1883

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY WITH HER CHILDREN, PRINCESS ALICE AND THE DUKE OF ALBANY

(From a photo by Gunn & Stuart, taken in 1885)

February of the following year, when I hurried down to Sandringham for the purpose of watching and recording the progress of the illness of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. My task proved to be vain, for even as I passed through London the newspaper placards bore simultaneously the news of the death of the Duke and that of Cardinal Manning. So I proceeded to Sandringham to watch not the progress of an illness, but of the preparations for a funeral which, in its simple beginning, with the Prince of Wales walking behind the coffin from Sandringham to Wolferton, and in its majestic ending at Windsor, was one of the most impressive and affect-

ing that ever was witnessed. The shock to the Prince of Wales was very great, and to the Princess of Wales even greater, and there were those who thought that years passed before she recovered from the death of her eldest son—so far as an affectionate mother can recover from so great a loss. About two years afterwards, it was arranged suitably and in



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN

The Service in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall

accordance with the affections of both parties to the contract of marriage, that Prince George, or the Duke of York as he now was, who had found himself called upon so suddenly from the bright life of a sailor to undertake the responsibilities which belong to the position of an heir-apparent, should marry her who was to have been his brother's bride; and it may perhaps be permissible to say at this point that the marriage has always been a happy one, and so fruitful of strong children that the

succession to the throne seems to be assured as certainly as anything human can be.

In 1893, after the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess Victoria Mary, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Russia for the second time during that year, starting for Livadia in the hope of bidding a last farewell on earth to the dying Czar; but, as a matter of fact, they heard of his death before they arrived, and they continued their journey with the purpose of attending the funeral. In 1897 came

the Diamond Jubilee, the discussion of which is postponed for the same special reason which applied to the Jubilee of 1887; and the Royal event of particular interest during the year was the visit to Ireland made by the Duke and Duchess of York, who had begun, between them, to relieve the Prince and Princess of Wales of some of the burden of ceremony. They spent some time in Dublin, and they were very well received; visited Killarney, where, as the guests of Lord Kenmare, they made a brilliant trip upon the Lakes, shooting the rapids at the Meeting of the Waters, and then went on to Valentia. From Valentia they went to Adare Manor, where they were the guests of Lord Dunraven; and next, the Duke of Abercorn had the honour of receiving them at Baronscourt. From Baronscourt they went through Derry, where the scene was one of tremendous enthusiasm, to Lord Londonderry's house at Mountstewart, which

they made their headquarters for the purpose of ceremonials at Belfast.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS FREDERICK
(From a photo by Fritz Leyde & Co., Berlin)

1898, again, was a sad year, for in May Mr. Gladstone died, and the Prince, who had always been attached to him, attended the funeral.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell records in his recent book ("An Onlooker's Notebook," Smith, Elder and Co., 1902), that as soon as the service was concluded the Prince of Wales, instead of leaving the Abbey, walked gravely to where Mrs. Gladstone was seated, took her hand in his, stooped over it and kissed it. "A very uncourtierly Radical, who saw the scene, exclaimed: 'This atones for a good deal; I will never say another word

against him as long as I live.'"

This was in May. In July, while visiting Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon, the Prince had the misfortune to slip up on a polished step of a spiral staircase and to put out his knee. Sir



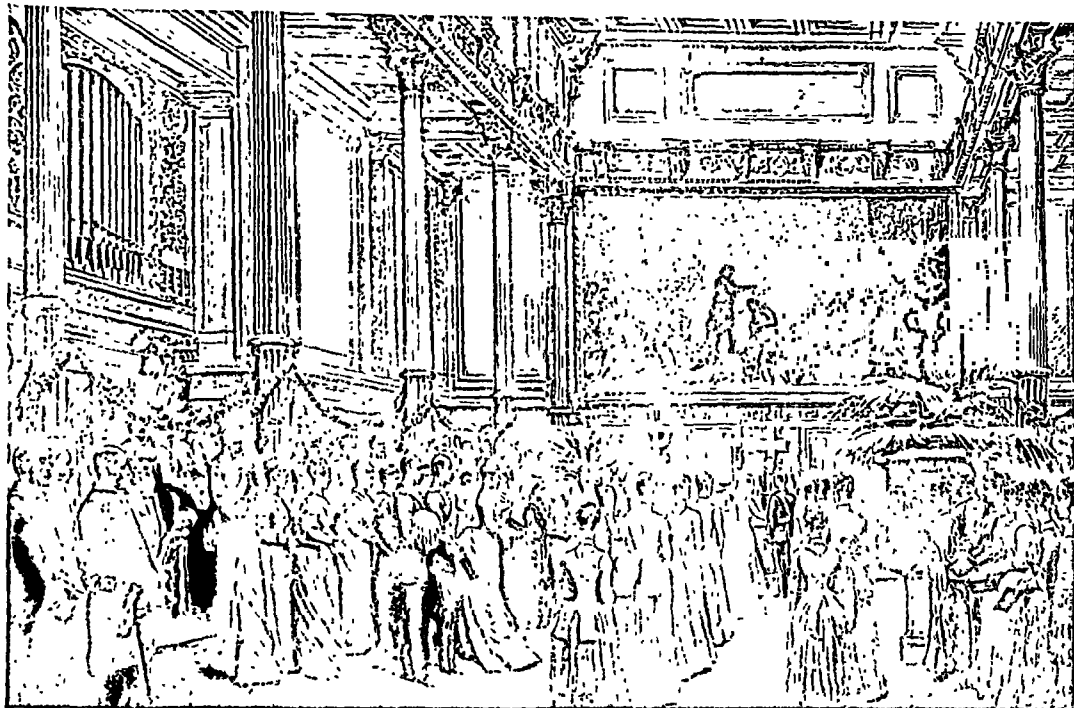
THE DUKE OF FIFE

(From a photo by Ellis & Wadley, taken in 1889)



THE DUCHESS OF FIFE

(From a photo by Lafayette in 1889)



THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF FIFE AND H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES IN THE CHAPEL, BUCKINGHAM PALACE



KING EDWARD AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SON, THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, TAKING HIS SEAT AS A PEER

William MacCormac, Sir Francis Laking, and Lord Lister, who was called into consultation, agreed in stating that his Royal Highness bore the enforced restraint with exemplary patience and good temper. It is even recorded that the Prince said to Sir William: "It might have been worse, for I might have broken my knee," and that Sir William bluntly said: "I wish to goodness you had, sir," well knowing that the injury with which he had to contend was far more troublesome to repair than a mere fracture. As a matter of fact, some months elapsed before the knee could be regarded as completely recovered, and in the course of various trips by sea which the Prince took for the benefit of his health, he had to be carried by bearer-parties of bluejackets. The last trouble of the year was the death of the Queen of Denmark, the mother of

the Princess of Wales. For some time before the death, the Princess of Wales had—as was recorded in the *Court Circular*—been in constant attendance at her mother's bedside. The Prince of Wales was unable to attend the funeral owing to the injury he had sustained, but was represented by the Duke of York.

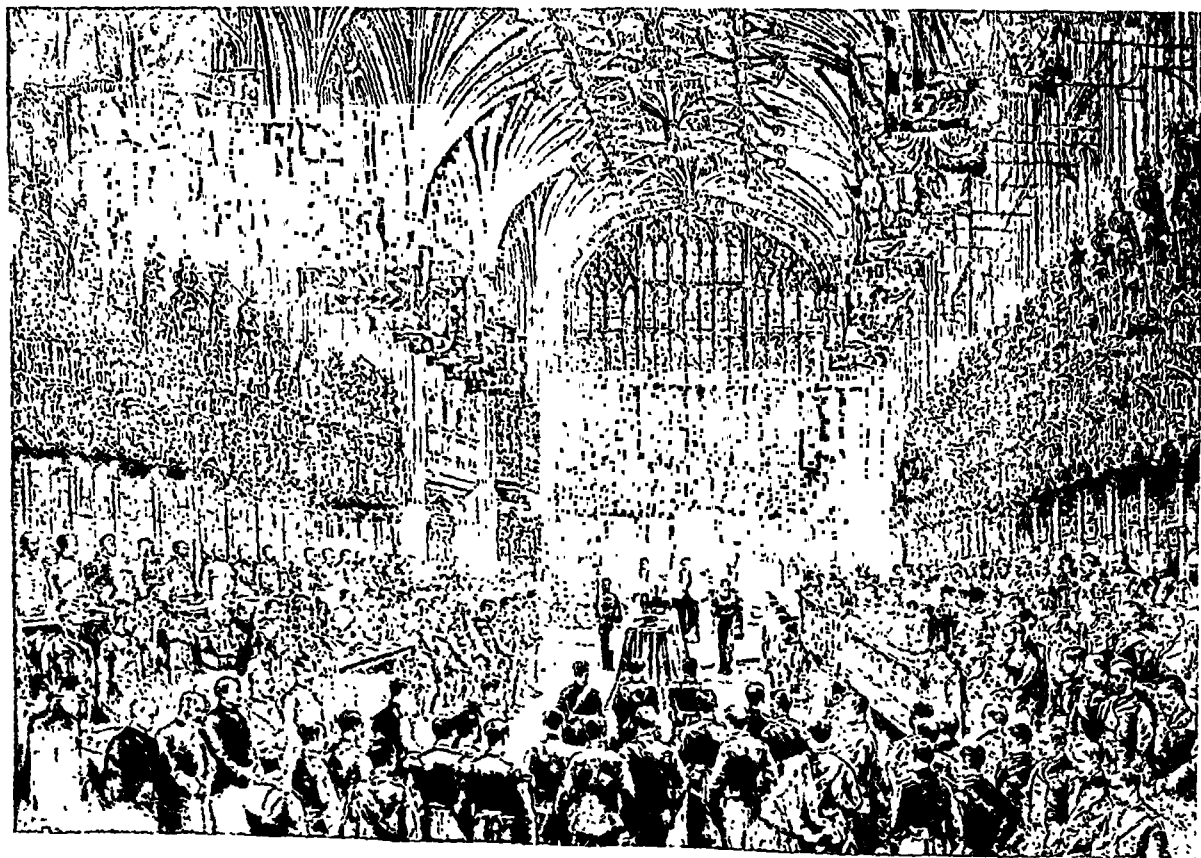
Early in 1899 died Prince Alfred, the only son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, formerly Prince Alfred and our sailor prince, and it began to be clear that difficulties would arise concerning the succession to his father's position. How those difficulties were stilled, and how the young Duke of Albany accepted the position, which the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught preferred not to take,

has already been told. In the autumn of that year came the prolonged visit, for sporting purposes, of the

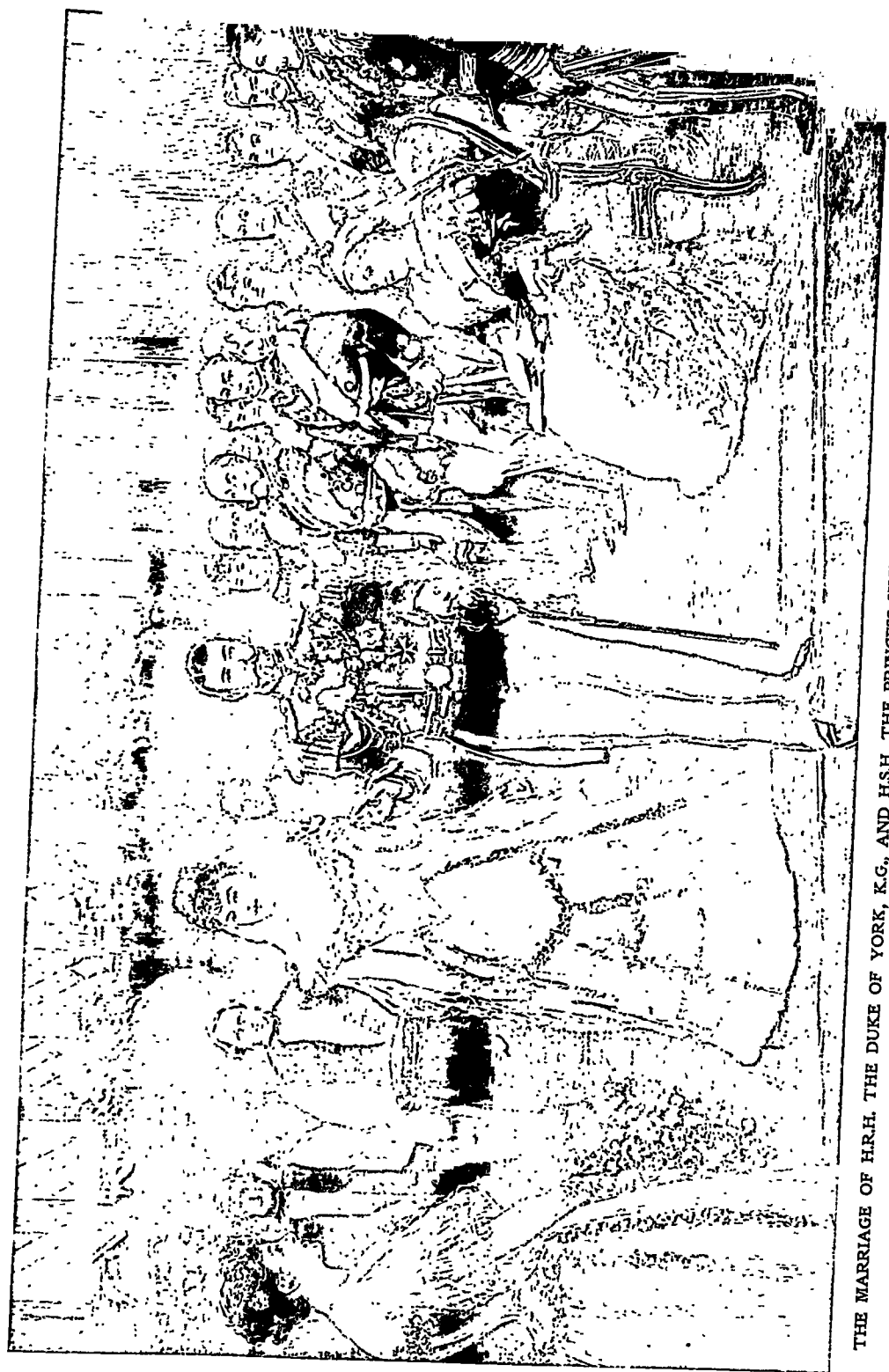


CARDINAL MANNING

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



FUNERAL OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE
The Burial Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, February 20, 1892



THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G., AND H.S.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK: THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL

German Emperor and Empress, with two of their sons, first to Windsor and then to Sandringham. That visit, undoubtedly, laid the foundation of a warmer friendship between the Emperor and his uncle than had ever existed before, and the fruits of this friendship were noticeable at the time of Queen Victoria's death and funeral. But, before they came, there was yet another domestic sorrow to be borne, in the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the dastardly attempt of the madman Sipido to assassinate the Prince in Belgium was to

is above all things a country gentleman would be misleading. He is no "Farmer George," for he is a man of many interests and pursuits. But to say that the King is as complete a country gentleman as is to be found in all his wide dominions is to express the truth exactly.

At Sandringham he is emphatically the Squire, and he is the kind of Squire who sets an admirable example to hundreds of others. "It is impossible," he once said, "for any British gentleman to live at his country place without taking an interest in agri-



FUNERAL OF ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA ATTENDED BY KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

disturb the triumphant satisfaction which attended Queen Victoria's ever-memorable visit to Ireland.

By this time the end of the King's career as Prince, so far as outward events are concerned, has been almost fully accounted for, save for the fact that the three greatest public demonstrations in which he has taken a leading part, the two Jubilees and the Funeral of Queen Victoria, have been postponed deliberately to the concluding portion of this work, partly because from one point of view they serve to illustrate the character of the man who is our King.

But that character, of which the salient features are versatility and thoroughness, can never be understood with any completeness unless his life at Sandringham is considered. To say that the King

culture, and in all those things which concern the farmers of this great country." Unfortunately this was too optimistic a view, for experience has shown that it is not only possible for gentlemen who have estates in this country and in Ireland not to take an interest in agriculture, but even not to inhabit them to any substantial extent. To all such the life of the King or Prince of Wales was, and his life now is, a standing example and object-lesson. No landed proprietor had ever more excuse than the King had and has for neglecting his estate or failing to reside upon it, or for concerning himself when resident with the pleasures afforded by it rather than by the duties which come from ownership. He is, and always has been, one of the busiest men

in England, but his estate and his home farm have always been well looked after, and there is probably no estate in the kingdom upon which the agent and the bailiff have had less of a free hand. The King has, to a very large extent, looked after things for himself, and on this point, as one who has made a close and practical study of what is called the Land Question, I venture to express a personal opinion. It is that the direct

supervision of a landlord, King, Prince, nobleman, or commoner, is a priceless boon to the district in which his influence is felt. The agent may advise reductions of rent to meet hard times, may make permanent improvements gladly, or may supply at the cost of his principal the materials for making improvements of a less permanent character; but as the eye of the master makes the horse grow fat, so the constant presence of a good, sensible, and sympathetic landlord makes a contented tenantry, and it must be remembered always that good feeling between landlord and tenant is quite as valuable as any gain

to the latter which can be measured in money. There is relation between landlord and tenant in this country is not, never has been, and it is to be hoped never will be, purely commercial, and landlords of the stamp of the King, by giving personal attention to their estates, are doing real service to the country. Also it is distinctly right that a landlord should farm, and farm well, not merely in order that his crops, and his stock, and his equipments



KING EDWARD KISSING MRS. GLADSTONE'S HAND IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK
Mother of Queen Alexandra

(From a photo by Hansen & Weller, Copenhagen)

generally may be an example to the district generally and to a class which is still, and in spite of long misfortune, slow to learn any new ideas, but also because, by farming, by making modest sums of money and by losing them, he learns to sympathise with his neighbours and dependents of more humble position. No man knows better than the King how severe were the troubles of farmers in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and particularly in the last decade but one of it. He has attended to the affairs of his home farm. "I am myself a farmer in a small way," he once said, modestly. He has seen his own corn fall in price year



SANDRINGHAM FROM THE LAKE

(From a photo by Ralph Dorsinicham)

after year, and even his stock decline in value, although there are no better shorthorns or Shire horses, and few better sheep to be found on the broad acres of England; he can the better appreciate what this has meant for men who had to live off their farms, and to bring their families up on

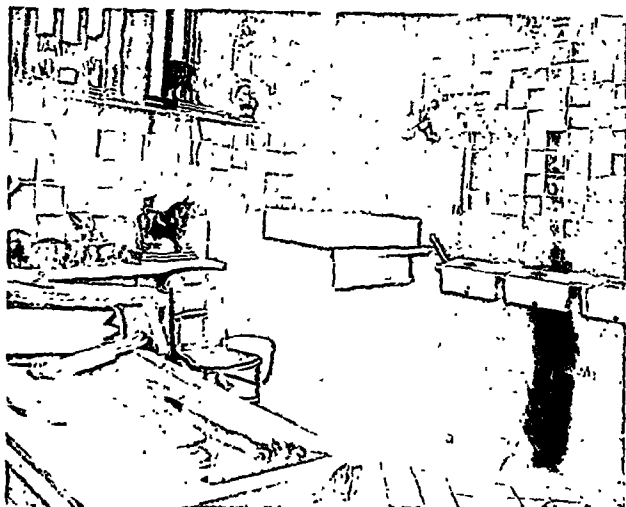


QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S DAIRY AT SANDRINGHAM

(Pl. to c. Ralph Dersingham)

is patent to every man with an eye for a horse or a beast who has the good fortune to see it at any time. Moreover, the record of the great shows, all of which have received hearty support from the King, demonstrates this statement abundantly. The King, like the late Queen, has always been a remarkably successful exhibi-

tor, particularly of shorthorn cattle; and nobody, save perhaps here and there an ignorant foreigner, will suppose for a moment that favouritism or a desire to curry favour on the part of the judges has had anything on earth to do with their decisions. In the first place, the character of the judges places the matter beyond question; in the next, the temper of the English people would not tolerate anything of the kind, and complaints would be rampant in the public Press. No such complaint has ever come to the notice of one who is a constant reader of the reports of shows; and that fact is conclusive in the matter. A noteworthy little point is that Sir Nigel Kingscote, whose knowledge of farming and of horses is exceptionally wide, has always been closely associated with the households of the King and

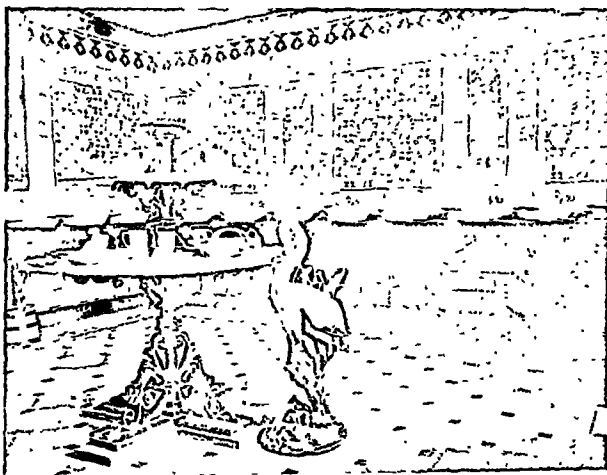


THE QUEEN'S BUTTER-MAKING ROOM AT THE DAIRY

(From a photo by J. Temple)

them, or to sink into the slough of bankruptcy.

During all this time, too, the King has been a model to other farmers in one particular and important respect. He has realised, as few farmers do, that the one way of making a profit in these days is to use all the newest appliances, and to keep none but the very best stock. The most perfect of shorthorn beasts, the most matchless of Shire horses, eat no more than inferior animals, perhaps indeed even less, for a poor animal is often a bad "doer" also, and it is a commonplace of agricultural experience that, where prices are down, good stock involves a comparatively small loss, while poor stock cannot be sold at all. That the stock at Sandringham is of the very best



THE QUEEN'S DAIRY AT SANDRINGHAM

(From a photo by J. Temple)

the present Prince of Wales.

It may be taken, then, that the King is not merely an amateur farmer, but also a keen amateur of farming. This healthy taste he may have inherited in some measure from his ancestors on the maternal side—"Farmer George" has already been mentioned—but it is not necessary to go back to his remote ancestry for an explanation of his interest in things agricultural, for it is notorious that the Prince Consort fully appreciated the national importance of agriculture, perhaps indeed over-estimated it, and did excellent and exemplary work with tawny Devons, and white-faced beef-carrying Herefords, and Channel Islands cattle, productive of the richest milk, at Windsor, and at Osborne. In fact the King has succeeded to as fine and varied a collection of breeds in England and Scotland (where the main herd is of the Aberdeen-Angus variety) as the heart of man need desire.

King and Queen alike delight in dogs, the latter perhaps the more eagerly of the two, and the kennels at Sandringham may safely be studied as a model of what kennels should be. They consist of a long range of buildings, well drained, well



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND TWO OF HER DOGS

(From a photo by W. & D. Dawney)



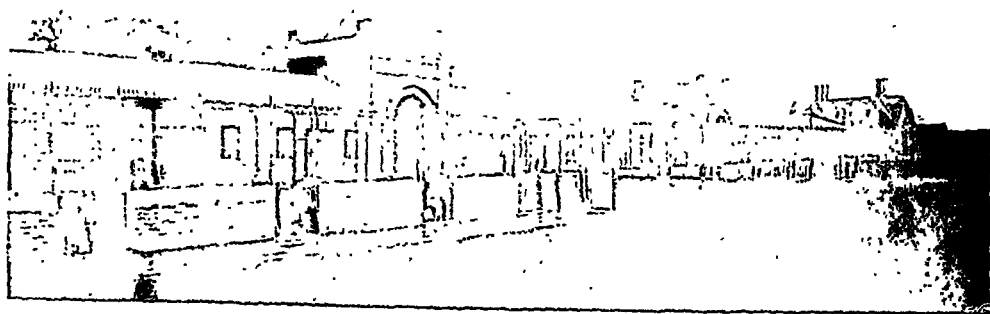
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER DOG "PLUMPIE" AND THE TWO "KING CHARLIES"

(From a photo by Theo. Fall)

ventilated, and without draughts. Each dog-house, so to speak (for the range is divided into many tenements) has its own railed yard, and in front of the whole building is a series of exercise paddocks, one to each group of kennels. It is perhaps needless to add that there is a cooking-house and a dog's hospital in connection with the kennels, the latter admirable in its simplicity. In those kennels are housed all manner of dogs, but principally Borzois, like unto silky-haired and gigantic greyhounds, in which Queen Alexandra particularly delights;

black pugs, of which many have been her very faithful companions; bulldogs, which she fancies, as the saying goes, not a little; and stray dogs with histories attached to them. One, for example, is the single canine survivor of Nansen's Arctic Expedition. Of sporting dogs I saw, on a fairly recent visit, not very many, probably because the Norfolk shooting of modern times—and Sandringham may be reckoned among the best manors in the richest shooting county in England—does not give much opportunity for the use of any dogs except retrievers.

Gardening is another of Queen Alexandra's



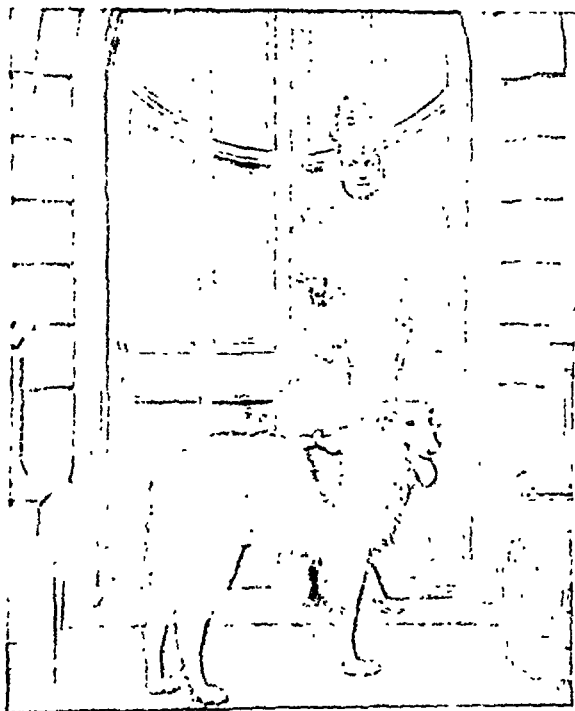
THE KENNELS, SANDRINGHAM

(From a photograph)

hobbies, and an abundance of flowers is always a characteristic feature of the drawing-rooms at Sandringham. They are a long series of bright rooms, which, in some indefinite way, seem to reflect the Queen's character at every point. One of the prettiest things about Sandringham, indeed, is the rose-garden, but it is pleasing from the picturesque point of view rather than from that of the rosarian, for, owing to the presence of abundance of large trees and shrubs in the vicinity, the roses cannot be expected to thrive in absolute perfection. Moreover, Sandringham is too near the sea ever to produce roses quite at their best, and Queen Alexandra will certainly do better with the English flower at Windsor, where, I understand, great alterations in the gardens have been made of late. There she will be growing her roses in the same inland air in which several famous nurseries flourish, notably that from which the beautiful Crimson Rambler began to overrun England. Here, perhaps, may be interpolated a

little story, not generally known, and only to the point quite indirectly, since in it neither the King nor Queen is involved, although the late Queen does come into it. It so fell out in the last summer before Queen Victoria died, about the time of "the roses and the longest day," that the Queen heard that the English father of Crimson Rambler had planted it as a hedge, and that it was a mass of flaming flower in bounteous trusses such as no other rose produces; and her Majesty, having given due

notice, took her afternoon drive in the direction of the garden where this wondrous hedge was to be seen. The loyal and thoughtful gardener had prepared a temporary road so that the carriage could come close up to the vision of beauty. Of course the Queen was delighted at the sight and at the evidence of thoughtfulness, for Crimson Rambler at its best cannot be surpassed for effect. A beautiful picture, when one comes to think of it, is that of the aged Queen, not long returned from that glorious visit to Ireland which shook



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT SANDRINGHAM

(From a photo by J. Lall)

her health much but did an immensity of good there, making a special expedition to see a hedge of roses in their glory at Slough.

Shooting is *par excellence* the sport of Sandringham, and the estate is admirably suited for the purpose in every way. Of covert there is great abundance, both in the form of moorland and in

perhaps it can hardly be said of the former, as it can with truth of the latter, that if the well-known game-shots in England, Scotland, and Ireland were divided into classes, and the first class were limited to a dozen men, he would be in it. So would Lord de Grey and Lord Walsingham. The remaining places might be hard to fill.



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE ROSARY, SANDRINGHAM

(From a photo by Chas. Latlam)

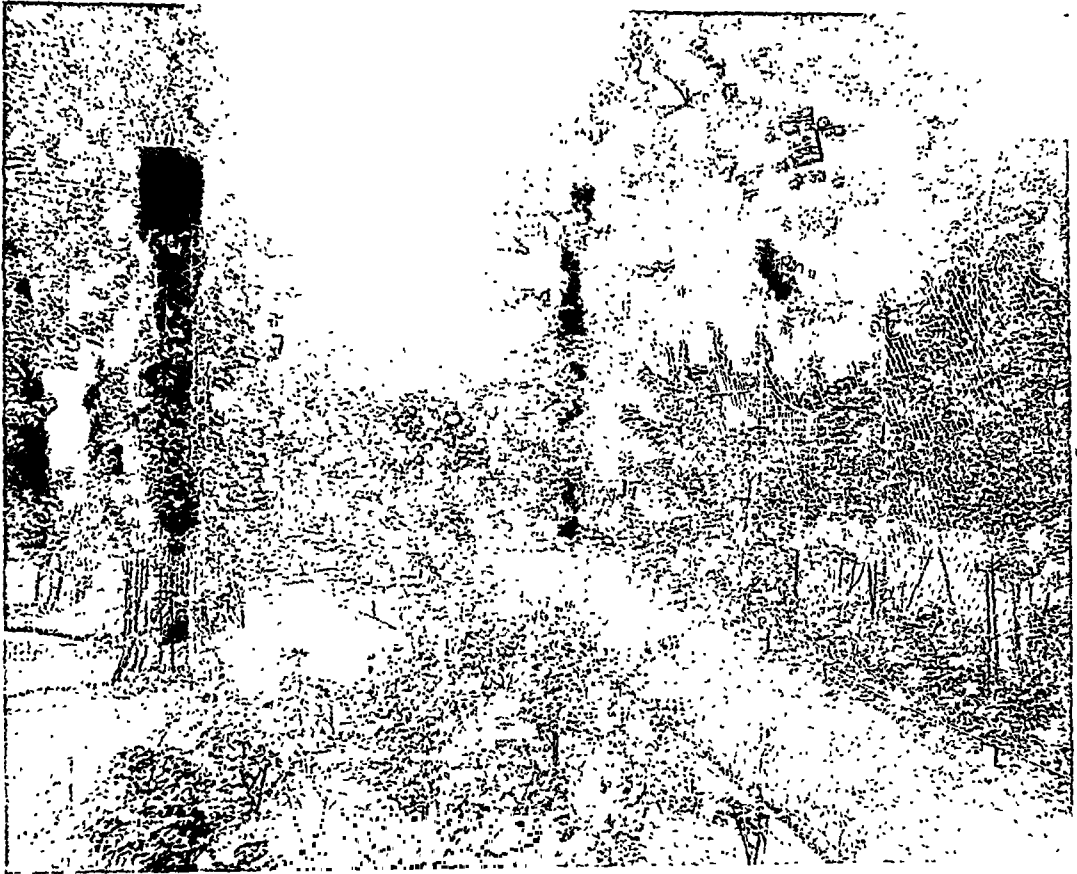
that of woods and plantations. Pheasants and partridges do very well there, woodcock come over from the Continent in the late autumn and early winter, snipe haunt the low-lying ground in winter. In fact every bird and beast that can be brought to the gun in England, except the grouse, is produced in abundance at Sandringham. Both the King and the Prince of Wales are good shots, although

Sandringham, as has been stated, is one of the finest shooting manors in Norfolk, which is much the same thing as to say that it is among the finest in England, or in the world—for though you may kill more game in some carefully preserved forests and parks in Germany and in Austria you will not have the chance of killing it in so sportsmanlike a manner. But, for excellent reasons of modesty and from a

desire on the part of the King to avoid ostentation, the world at large never hears the figures of the bag at a Sandringham shooting-party. Hereby hangs a tale. When the German Emperor came over to visit his grandmother and his uncle and to shoot, as was mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, it was my duty to follow him in his wanderings. At Windsor the supply of game was, as big shooting days go, distinctly poor. Probably it will be better

shots ran thick and fast, sometimes like a *feu de joie*, sometimes as if a company of infantry were engaged in independent firing. It did not surprise me, for I had been near before when the King of Portugal was shooting, and that marvellously well, at Sandringham.

In horses both King and Queen take great pleasure, and their ordinary carriage-horses have been the admiration of a horse-loving nation for



THE QUEEN'S ROSE GARDEN, SANDRINGHAM

(From a photo by Chas. Latham)

before long, it may be so even now. A faithful German of the Kaiser's suite who was sent up to the Castle to find out the total bag made at Cumberland Lodge by six guns returned with an account of the Emperor's bag only, something like two hundred all told. The average English pressman, unfamiliar with field sports, although he has learned at last that *one does not shoot pheasants with a rifle*, declared at once that this must be the bag of all the six guns. Then the party moved on to Sandringham, and there, all through an all too short winter's day, the

years past. Years ago both of them used to ride a great deal, but the King rides little now save to jog about the Home Farm or when he appears as a soldier. Lately both have taken very enthusiastically to the new and fashionable mode of locomotion known, for want of a better word, as "*motoring*." Indeed, if it be not high treason to say so, I heard discussed at Lynn not long ago the question whether the King could or could not be brought up before the magistrate for furious driving of his car; but it is only fair to add that it seemed to be the general



ONE OF THE WILD CHILLINGHAM BULLS SHOT BY KING EDWARD DURING HIS VISIT TO CHILLINGHAM CASTLE

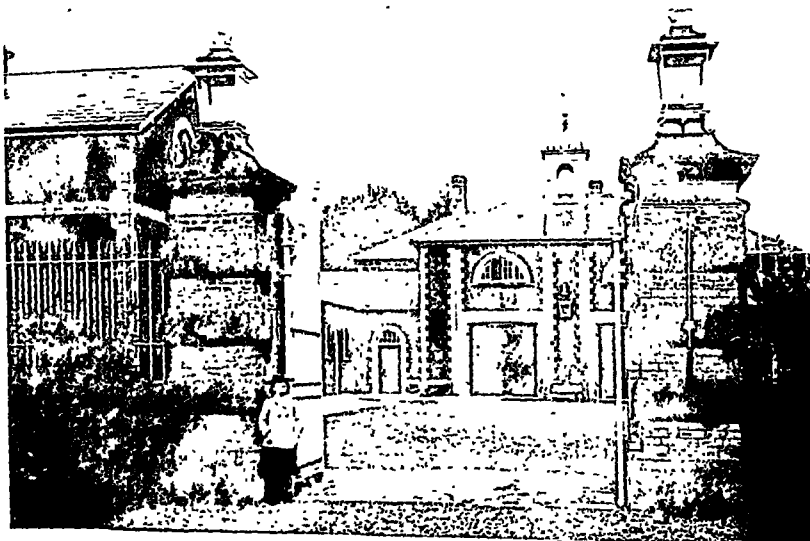
(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

opinion that an occasion for trying this pretty question in constitutional law was hardly likely to arise. Of ponies the Queen has always a team, and some Hungarian horses are much cherished. As for the vehicles, their name is legion—from the Russian sledge to the Japanese rickshaw, and apart from them the stables and their accompanying rooms and coach-houses are a perfect museum of

things equine, of mementoes of favourite horses, and of relics of past triumphs of the King's racing stable.

As a yachtsman, and as Commodore of the Royal

Yacht Squadron at Cowes, the King has gained a great and well-deserved reputation. This is based not merely on the fact that he has owned the schooner *Hildegard*, the cutter *Formosa*, and the famous *Britannia*, which was undoubtedly far and away the best



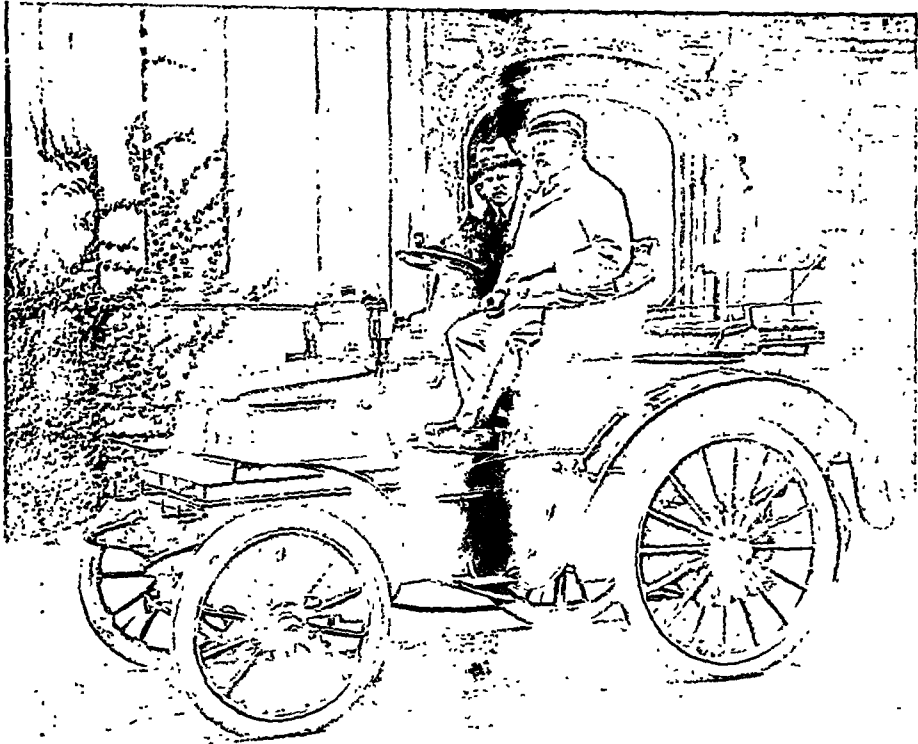
THE STABLES, SANDRINGHAM

(From a photograph).

racing cutter of her time on this side of the Atlantic, but also on the knowledge that he is a practical sailor who delights to be on the blue water and understands the points of a yacht very well. He has probably enjoyed the Cowes weeks of the past at least as much as any other weeks in his life, and it is hardly to be doubted that he will enjoy those of the future even more and that they will be more splendid and more popular than ever. It will not have been forgotten that his Majesty was a passenger and a guest on board the unlucky

gold fringe," having been registered "for life" as early as 1875. Then it was, no doubt, that the heir-apparent registered a vow that, as one of his predecessors in title had won the Derby with Sir Thomas in 1788, so he would carry off the most coveted of all prizes before a full century had intervened. In no other respect is he likely to have desired to emulate his titular forerunner, who brought the name of "the first gentleman in Europe" into sad disgrace.

But more than the full century was to elapse



THE KING AND THE HON. W. E. SCOTT-MONTAGU, M.P., AT HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE, HANTS

(From a photo by H. Altwegg)

Shamrock II. when, on her trial trip in 1901, the mast came down with a run.

Nothing on the lighter side of the King's life appeals to him more forcibly than his racing establishment, which he uses, as a great English gentleman ought always to use his racing stables, not as an instrument of gambling, but for the encouragement of all that is best in connection with the breeding of the animal which is justly called noble. His Majesty had been racing for twenty-five years when the century began, his colours, "purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, and black velvet cap with

before another and a better heir-apparent bore away the Blue Riband of the Turf, for, sooth to say, the King's early ventures were not of the most brilliant. The first amongst them which is of real interest was a match between "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's *Alep* (a pure-bred Arab horse) and Lord Strathnairn's *Avonal* (a very ordinary thoroughbred) for £500. Distance four miles on the Round Course," at Newmarket in 1877. It goes without saying that the thoroughbred, although, as has been stated, it was a very commonplace animal, won easily and that the Prince lost his £500. But

the little match had its special interest, for the Prince's jockey bore the distinguished name of John Jones, and in later years the son of this same John Jones, when a mere boy, was to solve a serious difficulty for the Royal stables and to win a glorious victory for this princely master.

Many things, however, were to happen before that. For a while there was little racing done—perhaps there was little time for it—and what was attempted was steeple-chasing, not flat-racing. In that the first considerable victory was the winning of a Military Hunt Cup in 1880, when, in pouring rain, and in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Mr. Hope Johnstone, of the 7th Hussars, steered into the first place the Prince of Wales's brown gelding Leonidas. Thirteen other horses ran and the Prince had luck. Mr. Hope Johnstone was a first-rate rider, and is now an active member of the National Hunt Committee. He was probably better able than most men to cope with the difficulties of a day on which his bridle-reins had to be rubbed with sand as a precaution against slipping. At any rate, Mr. Hope Johnstone rode a winner in three races

out of seven that day, and the only loser he rode was Black Knight, who carried the Duke of Connaught's little known colours, "green and black stripes." Moreover, Major Hutchinson's Pixie, with Captain Annesley up, looked very dangerous at one time, but a riderless horse cannoned against her and brought her down.

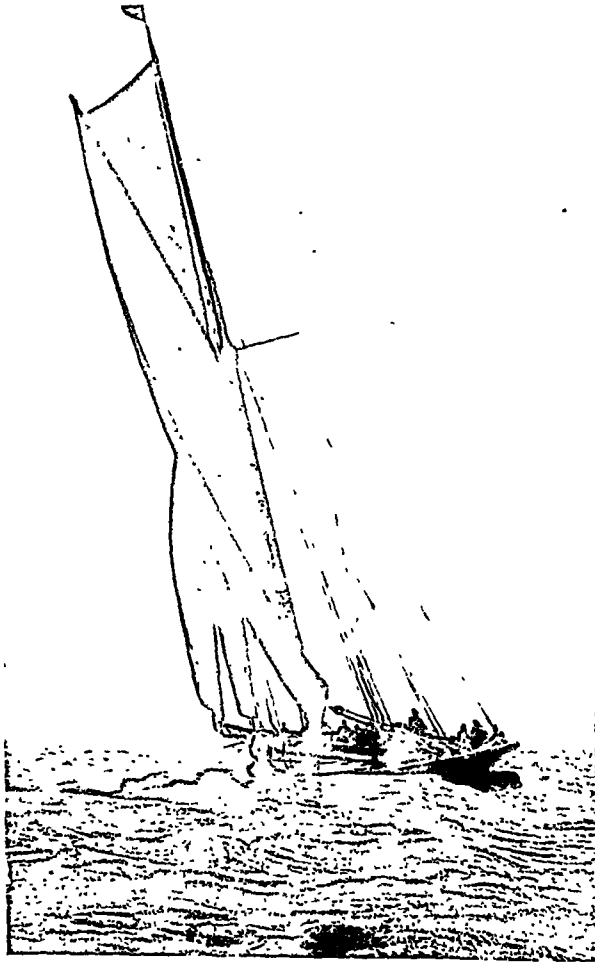
Not long afterwards came the beginning of a great change in the racing career of the heir-apparent, and that change was undoubtedly trace-

able to the introduction of Lord Marcus Beresford, an excellent horseman and equally good as a judge of a horse, into a position of authority in relation to the racing stables. Before that some efforts were made rather in the direction of steeple-chasing than on the flat, and one of the earliest ambitions cherished was to win the Grand National from the Sandringham stables. But it was an ambition never

realised till 1900, when Ambush II. won gloriously, and there was a great scene of popular delight. Meanwhile, and long before this, an earnest effort had been made to get together a flat-racing string, and the Prince, acting under the advice of Lord Marcus Beresford, had taken to entrusting his horses regularly to the care of Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere, who may be described as having been almost truly the prince of trainers, as his employer was Prince of Wales. The first visit to Kingsclere was made in the early spring of 1883 to witness the Derby trial of St. Blaise, and the account of it may well be given substantially in Mr. Porter's words:

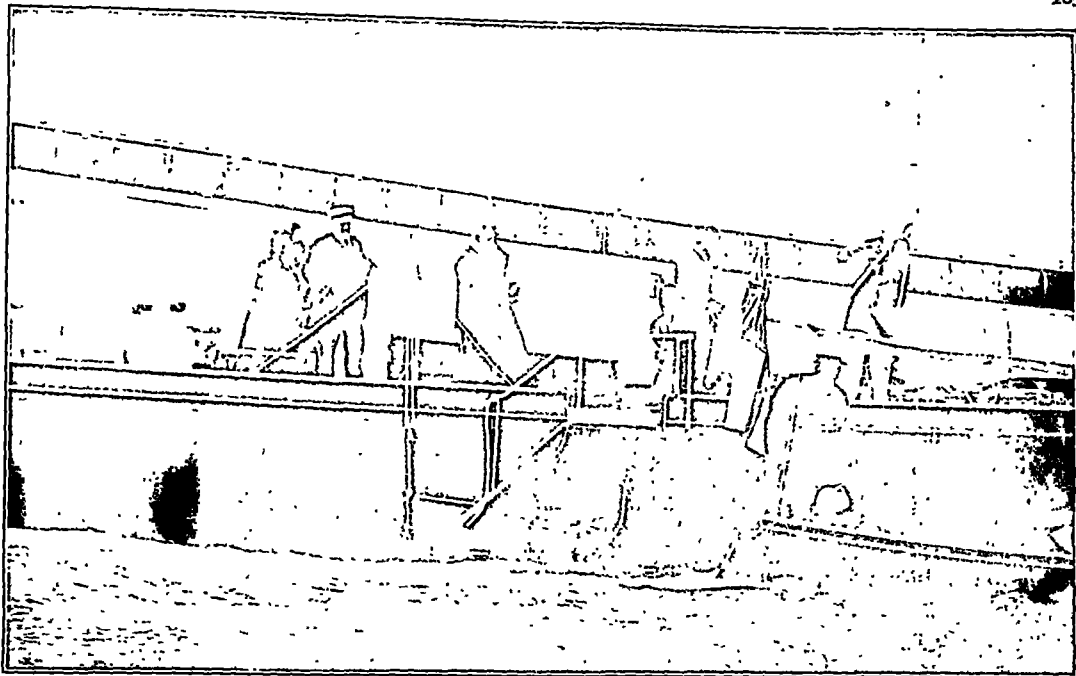
"The Derby trial of St. Blaise . . . was memorable, inasmuch as it was the occasion of the first visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Kingsclere. It is ap-

palling to conceive what might have been made of that Royal visit if the touts on the one hand, and the New Journalists (female as well as male) on the other, had got scent of the Prince's simple undertaking! As it fortunately happened, his Royal Highness was enabled to run down into Hampshire and invade the Kingsclere Downs with as much privacy as he would have enjoyed in making an informal morning call. He took the 9 A.M. train from Waterloo, like any ordinary passenger, to



THE KING'S YACHT "BRITANNIA"

(From a photo by West & Son, Southsea)



From a photo by

THE KING AND QUEEN ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA"

Hark, Coues, I. of W.

Overton, at which station Porter had a fly waiting, and was forthwith driven on to the Downs. The Prince was received, according to previous arrangement, by Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and Porter, who were waiting with the horses, and hacks upon which to mount the witnesses of the trial. No time was lost in getting the field of five to the post, and the foreshadowing race came off with the following result :

ONE MILE AND A HALF.

ST. BLAISE, 3 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb.	1
INCENDIARY, 6 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	2
SHOTOVER, 4 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	3
GEHEIMNISS, 4 yrs., 9 st. 5 lb.	4
ENERGY, 3 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb.	5

Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third, and a head between fourth and fifth.

"The sportsmanlike friendliness, the camaraderie of the trial, was not its least interesting feature. There



From a photo by

SHAMROCK II, BEING TOWED HOME AFTER THE ACCIDENT

West & Son, Southsea

FROM CRADLE TO CROWN

is an etiquette in such matters which is not seldom enforced when a number of owners share the services of a single trainer. It will be observed that 'all went in,' irrespective of exclusive ownership (Shotover, the property of the then Duke of Westminster, Porter's principal patron, had won the Derby of the previous year, 1882, whilst St. Blaise belonged to Sir Frederick Johnstone), in order that the investigation might be as thorough as was



CAPTAIN HOPE JOHNSTONE
(From a photo by Kate Pragnell)

possible under the circumstances. After the trial H.R.H. the Prince of Wales lunched at Park House, and was then conducted by Porter over the stables. He made an exhaustive inspection—as is his wont—of the establishment, and expressed the warmest admiration of what he saw. That admiration was destined to bear practical proof of a nature flattering to the creator of Kingsclere later on."

In flat-racing, however, as in the other branch of the "Great Game," success came so slowly that any less keen patron of the sport would surely have

retired disgusted ere many seasons had passed. Nevertheless, had Porter not trained one single winner for his Royal employer, the King would still be grateful to him, for it was by John Porter's advice that Perdita II., the foundation of the King's vast success during the nineties, was bought.

In 1886 came a win, of a selling plate only at Sandown, by the Prince's Counterpane, by the famous Hermit out of Patchwork, with the great Fred Archer in the saddle, but Counterpane, of whom great things were expected, unhappily fell dead at Stockbridge three weeks later.

Then, in 1887, the breeding of racers was seriously undertaken at Sandringham. In 1888 there were eleven mares, and in 1889 Lord Marcus Beresford, the good



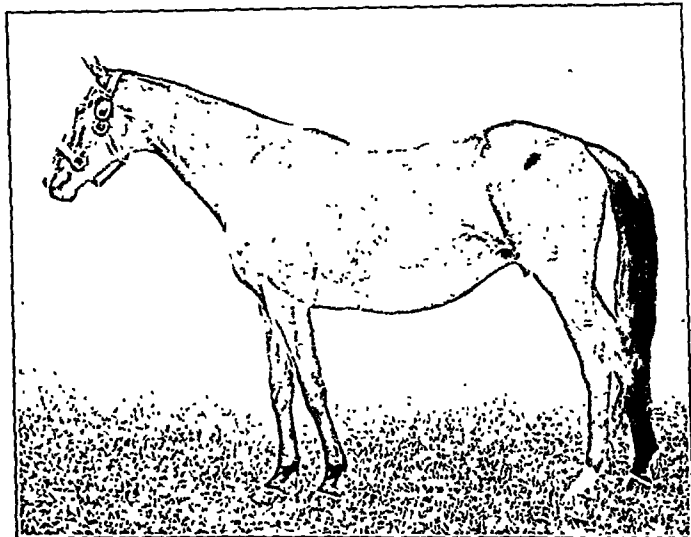
LORD MARCUS BERESFORD
(Photo by Ellis & Watery)



MR. JOHN PORTER
(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)

genius of the Sandringham stud, took charge. Amongst the earliest inmates of the stables were Lilian, who won innumerable races

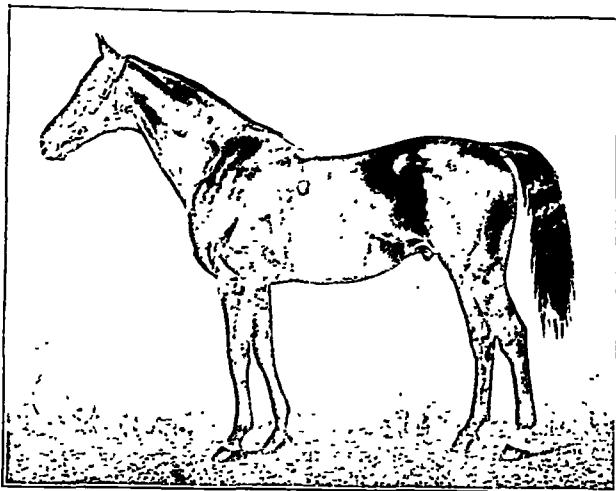
before retiring to the seclusion of Sandringham; Welfare, a three-parts sister to the mighty Ormonde; and last—but really first in importance—Perdita II. Perdita's first two foals, Derelict and Barracouta, both by Barcaldine, brought trifling satisfaction to their Royal owner, but her third, Florizel II., by that splendid sire, St. Simon, turned the tide of failure in a really remarkable manner. As a two-year-old Florizel was kept at home, and



From a photo by

PERDITA II

C. Hailley



From a photo by

FLORIZEL II

C. Hailey

did not actually appear in public until, as a three-year-old at Ascot, he delighted every one by winning the last race on the Thursday and another on the Friday, the stakes of the two together amounting to £2250. This was the King's first success at Ascot, and the enthusiasm was proportionably great. As a four-year-old, Florizel completely shook off a sickness which had given no little trouble to his trainer, and in 1895 won six races out of the seven in which he was started; including the Manchester Cup, the Gold Vase at Ascot, and the Goodwood Cup. Moreover, his one failure in this year is considered one of his best performances, for it was in the Cesarewitch, when he carried a burden of nine stone into fourth place. Another grand effort of Florizel's was in the following year's Ascot Cup race, in which he was placed third, being only beaten by a head by Omnium II., the best horse in France, who carried four pounds less weight. But it is at the stud that Florizel has set the seal of fame upon his name, by siring Volodyovski (winner of the Derby), Doricles (winner of the St. Leger, and the property of the King's friend, Mr. Leopold

de Rothschild), and Floriform (winner of the Middle Park Plate)—all being of the same age.

No small portion of the credit attaching to the triumphant progress of Florizel, and the even more brilliant careers of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, must



MR. RICHARD MARSH

(From a photo by Hailey, Newmarket)

be allowed to Richard Marsh, their trainer, to whose quarters, Egerton House, Newmarket, the King's "string" was removed in 1894. Another of Marsh's patrons is the Duke of Devonshire, and it was in his Grace's name and colours that his Majesty's horses ran—on rare occasions—during the period of mourning for Queen Victoria.

Unlike his elder brother, Persimmon was a good horse from the very outset of his career. His first appearance was in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, when he beat seven others; then he won the



From a photo by

PERSIMMON

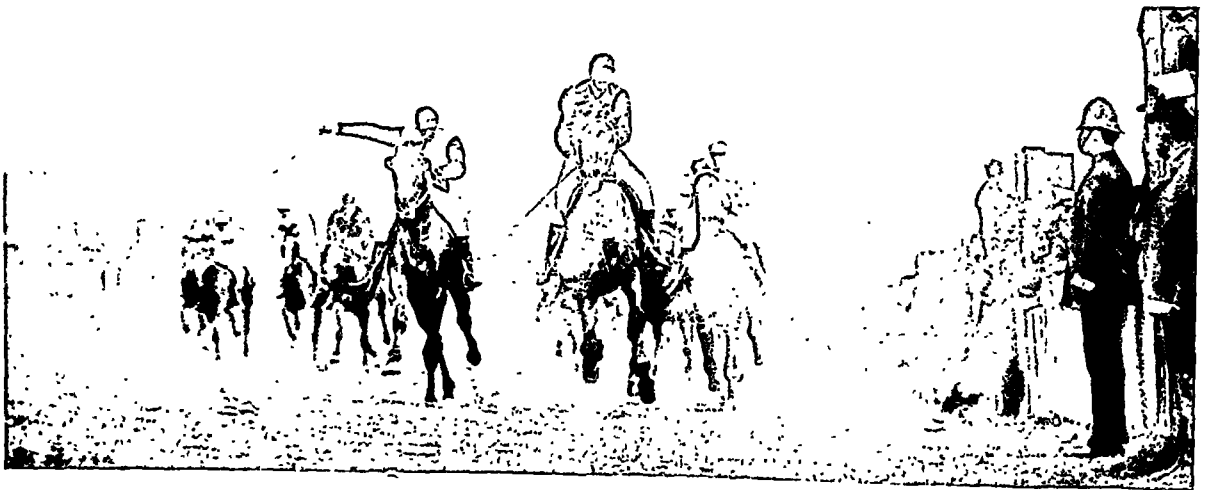
Ralph Deringham

Richmond Stakes at Goodwood; then suffered defeat without dishonour in the Middle Park Plate. Persimmon, who had been "coughing" just previously to this race, and was really far from fit on the day, only started in this important two-year old contest in order that the public might not be deprived of the pleasure of witnessing a duel between him and St. Frusquin.

Persimmon wintered none too well, and was to all intents and purposes quite unfit to run in—much less win—the Derby, until a week before the momentous race, when his condition improved. His behaviour, however, when the time came for him to be boxed and conveyed to Epsom was perfectly diabolical, and it took Marsh, his trainer, a full six hours to get him into his travelling-box. But the trouble was well repaid, for it ended in Persimmon's Derby victory, when the applause and joy of the people were simply indescribable. One Persimmon's Derby has indeed been described justly as equal to any two others.

As will be remembered, Persimmon's Derby was won by a neck from his old antagonist St. Frusquin, who turned the tables on him later, but at three pounds advantage in the weights, in the Princess of Wales's Stakes. It was a very even thing between those two giants among horses. But Persimmon went on from strength to strength, winning the St. Leger and the Jockey Club Stakes (in which he beat Sir Visto, Lord Rosebery's second Derby winner). Next year he won the Ascot Cup in a common canter, and finally, before retiring to the stud, he took the Eclipse Stakes.

Before leaving for good the topic of the King's horses, reference, rather more detailed than heretofore, must be made to Diamond Jubilee, for he deserves at least as much space as his distinguished brothers. As a two-year-old Diamond Jubilee was reputed to have a temper, which is as good as saying that such temper as he had was bad. True it is certainly that he took a rooted objection to one or two noted jockeys who wished to win races upon his back. After a somewhat ignominious youthful career, therefore, it was determined to entrust his management while racing to the same lad who looked after his wants so skilfully in private. This was Herbert Jones, son of the King's former servant, John Jones. This decision was triumphantly successful, for in the spring of 1900 the "rogue," Diamond Jubilee, so far forgot to misbehave as to win both the Two Thousand Guineas and Newmarket Stakes, and followed this up by winning the Derby and St. Leger, and becoming that *rara avis*—if the term can be applied to a thoroughbred—a winner of the "Triple Crown," that is to say, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and St. Leger. Instances of this achievement include such splendid names as Flying Fox, Galtee More, Isinglass, Common, Lord Lyon, and West Australian. Diamond Jubilee, it must also be recorded, did his share in assisting his Royal owner to the unique position of having won the Derby and the Grand National in one year. This has never before been accomplished by any other owner—let alone in one year.



From a

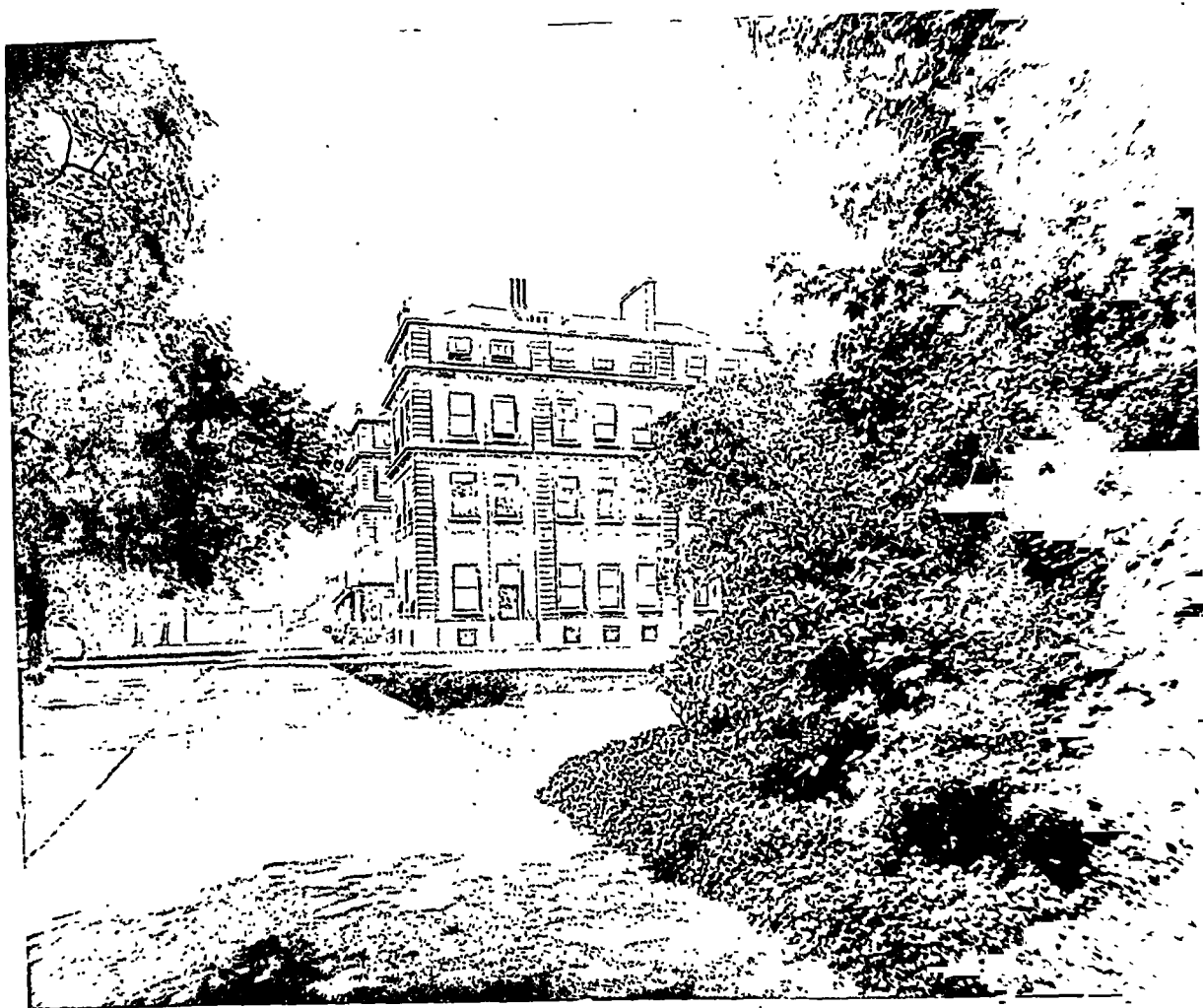
DIAMOND JUBILEE WINNING THE DERBY IN 1900

photograph



KING EDWARD PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING AT SIX MILE BOTTOM

(From a photo by J. Temple)



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

(From a photograph by Ralph, Dersingham)

CHAPTER XV



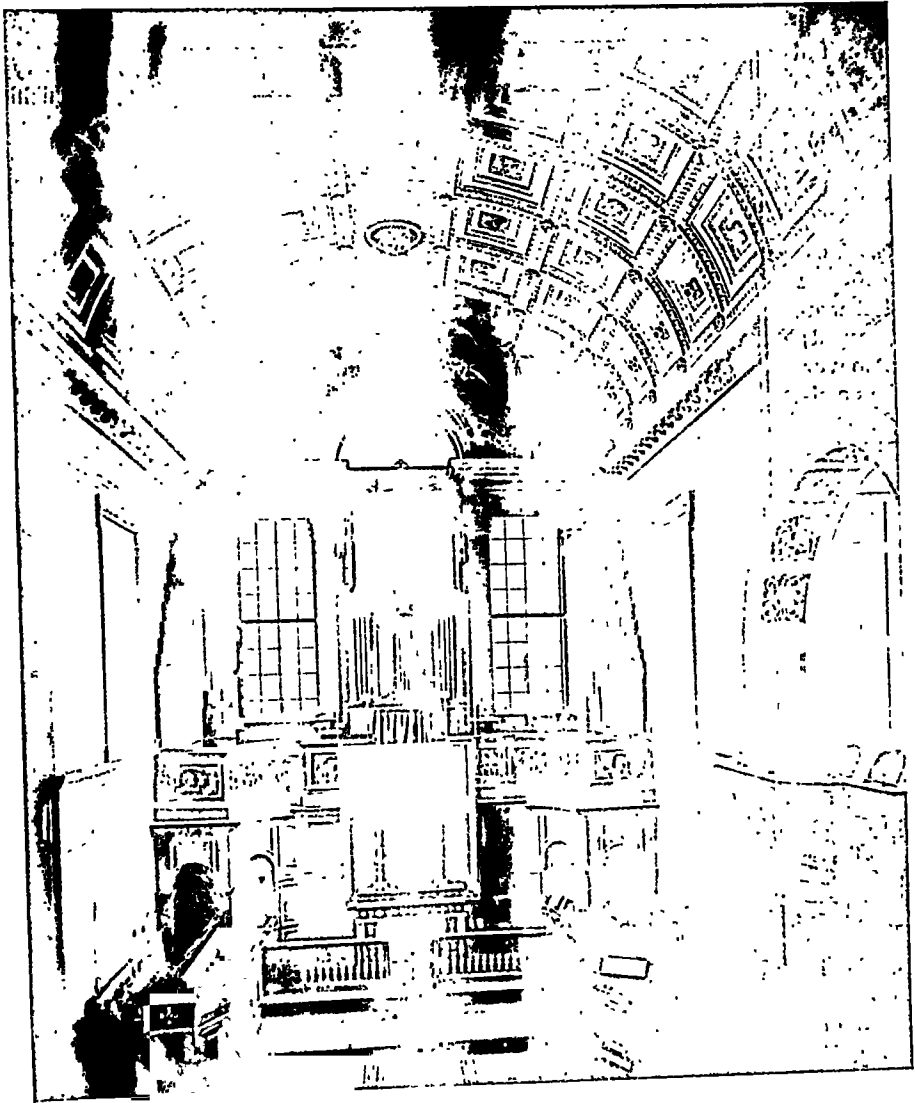
SO far this work has been mainly concerned with great events and with magnificent expeditions; with what may be called the domestic life of the King and Queen; with their personal joys and their personal sorrows; with the steadfast manner in which they have performed the endless round of their royal duties, and with the pursuits in which they take chief delight. In this chapter, attention will be directed to the active and positive work which both King and Queen have been able to carry out for the benefit of humanity and of

the nation. Hampered by innumerable daily duties while they were Prince and Princess of Wales, the King and Queen might well have been pardoned if neither the one nor the other of them had struck out an independent line in doing good; but, as a matter of fact, both have worked hard and consistently for many years towards beneficial ends, and those who are most familiar with every kind of charitable organisation are able to trace with certainty in the benefactions, and in the personal exertions of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, a distinct and sagacious policy.

In King Edward's public life, or in that portion of it in which his position has not prevented him

from taking a definite line, the influence of his father is to be traced in a clear and unmistakable fashion. Readers of this work will remember the pride with which Queen Victoria recorded the scene at the opening of the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace,

memorable occasion, a festival of peace in which her beloved husband had united the industries of all the nations of the earth. It is certainly not too much to say that this scene of his boyhood made a very deep and abiding impression upon the mind of



THE CHAPEL, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

(From a photo by H. N. King)

which was then regarded as one of the wonders of the world. She felt, as she walked down the nave of the Exhibition, led by Prince Albert, who had the Princess Royal at his left hand, while she herself walked on his right holding the hand of the Prince of Wales, then a little boy in a kilt, that it was a

the King. Many Exhibitions there have been since then in England and abroad, and in nearly all the English Exhibitions he has taken a leading and laborious part. In the case of Exhibitions abroad, especially when they have been held in Paris, the King has always exerted himself personally and without

stint with the object of making the British Section of the Exhibition as perfect and as complete as possible.

There are, of course, many views concerning the value of Exhibitions, just as there are many aspects of the Exhibitions themselves. To the scoffer, there seems to be a strong family likeness between them

all. You may call your exhibition Industrial, Arts and Crafts, Colonial and Indian, the Health Exhibition, the Fisheries Exhibition, or what you will. You may take care that its special character is emphasised; but whatsoever may be the nominal character of the Exhibition itself, it is, on the one hand, impossible to exclude those mountains and pyramids of apparently uninteresting tins and cases which the enterprising tradesman and manufacturer insist upon being allowed to show, and, on the other hand, it is difficult to attract the public without offering to them some kind of entertainment and recreation of an innocent if

totally unprofitable character. Good bands, the opportunity of dining more or less *al fresco* and of walking in illuminated gardens under a summer sky, are the inducements held out to the pleasure-loving public. The objects for the display of which the Exhibition has been brought into being are for the most part remarkably dull, and not one person out of twenty can, as a rule, be observed to take the slightest interest in them. But the other nineteen, who come to hear the bands and to spend an idle evening

pleasantly, have their uses, to put it bluntly, for their shillings are used to make a fund which pays for the collection and display of the innumerable and instructive objects which go to make the exhibition proper. From a study of them an intelligent man of commerce is able to mark, learn and digest inwardly many practical lessons.

So, at the head of every important Exhibition of the closing years of the nineteenth century was the Prince of Wales to be found. He began modestly by giving his patronage to a Fishery Exhibition at Norwich in 1882, which, from very small beginnings, developed to distinctly considerable dimensions. Speaking there, he explained the gratification it gave him to see that at last fishermen, as well as fishes, were beginning to interest the public of this country, and he dilated at large upon the very complete exhibition of life-saving apparatus which was a feature of the Exhibition. It was a direct consequence of this Exhibition, and one which his



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1876

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

Royal Highness took much pleasure in bringing about, that the National Fisheries Exhibition was held in London in the following year. It was opened by the King, who made an earnest speech upon that occasion, calling attention to the importance of our fisheries as a source of food-supply, and to the necessity (which has always been pressing) of enabling practical fishermen to study the latest improvements which have been made in that which is in all probability the most obstinately conservative occupation in the



OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION IN 1883

The Royal Procession in the Building

world. In this connection the writer may perhaps interpolate an anecdote. To a worthy fisherman of the West Coast he once suggested the desirability of employing some new and obviously convenient device for getting the better of the finny tribe. The suggestion was very well received, and the good fisherman was fain to confess that on the whole he and his brethren had improved very little if at all upon the methods of the



OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON BY THE KING IN 1885

Apostles. How far the fisherman was taking the pictures in the Family Bible as inspired, it was impossible to tell; but certainly the language of the Scriptures does seem to be perfectly applicable to the seines, the drift-nets, and the trawls, which, apart from trawling, are the principal apparatus of modern fish capture. The results of this Exhibition were excellent; more than 2½ millions of people visited it, and there was a profit left, after paying all expenses, of

£15,000, £10,000 of which were devoted to the succour of those who had been left as widows and as orphans through the loss of their bread-winners in the pursuit of their calling. £3000 were devoted to the establishment of the Royal Fisheries Society, for the collection of information concerning fisheries, for the dissemination of that information among fishermen, for the discussion of questions bearing upon fishing interests, and for the examination of the various problems in natural history, many of them exceedingly abstruse and difficult, which affect the production of the annual harvest of fish.

But the King did not stop at this point. He had done much to organise, and he had himself started the idea of the Fisheries Exhibition, which had been housed in a suitable building, and that building was still capable of being serviceable for other exhibitions. Within its walls, in fact, were held a series of successful Exhibitions, of which the first received the familiar name of "The Healtheries," the next was devoted to inventions and labour-saving machinery, and the third was commonly known as "The Colinderies."

It was well known at the time, and it is to be hoped that it will never be forgotten, that



KING EDWARD AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, 1870

(Photo by W. & P. Downey)



From a KING EDWARD AS COLONEL OF THE ROYAL DANISH HUSSARS, 1883

photo

all these immensely successful Exhibitions owed their very existence to the direct suggestion and initiation of the King. They were, indeed, one and all, concerned with subjects on which he has always shown the deepest interest. He, who has laboured assiduously and devotedly in the cause of the better housing of the working classes, was naturally amongst the first to interest himself in that sanitation which is the condition precedent to healthy life. He who had been deeply interested in his Indian pilgrimage, and in his Canadian travels also, was desirous that the people at home should have an opportunity of seeing

more than they had already seen of the wonderful and beautiful things which could be produced in the remote parts of the Empire. So he organised and worked hard to promote the success of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and out of that Exhibition grew that institution in which he was intensely interested later—the Imperial Institute.

It is impossible for those who were present on that memorable day, when Queen Victoria opened that fine pile of buildings, who remember the glorious prophecies which were uttered concerning the effect which it was to produce, to feel otherwise than sad,

It was to commemorate the Jubilee of 1887; it was to gather into one building samples of the productions of the whole British Empire; it was to be the means of drawing our Colonies and India into closer association with the mother country; it was to be

find a social welcome, and it was to be of lasting benefit to this and to future generations.

It is the fashion, of course, to say that the Imperial Institute, far from realising its objects, has been a complete failure; and it is certain that, situated as it



THE KING OPENING THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION 1886

"a place of study and a resort for producers and consumers from the Colonies and India." They would find "in its collections, Libraries, Conference and Intelligence rooms, the means of extending commerce, and of improving the manufacturing industries of the Empire." Again, it was to be a place in which Colonial and Indian subjects would

is in a part of London which is by no means easy of access to those who have work to do during the business hours of the day, it has failed to pay its way. But it is by no means certain that any such institute can be expected to be self-supporting; for, when all is said and done, the commercial products of an Empire are not necessarily interesting to the eye.

Be that as it may, the conception, at any rate, was a noble one. The Institute did effect a certain amount of valuable work, and if it failed to effect more, the principal reason is to be found in the course of external history. The work which the Imperial Institute was to have done gradually was accomplished rapidly by that simultaneous recognition of the identical interests of the mother country and the Colonies which came with the outbreak of the South African War; and if in the future these really

tions is not worth knowing, that the King and Queen do not belong to that numerous class of persons who extend their patronage and give their money to an institution once and then forget all about it, or go off on another tack; but that they continue to maintain a lively interest in every body and every work which they have once supported, and that their support is never given without preliminary investigation. Similarly in the distribution of their private charity, it has been their habit to consult the



From the drawing

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, 1893

Queen Victoria declaring the Building open, King Edward standing on her right

by R. Caton Woodville

splendid buildings are to be the home of a great educational body in which India and the Colonies will have no special and peculiar interest, it still does not follow that they will have been built entirely in vain.

The King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, gave their patronage and their money to the innumerable institutions specified in an appendix of Sir Henry Burdett's useful book, "Prince, Princess, and People," which has been quoted more than once before now. Moreover, it may be learned from Sir Henry Burdett, and what he does not know about charitable and philanthropic organisa-

Mendicity Society, which, severely as it is sometimes blamed by impetuous sentimentalists, is undoubtedly of real service in exposing imposture, and in diverting the flow of benevolence from simulated distress to cases of real and unquestionable misery.

In the charitable activities of the King and Queen, however, their personal and praiseworthy predilections are distinctly visible. The King has always given his warmest support to those movements which are calculated to advance the position of, or to improve the conditions of life for, the working classes. His work in connection with the commission for the improvement of the housing of



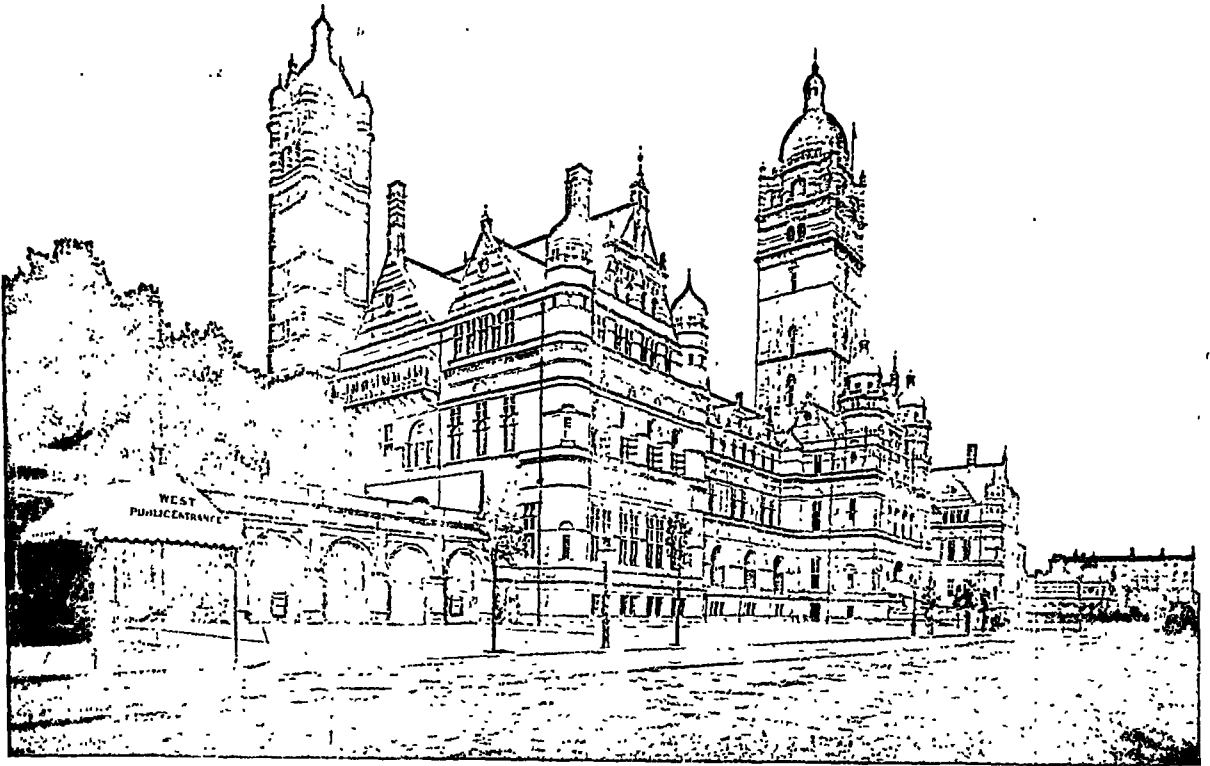
From a photo

by H. N. King

KING EDWARD AS COLONEL OF THE
HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY

the working classes will not have been forgotten. His untiring industry in promoting the cause of the hospitals, which are practically the poor man's only doctor in London, has been strenuous, constant, and successful. Noteworthy in particular also is the support which he has consistently given to any exhibition in the nature of Arts and Crafts, which has tended to have an educational value. His help has been given not merely to great Exhibitions, such as that in Dublin in 1865, or in Edinburgh in 1884, when in visiting the National Forestry Exhibition

Chief, he is impressed with the belief that the main difficulty in the way of recruiting, or at any rate of obtaining a suitable class of men as recruits, is due to the rough and uncivilised accommodation in barracks, and to the inadequacy of the married quarters. It was with this idea in his mind, and with the object of finding a remedy for a fault which all thoughtful persons, cognisant of military affairs, knew to exist, that he paid the visit to the Guinness Buildings and to the Rowton House, of which mention has been made in an earlier part of



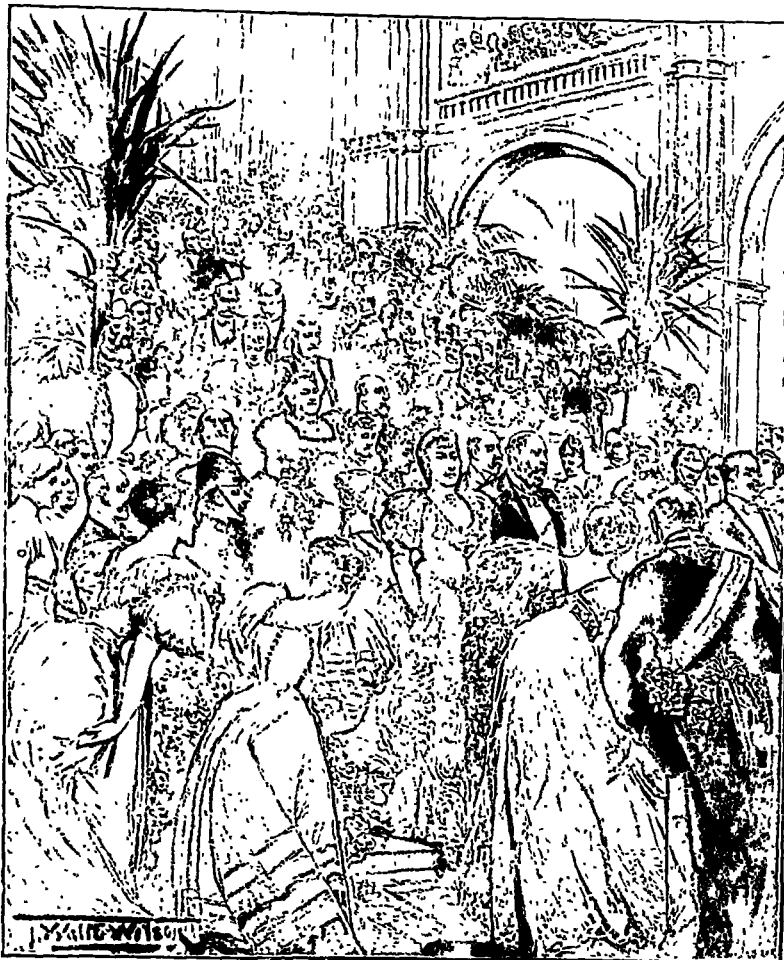
THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE

(From a photo by Poulton & Sons)

he paid particular attention to Colonial and Indian Exhibits, but to all sorts of little exhibitions; for example, in December of 1878, the King and Queen interested themselves in so minor an industry as that of the straw-hat manufacturers at Luton, and in November of 1884 the chairmakers of Wycombe were honoured by a visit, at the end of which they were allowed to present their royal visitors with some specimens of their local industry.

But, perhaps naturally, since the naval and military services are in the direct service of the Crown, the King has always taken in them the deepest possible interest. Like the Commander-in-

this volume. The King then expressed for publication the view that he thought very highly of these establishments, and believed that something might be done on the lines of them to ameliorate the condition of the soldier's life. Nothing, or next to nothing, has been done, although two or three years have passed since this visit of investigation was made, but it is too soon to despair, for it is needless to remark that, for rather more than thirty months up to June 1 of 1902, our military authorities had too many other things to think about to be able to direct much attention to the question of barrack accommodation. That they will do so now is



RECEPTION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE BY KING EDWARD VII, 1893

(Drawn by T. Walter Watson, R. I.)

sailors, in which the King, as Prince of Wales, interested himself specially, may be quoted the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, which has received an annual subscription since 1883; the Guards Industrial Home, to which an annual subscription is given; the Gordon Boys' Home, of which Sir Henry Burdett records: "No one took a more active part in its establishment than the Prince of Wales, who personally attended meetings of committee, and moved a resolution proposing the memorial at the Mansion House on May 30, 1885." All sorts of sailors' homes too, at Cork, at Dartmouth, at Dover, at Portsmouth, at Falmouth, at Poplar, and all over the East End, have received valuable support.

To go on with the list would be endless. But it is necessary to remember that the King's position is peculiar. It is right and proper that, amongst benevolent men of less

earnestly to be hoped, for there is not a particle of doubt that the roughness of the accommodation

and the common life not only keep men out of the Service, to begin with, but tend to coarsen and brutalise the manners of those who are in it. Among the asylums and homes directly connected with soldiers and

rank, each should take his particular line, pushing those charities which take his fancy most, to the



VISIT OF THE KING TO LUTON, 1878

The Making-up Room at a Straw-plait Factory



OPENING FESTIVAL OF THE GORDON BOYS' HOME. THE KING RECEIVING THE GUESTS

neglect of others, perhaps equally deserving, which are more favoured by men of different views. The many classes of philanthropists balance one another. The evils of the world are so countless and complex that the private individual who set himself to do his share to the alleviation or removal of them all, would merely be wasting effort. It is better for him to confine his energies to a comparatively narrow channel, resting assured that within that channel they will be felt, whereas if they were distributed over a wide area, they would be frittered away. But the King's position is different. He is the head and cornerstone of a great nation; he

is, in a sense, the father of us all; to him we all look for sympathy in affliction and for help in distress;



THE KING AT A ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET



KING EDWARD AS COLONEL OF LIFE GUARDS

(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey)

and really there are five closely printed pages in Sir Henry Burdett's book, containing a list of benevolent institutions and objects supported by the King and Queen, which afford astonishing testimony to the width and variety of the sympathies of their Majesties. Before offering a few observations upon this list, it is but just to add that it excludes quite a large number of special agencies for the relief of poverty or misery, for the advancement of commerce or the encouragement of education, and that it does not include numerous hospitals or infirmaries or institutions for the benefit of women or children, or

art. Under the B's, we find donations to the victims of the Barnsley and North Stafford Colliery Explosion, to the Bengal Famine Fund of 1874 (£500), to the Bishop of London's Fund in 1864 (£1000), then, under the letter C, we find the King interested in the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association (for which he took personal trouble besides giving money), in the Cape Relief Fund, the Chicago Fire Fund, the Cholera Relief Fund of 1866, the Christchurch Mission in the East End, the Clergymen's Widows Fund (Norfolk), the Commissionaires Endowment Fund, the Clerkenwell Explosion Fund,



THE QUEEN AND HER PONIES AT SANDRINGHAM

(From a photograph taken in 1880 by Geo. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells)

social, moral or physical improvement, to which their Majesties have lent a gracious hand. The list which is under the eye for the moment is arranged in alphabetical order, and a part only of the items mentioned in it are the subject of remark.

Very naturally, the King, who has always been deeply interested in the drama and the theatre, is a supporter of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. When the Alhambra Theatre was burnt down, he was to the fore at once with a subscription in aid of those who suffered; the Artists' Benevolent Institution has received substantial support from one who, since he made his first speech at an Academy dinner, has been a constant and intelligent friend of English

the Corporation of the Sons and of the Friends of the Clergy, and the Coventry Relief Fund of 1863. Under D, we find charity to Wounded Danes in 1864, and a donation in 1872 of 100 guineas to the victims of that Danish inundation which was particularly distressing to the Princess of Wales of those days. To Dublin Charities, too, there are many gifts. To the Egyptian War Fund, and to the Fund for the Relief of Widows of Sailors drowned through the loss of the *Eurydice*, the King gave handsome subscriptions. Fire brigades, gardeners, goldsmiths and governesses, Hungarians in distress in 1879, and hunt servants come next among the recipients of Royal attentions and charity. Under I, we find the

King subscribing 500 guineas to the Indian Famine Fund of 1877, and from India we leap to Ireland, and the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund of 1879, from Ireland to Ischia, and from Ischia to the Italian Inundation Fund. Then, we jump to the "Lewis," and then to the Mansion House Fund for the Unemployed in 1886. Next, we are at Marseilles, and then at Mortlake. Newmarket Christmas Charities come in with their claim, and next, after the Palestine Relief Fund, follow the Poor of Plymouth and Penzance, and the Pitcairn Islanders. In Railway Institutions the King has always been deeply interested, and in a speech made on May 27, 1873, at the Annual Dinner, when a very large sum was collected, he showed an intimate knowledge of the machinery and objects of the Railway Benevolent Institution. As is not unnatural, it is under the letter "R" that some of the most important activities of their Majesties are grouped together, since their benevolence has enabled a large number of Societies and Funds to be

entitled "Royal." Most important of these are the Royal General Theatrical Fund, the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, and the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Of the remaining Institutions supported, the leading ones are, or were, the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, the Stafford House South Africa Aid Fund (1879),

and the St. Patrick's Benevolent Fund. All these examples, be it remembered, are mentioned in a book which came out so long ago as 1889, and neither King nor Queen have wearied in well-doing since then.

It is necessary that in the foregoing observations should be contained nothing more than a haphazard selection among the principal movements and institutions to which the King, as Prince of Wales, gave not only his name but also his personal attention. But, certainly, even so much as has been said shows in the most conclusive fashion both the width and the depth of his Majesty's sympathies.

It will be observed, of course, that so far, save in the body of this work, little has been said of the activity of the King in promoting the interests of hospitals. And really little needs to be said, not because much has not been done, but because that which has been done is well known to all. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that there is not a meritorious hospital in London, to say nothing of scores

in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, which has not received direct support from the King, and that but for his severe personal exertion during recent years, it is an undoubted fact that a number of those priceless institutions must either have ceased to exist, or have been compelled largely to curtail their exertions for good. No system is really more typically



KING EDWARD AS COLONEL OF PRUSSIAN HUSSARS

(From a photo by W. Hoffert Berlin)

English and illogical than our hospital system. The hospitals are necessary, on the one hand, for the relief of the poor, on the other hand, for the education of young men about to become doctors and surgeons. They are practically without exception admirably managed, and treatment in them is expected by the poor as an absolute right upon which they are entitled to insist, concerning the administration of which it is their unquestionable privilege to grumble without ceasing. And grumble they do; so that all manner of accusations to the effect that experiments are made upon the bodies of the patients are part of the daily experience of the hospital doctor, while gratitude is very rarely shown. Yet these grand institutions, without which our metropolitan society, at any rate, could hardly cohere, receive not a particle of Government support, and are the result of the private benevolence of the past, supplemented by the spasmodic but, on the whole,

wonderfully generous charity of the present. The difficulty is that from time to time the recurrence of special claims upon the public sympathy, sometimes from other parts of the world, threatens to divert the attention of the public from the duty of regular contributions to the hospitals; and no work of the King's life has been of greater value than that part of it in which he has been seen coming forward with earnest appeal to the public, lest, in the face of some catastrophe of world-wide horror, or of some celebration of world-wide interest, they should forget the paramount claims of the hospitals. Certainly the King has done more for the metropolitan hospitals than any living man, and the only person whose influence for good in that direction can be compared at all with his is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Let us turn aside now to an Institution peculiarly dear to the King's heart, in which he showed active and personal interest. The memories of men are so

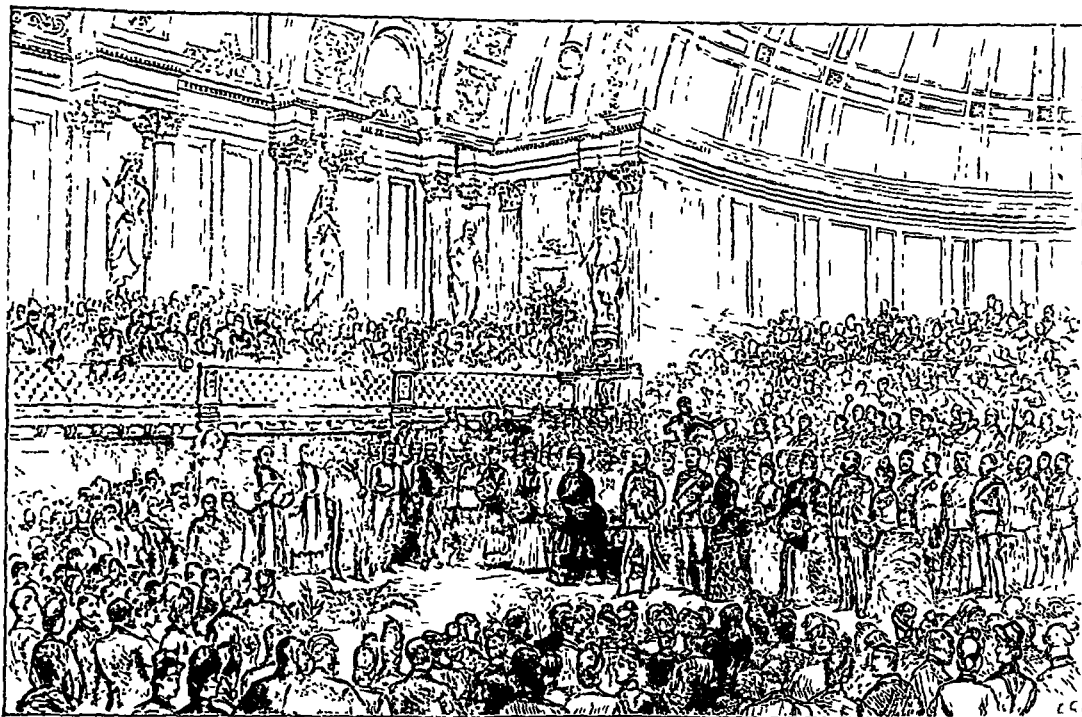


SIR WALTER BESANT

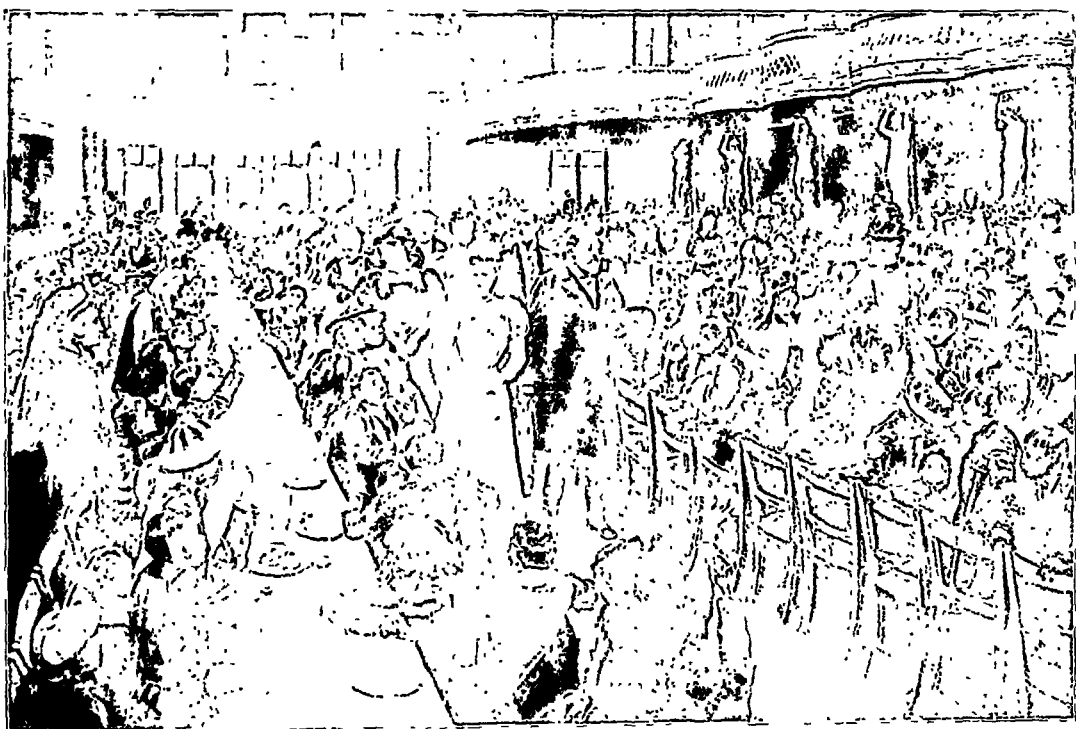
(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, 1886
Presentation of a Bouquet to Queen Alexandra



OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S HALL OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE BY QUEEN VICTORIA, ATTENDED BY KING EDWARD
AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA, 1887



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA ATTENDING THE CHILDREN'S FEAST AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ON THE
OCCASION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE, 1887

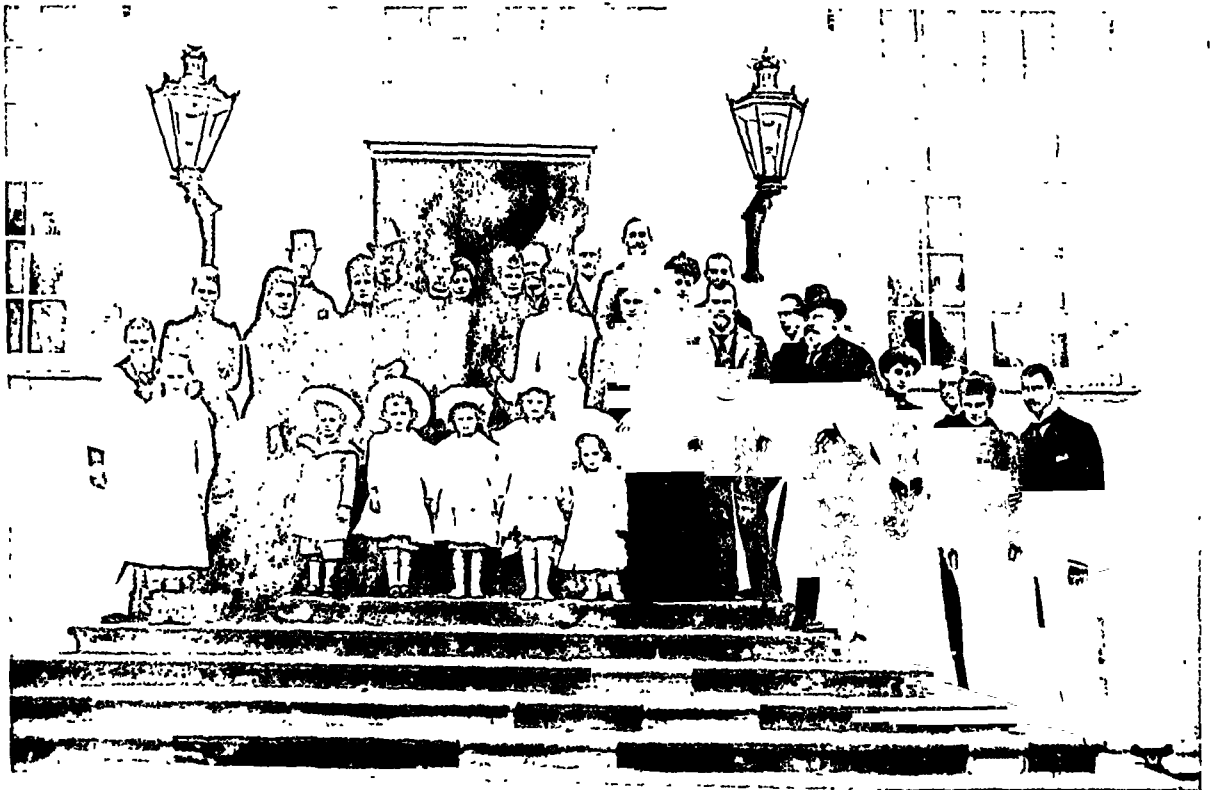
short that they have almost forgotten the book, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," that excellent novel with a purpose by Sir Walter Besant, who, at the time of writing it had not yet received the honour of knighthood which he so justly earned. Out of the proposal, eloquently made in that novel, for the establishment of a "Palace of Delight," grew undoubtedly the People's Palace, and there is no question that the attraction exercised by the novel upon the King's mind was a potent influence in causing that scheme to be carried into effect.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1886

(Photo by Russell & Sons)

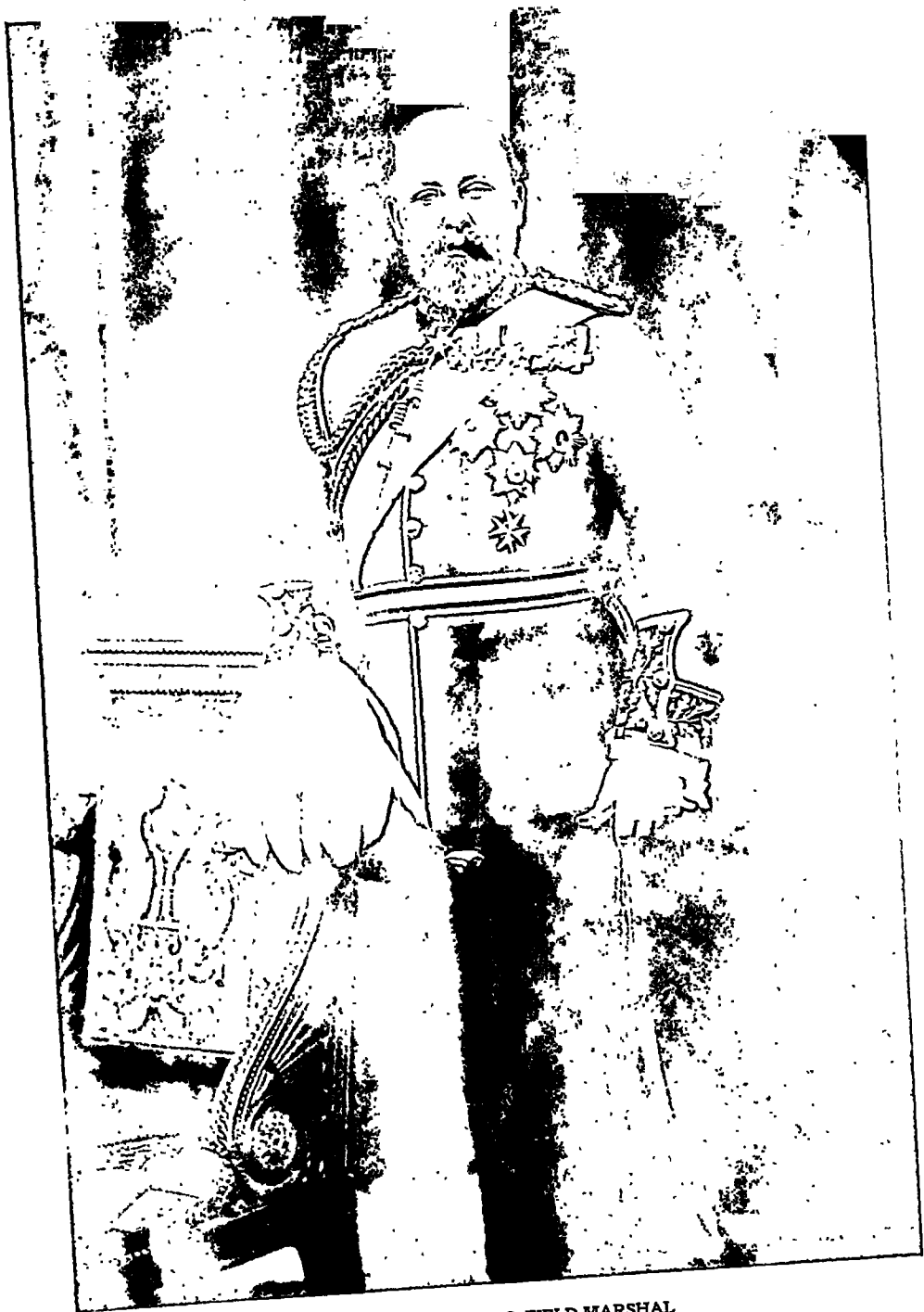
Sir Edmund Currie, too, as Sir Henry Burdett notes, "gave up his life—at any rate, for the time being—to insure that the People's Palace should be made to produce the best possible results to the poor of East London, amongst whom he had spent the greater part of his days." But the active participation of him who is now the King made all the difference in the world to the success of the scheme. He it was who laid the foundation-stone in 1886, and it was through him that Queen Victoria was induced in May 1887, the year of her first Jubilee, to make a triumphal



A ROYAL GROUP AT FREDENSBORG, AUTUMN 1901

photograph

From left of picture: Crown Princess of Denmark with her two youngest children, Prince Gustav and Princess Dagmar of Denmark; Princess Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe with her two children; Crown Prince of Denmark; Queen of England; behind her King of Greece, King of Denmark; behind him Princess Thyra of Denmark; Dowager Empress of Russia; behind her Prince Hans of Glücksburg; Prince and Princess Peter of Oldenburg; Tsaritsa of Russia with her three eldest daughters; behind her Prince Nicolas of Greece, Princess Victoria of England; Tsar of Russia; behind him the Cesarewitch; King Edward VII behind him Prince Harald of Denmark; Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark; Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark

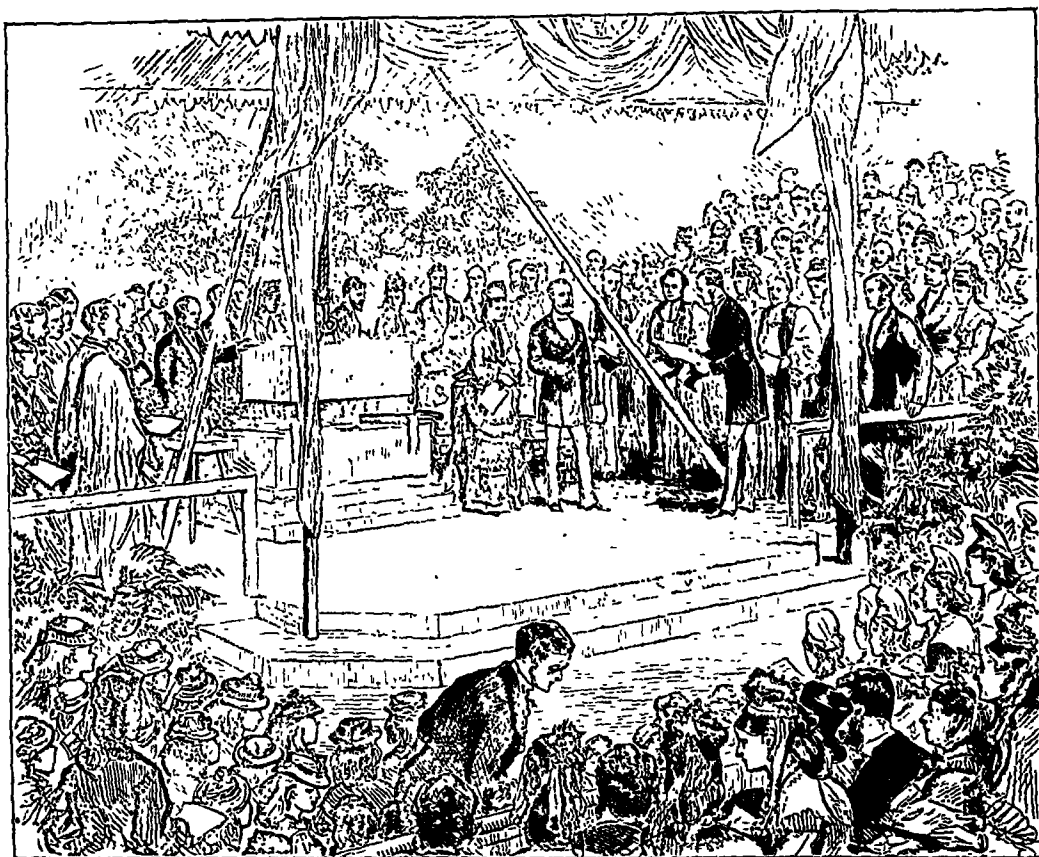


KING EDWARD AS FIELD-MARSHAL

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

progress from Paddington to Whitechapel, for the purpose of opening the Queen's Hall. The King's own view of the value of the Palace was well expressed in his opening speech. That is to say, he perceived that it provided simultaneous opportunities of recreation and of instruction, which would be of paramount value to a population composed mainly of artisans and mechanics and their

and it is not too much to say that in every enterprise in which he has been interested he has received warm and tender co-operation from Queen Alexandra. But her Majesty the Queen, very justly and properly, has her own special predilections in this matter of charitable work. Sir Henry Burdett wisely begins his appendix of "Institutions and Undertakings Patronised and Supported by her



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF NEW BUILDINGS AT THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET, 1872

families. "That the Prince's expectations have been more than fulfilled and that the influence for good which the People's Palace has exercised and will continue to exercise is enormous, must be patent to everybody who has taken the trouble to visit the building and judge for themselves." So wrote Sir Henry Burdett in 1889, and so, no doubt, he would write still with even greater confidence, having regard to the continued manifestations of the King's personal interest in the People's Palace. Perhaps, however, now that the People's Palace has, in some measure, lost its novelty, there is something of a disposition in others to neglect the opportunities which it offers.

Such, very generally, are the lines which have been taken by the active benevolence of the King,

Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," with the quotation from Shakespeare :

She hath a tear for pity
And a hand open as day
For melting charity.

And then follows a list of several hundreds of institutions to which Queen Alexandra has given her special and personal support. They are of all kinds, but since the Queen is herself a woman and a gracious lady who hails from Denmark, it is possible to trace her individual tastes even in the matter of charity. Everything Danish that is good has found in her a ready listener to an appeal for help. Danish soldiers' widows, Danish chapels and churches in London, Hull and Newcastle, sufferers from the Danish inundation and the Copenhagen



KING EDWARD AS COLONEL OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

(From a photo by R. Milne, Balliol.)

poor have found in her a constant friend. But it is vastly to understate the case to say that she has never neglected the claims of her adopted home, and there is no considerable institution, whether for the benefit of the more unhappy of her sex or for the promotion of the education of women of all classes, to which

human suffering." Changing the number of years, Sir Henry would, no doubt, say the same thing still. Perhaps the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, to which Queen Alexandra accompanied the King shortly after his illness for the purpose of being present while he laid the foundation-stone of some

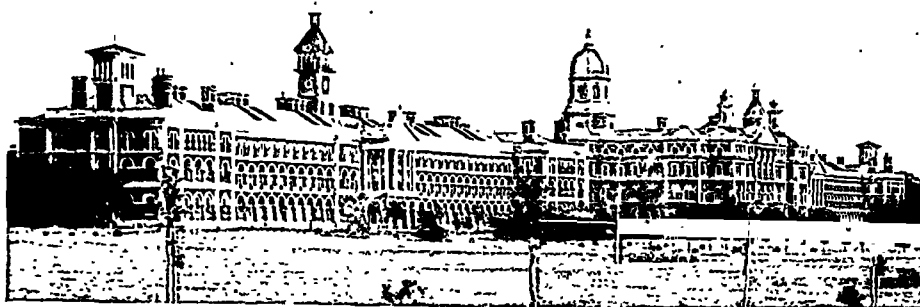


VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "PRINCESS OF WALES" AT SOUTHAMPTON

(Drawn by S. Begg)

she has not given eager assistance. More especially is her devotion to children noteworthy. "A close study of the movements of their royal highnesses during the first twenty-six years," writes Sir Henry Burdett, "has caused us to conclude that they have a special sympathy with the institutions for children, and especially for those that relieve any form of

new buildings, has gained most from the personal kindness of the Queen and her daughters; and Sir Henry tells a pleasant story of an argument between sundry little inmates of that hospital, who were disputing which of them was most grievously stricken. Of course, among the children in that class of life, it is an established fact that in proportion to the badness



From a photograph by

NETLEY HOSPITAL

Gregory & Co. Strand

tour of the ship, talking to almost every man, inquiring into the nature of his wants, not shrinking even when, after the familiar fashion of patients, the men in-

sisted on showing in horrible detail the precise nature of their sufferings. Moreover, the writer saw what the Princess did not see herself, and that was the universal feeling of affection and gratitude which glowed in the hearts, and found expression from the lips of those poor fellows, when she was gone. These are the occasions which have endeared Queen Alexandra to the heart of her husband's people, and the body of nurses which bears her name is perhaps the worthiest expression of one side of her character.

of the complaint is the rank of the child. But a child in one such dispute settled the whole question of superiority once and for all in another fashion. "I was here before," she said; "it was in the summer, and one Sunday the Princess of Wales came round and gave us all flowers. Mine were tied with a ribbon—a ribbon she had worn, mind." Moreover, the ordinary residents in Chelsea, where there are several important institutions for sick children, and for sick and incurable children, have been witnesses time after time of the repeated visits paid by Queen Alexandra to these little ones. Often she has borne flowers with her; often she has been accompanied by one or more of her daughters.

But perhaps it was the South African War, and the sufferings which resulted from it, which gave to Queen Alexandra the best opportunity of her life of showing not only her tenderness of heart, but also her thoroughly English patriotism. The energy with which she set herself to work to collect funds for, and to equip, a special hospital-ship, endeared her more than ever to the people of Great Britain and to the British Army. Moreover, it was the writer's good fortune to be present on more than one occasion at Southampton when the hospital-ship "*Princess of Wales*" came in with her suffering load of humanity, and he will never forget the scenes which followed. Down to Southampton as soon as possible would come the Princess of Wales, as she then was, and before the patients were removed to Netley, the Princess, accompanied by one or more of her daughters, would make the complete

tour of the ship, talking to almost every man, inquiring into the nature of his wants, not shrinking even when, after the familiar fashion of patients, the men in-



Drawn by

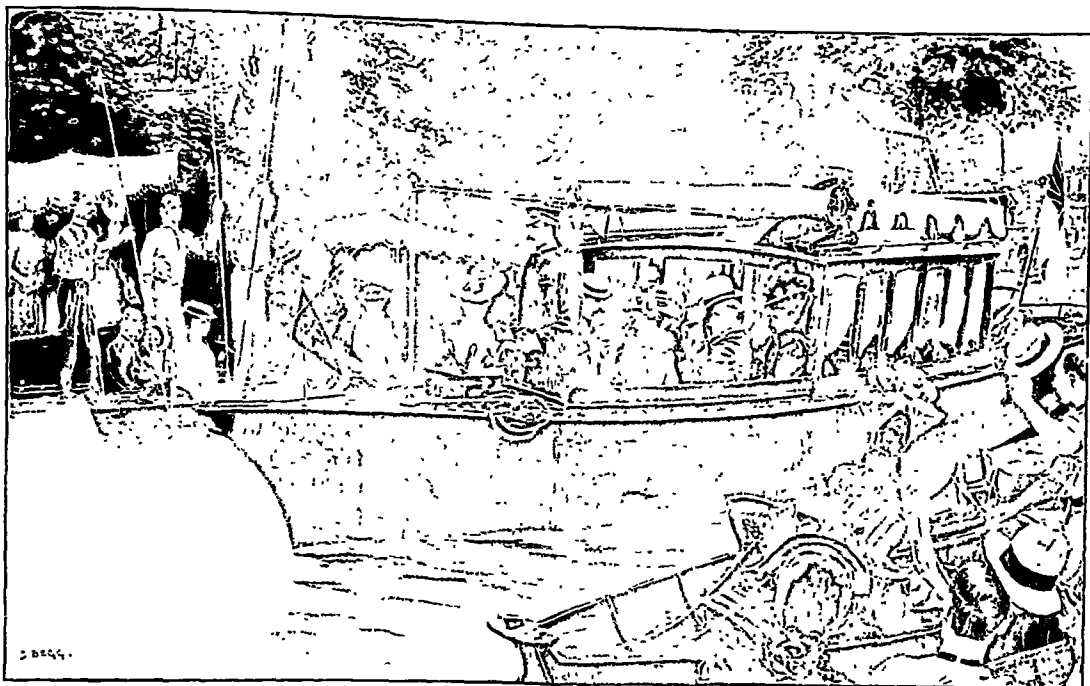
THE QUEEN AND THE QUEEN'S NURSES
Presenting Badges at Marlborough House

C. M. Sheldon



KING EDWARD AT HOMBURG, 1896

(From a photo by T. H. Voigt, Homburg)



Drawn by

THE KING AND PARTY AT BOULTER'S LOCK, JUNE 1899

I. Bege

CHAPTER XVI



SOMETHING must have gone strangely wrong in the writing of this book if its readers are not by this time well aware, in the first place, of a determination to be absolutely frank, and in the next place of a recognition of the fact that the position of the monarchy was greatly strengthened during the last fifteen or twenty years of the nineteenth century, and that this strengthening was due to a sudden and complete reversal of that policy of obscurity and isolation which was followed by Queen Victoria for many years after the death of the Prince Consort. The purity of Queen Victoria's Court, her personal dignity, her care to keep herself well abreast of the literature, the science and the art of her people and her time, her domestic virtues and her tireless industry, were known and familiar to all educated persons who paused for a moment to think upon the matter. But there was outside the educated class a vast

crowd of uneducated people upon whom self-seeking agitators and coarse grumbleis could and did exercise considerable influence.

It was recorded not long before the Jubilee of 1887 that, during the years when her Majesty preferred to bear her sorrow alone, an assertion had been made at a meeting of working men that her Majesty was so absorbed in her grief as to have lost all sympathy with her people. Fortunately, perhaps, the name of the author of this most unchivalrous and utterly false accusation has been forgotten. It was indeed a loathsome charge to make against a Queen whose private purse and personal sympathy were always ready for all real sufferers, who had instituted not only the Victoria Cross for bravery shown in battle, but also the Albert Medal for bravery in saving life at sea or on land. But if the name of the accuser has been forgotten, that of the defender will live for ever. There was never more staunch Liberal, perhaps, at one time, never more sturdy Republican, than John Bright, and the paltry charge stung him into a white fury of righteous indignation. He spoke thus in his wrath :

"I am not accustomed to stand up in defence of those who are possessors of crowns. But I could not sit here and hear that observation without a sensation of wonder and of pain. I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this, that a woman, be she Queen of a great realm or be she the wife of one of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

Still the fact remains that the accusation was made; and far-seeing people of the day began to hope not long before the Jubilee of 1887 that her Majesty would begin once again to show herself more frequently to her people. In the early years of her reign, those happy years of her married life with the Prince Consort, the sight of her face had been frequent and familiar. But even early in 1887, the *Times* printed in a leading article the words:

"A generation has grown to manhood since the happy days in the Queen's reign when her appearance and that of Prince Albert enlivened all State ceremonies and many public entertainments. We cherish the hope that the celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee may mark the beginning of a new and brighter period, both in her own existence and in the social annals of the country."

That hope was fulfilled. 1887 did mark the beginning of a new and brighter period in the existence of the Queen and in the social annals of her country; nor need there be any doubt that this very distinct departure was due in large measure to the influence of the Heir Apparent of those days. His worst enemy was never so much as heard to suggest that he

was indifferent to public opinion or that he failed to watch it. Indeed, it would probably surprise the average member of the British public to know how carefully all expressions of public opinion and all accounts of Royal festivals or ceremonies are scanned and preserved by those who are connected with the Court, or how deeply blunders upon points which might be deemed trivial are resented at Windsor, at Buckingham Palace, and at Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales, then, of the 'eighties was well aware that, firm as was the position of the monarchy in the minds of cultivated men and women, absence had certainly not made the heart of the multitude grow fonder, and it is a fact that he himself had a very large personal share in causing her Majesty to make early in 1887 that distinct

change in her habits of life in public which may be said practically to have lasted to her death. He it was who induced her to appear in person at the opening of the People's Palace, and it is more than likely that the extraordinary warmth of the welcome which she received in driving from Paddington to Whitechapel sufficed to convince her, not, perhaps, that the isolation of past years had been a mistake, but that the outspoken expression of the passionate affection of a great people was a thing worth living for.

So she nerved herself to bear the fatigues necessarily incident to the great Jubilee procession of 1887 and the accompanying service in the Abbey. That Jubilee was a triumph from the moment when her Majesty came into London to take up her residence at Buckingham Palace for the purpose of the celebration; and when the day itself came, it was possible to write of it: "A national pageant has proceeded amidst circumstances of unrivalled splendour, the voice of a mighty people has been



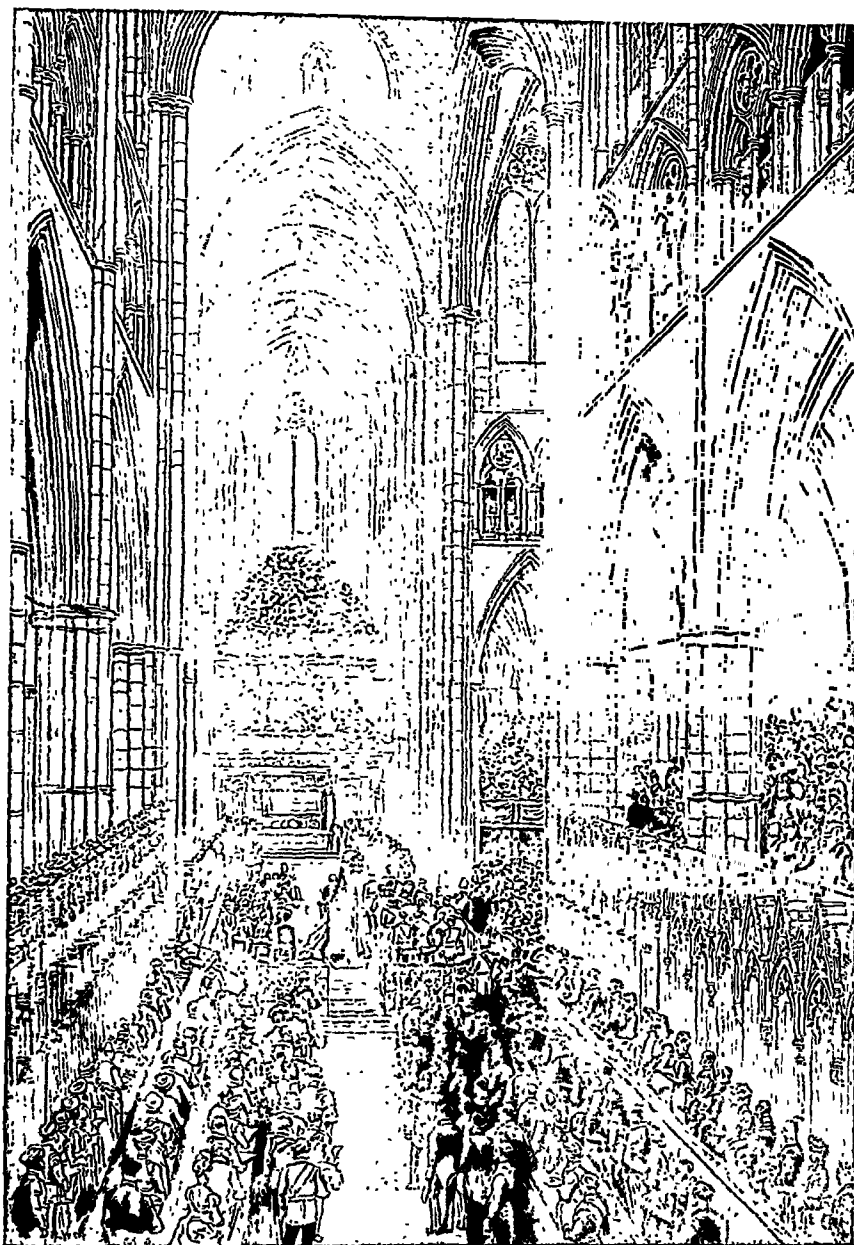
JOHN BRIGHT

(From a photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.)



PRINCESS BEATRICE

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



JUBILEE OF H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA

General View of the Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey, June 21, 1897

heard rejoicing with no uncertain sound ; Kings and Princes from the continent of Europe, and even from the distant parts of Asia and the far Pacific, and welcome representatives of her Majesty's Indian and Colonial Empire, have assembled to take their share in the universal joy and triumph. The Sovereign, in spite of her burden of half a century of power, has assumed her part in the imposing

ceremony by which her fifty years of glory and prosperity have been celebrated. In the venerable Abbey, which from old times has been the scene of the Coronation of our Kings, attended by numerous descendants and by a crowd of illustrious personages, her Majesty has made her offering of thanks to God for the great blessing of a long and prosperous reign which has been bestowed upon her and upon



Drawn by

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE (EMPEROR FREDERICK) AND KING EDWARD IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S
JUBILEE PROCESSION, JUNE 21, 1887

John Charlton

her people. She has put aside her own sorrows and griefs, in order to join in the song of jubilant exultation which the nation is singing with one accord. The result has been happy beyond all anticipation and hope. Every one had known that the occasion of the Jubilee would be remarkable; few, perhaps, had been able to realise the fervour and the strength of the popular feeling. The sounds no less than the sights of yesterday were a revelation. Surely never was any manifestation of Royal pomp so successful in calling forth from an assemblage so completely representative and unanimous such cordial expressions of loyalty, of sympathy, and of affection as those which were heard yesterday. The entire



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT BERNSTROFF, 1892
(From a photograph)

ceremonial from beginning to end was full of unprecedented interest and significance. The day was one of which every particular is worthy to be treasured in memory. We may well be forgiven, therefore, if we linger over its history and endeavour to impress it in detail upon the minds of our readers."

As usual in these cases, the central ceremony in the Abbey can only be for the few, but for the many there was the tumultuous chorus of loyalty as the Queen drove down the streets, surrounded by a cavalcade of horsemen, among whom were the Prince of Wales and the Princes of the Blood; most splendid figure of all being the German Crown Prince, who rode in the white uniform of the Cuirassiers

of the Guard, towering above all who surrounded him, recalling heroic days.

The policy of more frequent public appearance on the part of Queen Victoria, which may be said to

Impressive, however, as was the Jubilee of 1887, the Diamond Jubilee of 1897 surpassed it, perhaps in splendour, certainly in significance. Spectators missed the knightly figure of the German Crown



A ROYAL GROUP TAKEN DURING QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO GERMANY IN 1894

The Duke of Connaught, The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, The German Emperor, King Edward, Queen Victoria, The Empress Frederick

(From a photograph by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond)

have been inaugurated through the instrumentality of King Edward in 1887, was continued during the rest of her life, and her Majesty even took to going abroad. A memorable visit which she paid to Germany in 1894 is illustrated by a good picture, including many striking portraits of Royal personages.

Prince, afterwards and for a brief space Emperor, who had ridden beside the Queen's carriage ten years before; but in the interval—doubtless partly by reason of the wise policy of many public appearances—the whole of the Royal Family had become more firmly established in the affections of the



FOUR GENERATIONS

Queen Victoria, King Edward, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Edward of Wales

(From a photo taken in 1893 by W. & D. Downey)

people. Moreover, the brain of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who had been at the Colonial Office for two years, had conceived the magnificent idea of making the Diamond Jubilee not only an occasion for displaying the world-wide strength of the Empire, but also for cementing the spirit of unity and of common interest which is the real strength of that Empire. This, perhaps, is no place in which to preach the doctrine of Imperialism; but on one point at least all will be agreed. It is that, if we are to be imperial, it is before all things essential that our imperialism should be strong and our unity complete. So, it was arranged that the Diamond Jubilee should be the occasion of the meeting of



MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)

Mauritius and Hongkong, as well as from the English-speaking colonies already named, to say nothing of Infantry also from every part of the world. They were received at Chelsea Barracks, and as it was my duty at the time to make a personal inspection of them and of their quarters, I make no apology for reproducing the little picture in words which I then endeavoured to draw:

"A description of what I saw on entering the barracks recently, and in the course of a pilgrimage through them, may not be without interest. In the colonnade on either side were soldiers of many shades laughing and talking in the most cheery way with English guardsmen. On the far side of the barrack



MR. R. J. SEDDON

(Photo by Russell & Sons)

the leading colonial statesmen from all parts of the world. There, bluff Mr. Seddon from New Zealand, suave and genial Mr. Barton—then of New South Wales only, now Premier of Federated Australia—the most facile and silver-tongued of orators, met Sir Wilfrid Laurier and all that was best in Canada. The Cape, too, and Natal sent their contribu-

square was a long row of temporary huts with a swarthy Indian for sentry. These are the officers' quarters, and quite sufficiently comfortable for all practical purposes. The nearest approach to them within my knowledge will be found at Bisley in a month's time, occupied by men of means, and even of fortune, without a thought of complaint.



SIR E. BARTON

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)

tions of statesmen, and there is no doubt that the informal meetings between these men who held the shaping of destinies of the Empire in their hands were productive of great good. Moreover, the collection of military force from all parts of the world was quite remarkable. There were Canadian Cavalry, and Australian Horse, and Mounted Infantry of all sorts, Carabiniers from Natal, horsemen from Ceylon and Rhodesia and Trinidad, mounted police from Africa and Canada, Artillery from Malta, the Gold Coast, the West Indies, Straits Settlements,



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

(Photo by Lafayette)

Away to the right, with a stalwart negro soldier lounging near it, was the unpretentious office, not to be matched out of Lacedæmon for severe simplicity, in which Colonel Herbert carries on his arduous work. It was the dinner hour, or thereabouts, when I paid my visit, and I was courteously permitted and encouraged to go everywhere and to use my eyes and ears freely. There were men from all parts of the Empire. My attention, however, was directed especially to coloured troops from very hot countries, for whom, presumably, it is most difficult



KING EDWARD AS COLONEL OF QUEEN'S OWN
OXFORD HUSSARS

(From a photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford)

to provide suitable food and protection against such cool and boisterous breezes as those which have invigorated the Saxon of late. I found them in a polyglot encampment of bell-tents to the left, on the far-side of the barrack square from the entrance. First came a curious crew of Chinamen and Hausas from the Niger. The Chinamen were in undress, without their inverted saucer-shaped straw hats and shoes and white gaiters all in one piece, with which Sloane Street has grown familiar; and the pigtail of one reached to the ground. The Hausas, with shaven heads and clothed in khaki, looked wizened, as if by extreme heat, by the side of some of the huge negroes (big enough to figure in a scene from the *Arabian Nights*) who were hard by; but those Hausas, as they have shown more than once, can fight hard, and they are wiry and muscular. These two sets of

strange bed-fellows, representatives of two continents, were picnicking, so to speak, at a table spread in the open air. A little farther on were tall Asiatics with pronounced Malay features, some of them from the Straits Settlements. They showed the fierce aquiline features and the glossy black beards peculiar to their race; and they were not in their most gorgeous raiment. But later, in the afternoon, they looked cool, clean, and intensely Oriental in tight snow-white leg-coverings, in loose tunics of delicate green and yellow and white, and in gorgeous turbans. These Eastern gentlemen, for there was no room whatsoever to doubt their quality, showed me their tents within. They had circular board floors and an abundant supply of blankets; under the boards was the dry



KING EDWARD AS COLONEL OF THE 10th HUSSARS

(From a photo published by Gregory & Co.)

gravel of the barrack-yard. No soldier could desire more, and these gallant fellows, in their gentle and polite voices, avowed that they were perfectly comfortable.

"Over the way were the Sierra Leone frontier police, some in bell-tents, with arms neatly stacked against the pole; others in the barracks. Sierra Leone may be 'the white man's grave,' but certainly his black brother thrives there amazingly. Allied to them, so to speak, are the Gold Coast

Such is the life lived by some of the troops at Chelsea Barracks."

In the procession on that great day the Imperial Service troops, with their dark, bearded faces, and their strange, rich uniforms, and the Colonial troops, were among the most interesting features, second only in importance to the carriage drawn by the cream-coloured horses, in which sat the Queen in a dress and mantle of black silk, embroidered with steel and silver, with a wreath of white acacia and an



Photo by

THE BENEDICTION AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S, 1897

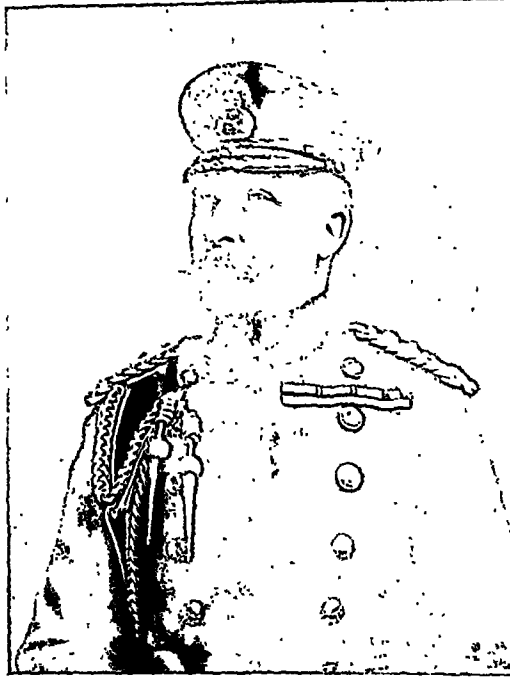
R. Phile

Hausas, and both are as fine a body of black soldiery as the heart of man could desire. They are of great stature—one with whom I conversed certainly stood at least 6 feet 4 inches, and was of powerful physique. Their discipline appears to be excellent, and their good humour is inexhaustible. A sergeant who, by the way, wore a medal and two clasps, and had distinguished himself against the Sofas, showed all his white teeth and laughed heartily when he was asked whether he had anything to complain of. His voice when he called his men to attention—they were in the middle of their savoury dinner—was stentorian.

aigrette of diamonds in her bonnet, with the Princess of Wales in mauve satin at her side. All around the carriage was a group of mounted princes, including the Prince of Wales of those days, in field-marshal's uniform, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge. That procession to St. Paul's was accurately described at the time as "the most brilliant pageant held in England for many a year."

Nor was the part played in it by the then Prince of Wales a small one. All who know him are well aware that he is not above taking an interest in small details of arrangement, and in the Colonial troops

he manifested the strongest possible concern. One scene, which came a little later, will never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of witnessing it. It was in the gardens of Buckingham Palace on July 4, when the Colonial troops were reviewed by the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Victoria of Wales, Lord Wolseley (then Commander-in-Chief), Lord Roberts, Lord Methuen, Sir Redvers Buller, and many others, not the least important of whom were all the Colonial Premiers then in England and their wives. Then it was that the Prince of Wales, with his own voice, called for three cheers for the Queen - Empress, and, waving his cocked hat, led the cheering himself. Then it was that "from Canadians and Indians, from men from the Cape of Good Hope and from the Centre of Africa, from Sikhs, Chinese, Dyaks, Malays, Cingalese, and negroes, came a great roar of acclamation, a memorable shout." All received medals from the hand of the Prince of Wales—silver for officers, bronze for men—having the Queen's head on one side, and on the other the inscription "In Commemoration of the Sixtieth Year of the Reign of Queen Victoria, June 20, 1897."



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

(Photo by Lafayette)



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

(Photo by Lafayette)

There was a similar scene at Windsor a day later, when in the presence of the Prince of Wales, on the lawn beneath the East Terrace of the Castle, the Queen distributed identical medals to the Indian troops, at the head of whom was Lieutenant-Colonel Maharajah Dhiraj Sir Pertab Singh, A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales; and one of the incidents of that day which will live in memory was the earnest conversation, watched by the Prince of Wales, between the Queen - Empress and Sir Pertab Singh, who, at the conclusion, raised his hands with the palms pressed together, first to the level of his chest, and then above his head, and then pressed them against his forehead.

Before passing onwards it must be observed that at the moment of writing, and of completing this chapter and this work in a tone of chastened hope differing vastly from that tone of triumphant satisfaction which it had been hoped to adopt, the same Sir Pertab Singh is again amongst us, as magnificent as ever.

During the period of Queen Victoria's life which remained after the Jubilee of 1897, the sight of her face became familiar to her subjects not only in England and Scotland, but in Ireland also, with excellent results in the way of establishing the monarchy in the hearts of the people. Nor is there any reason to doubt, but rather abundant and convincing cause for believing that, so



THE KING PRESENTING THE JUBILEE COMMEMORATION MEDALS TO INDIAN AND COLONIAL TROOPS
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JULY 1897

far as anything and everything in the nature of public pageants was concerned, her eldest son had a very large share in influencing her towards this policy of publicity. Never was it more successful than in Ireland during that great visit concerning which timorous folk felt and expressed considerable apprehension. The warm-hearted Irish people were touched by the sight of a Queen so well stricken in years who went to so much personal trouble and inconvenience in order to be among them. Her solitary and dignified appearance appealed to all that was chivalrous and good in their nature; Dublin revelled for a while in that prosperity which comes to trade (of some kinds) from the presence of a real Court; and the only cause for regret was that the expedient had not been tried long before. As it was, there is little doubt that the exertion shortened Queen Victoria's life, but

there is no suspicion of disloyalty to the memory of the greatest and the purest of English sovereigns in an expression of opinion that the result was worth the price paid for it. That certainly was the view of her who paid the price.



COL. H. H. MAHARAJA SIR PERTAB SINGH,
MAHARAJA OF IDAR

(From photo by W. & D. Downey)

To these public exertions there is no doubt that King Edward stimulated his mother; but there is just as little doubt that she needed no stimulus to undertake those frequent journeys to Netley and to the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich for the purpose of showing her sympathy with those who had been wounded in the South African War.

In connection with the South African War, too, and with the despatch of troops to it from time to time, King Edward came very near to the hearts of the English people; and Queen Alexandra, by the strenuous efforts which she made to fit out her hospital-ship *Princess*



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD, IN HONOUR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE. THE FLEET ILLUMINATED
(Drawn by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.)

of Wales and to organise nurses, secured an even higher place in the affections of her fellow countrymen and fellow countrywomen than she had occupied before. Few of those who witnessed the scenes are likely to forget the presentation by King Edward of medals to soldiers of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor, fresh from the

Soudan and destined, many of them, to find their way to the southern shores of the continent in which they had already won undying honour. That, I remember, was a snow scene. Almost equally cheerless in its surroundings, but spirited in itself, was the occasion on which King Edward, himself wearing the uniform of a colonel of the Grenadier



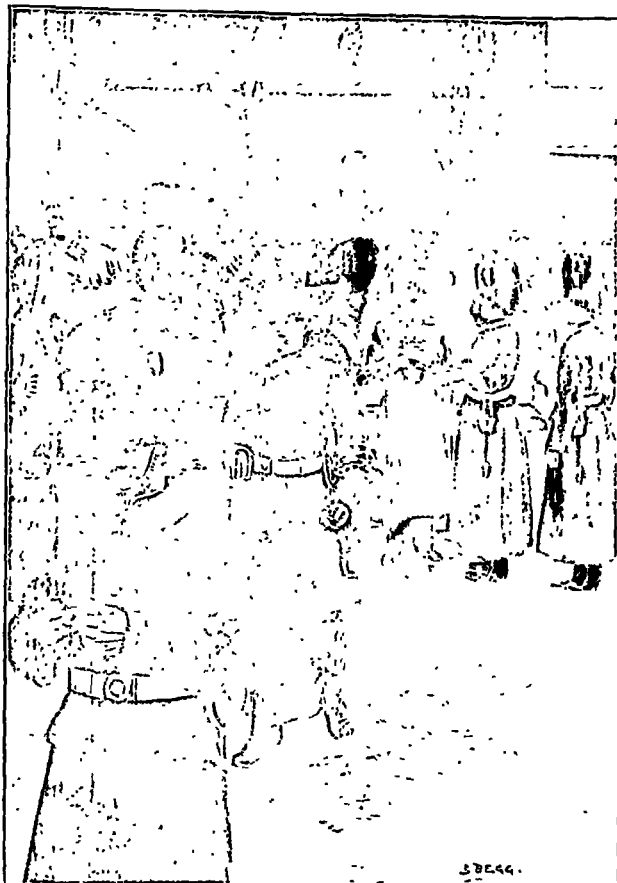
From a photo

GROUP TAKEN AT SANDRINGHAM ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY, 1899

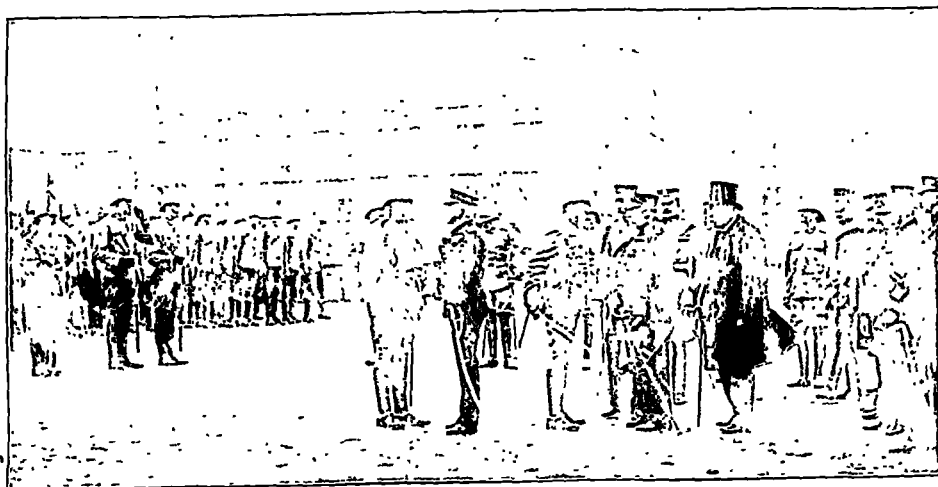
by Ralph

Guards, inspected and addressed the khaki-clad members of the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry in the barrack-yard at Albany Street. Hardly less impressive was the scene in Chelsea Barracks, when the members of that peculiarly British institution, the Sharpshooters' Corps, were inspected and addressed by King Edward. Of course, all these events happened while he was Prince of Wales, but it is convenient for the moment to speak of him by the title which has already grown familiar. Every address ended with the words: "I wish you God-speed and a safe return," spoken in a tone which left not the slightest doubt as to the earnest sincerity of the

speaker. Those who now survive out of the many battalions which went to the front, with the stirring tones of their future King ringing in their ears, will be the first not merely to admit, but also to protest that he had the true soldier spirit. It was the spirit of a man who hated war in itself as we all do, of a man who had no share whatsoever in bringing about the circumstances which made war necessary, of a man who, when his country had once entered into war, was absolutely convinced that the one course open was to pursue that war doggedly and consistently until victory was achieved. Few things, indeed, are more remarkable than the tone of King Edward's speeches of those days.



PRESENTATION OF OMDURMAN MEDALS TO THE 1st GRENADIER GUARDS BY THE KING AT WINDSOR, DECEMBER 15th, 1899



THE KING INSPECTING COMPOSITE REGIMENT AT ALBANY STREET, 1899

Soldiers found not only encouragement, but an absolute resolution to go on to the end, but never even in the time of the greatest excitement a single observation savouring of malice against an enemy who has now, contrary to all expectations, become something very like a friend.

Then, in the middle of the war, came the most trying time of all, which was to show what the Prince of Wales of former days really was; that is to say, the illness, the death, and the majestic funeral of Queen Victoria. It is needless to say now that, during those days of tiring anxiety, he who was so soon to be King of England was as assiduous as circumstances permitted him to be in the attentions which he paid as a son of a dying mother. Then, when the blow fell, producing consternation in England and something like stupor in the Court, he whom the passing of one breath had changed into King was absolutely the first to recover self-possession, and, in the middle of his grief, as a son, to understand that he must undertake his duties as a King.

His first speech in that capacity was a model of what such speeches should be. His first duties were concerned with the personal supervision of all the arrangements for that long-drawn and majestic funeral ceremony, which was incomparably the most solemn and sacred event in the long roll of English history. The departure from Osborne, the slow march of the King with the German Emperor beside him down the hill to East Cowes, the embarkation of the coffin on board the *Alberta*, the passage through the fleet of British and Foreign men-of-war at Spithead, the grand and mournful progress through London on the next day, and the unique ceremonial in St. George's Chapel, were imposing out of all precedent. Certainly, among the moments which will not be obliterated from my

memory—so long as it is worthy of the name—there are three of which the impressions remain especially vivid. The first was that at which the *Alberta* began her passage through the fleet, and the sound of the minute-guns became deadening and overpowering in its reiterated solemnity; the second was when the west door of St. George's Chapel was opened,

and the watchers within started to their feet, sacred as the moment was, when they saw, straining at the gun-carriage which bore Victoria's coffin, not artillery horses but a crew of British seamen. The third was that at which, headed by the King, mournful yet dignified, and by the German Emperor who stood nobly at his side in his time of trouble, there flowed into the nave of St. George's Chapel the most gorgeous assemblage of foreign representatives and princes that has ever collected even in those historic walls. It cannot be supposed that all this funeral pomp and ceremony was really to the King's taste. Like almost every other educated man, he would certainly have preferred a quiet funeral and the opportunity of indulging his private sorrow. But *noblesse oblige*, and the King felt not only that an imposing ceremonial was due to the memory of the Queen, his mother, but also that such a ceremonial would form a deep and lasting lesson for the people of whom he had become the constitutional head.

There is not a doubt that he was right, or that the

sacred memory of Victoria, the good and the pure, was emphasised and impressed upon the hearts of the people who had been hers by the majesty of her funeral. The year following upon the Queen's death was for the most part remarkably quiet, the most important events in it, from the point of view of the Royal Family, being the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York for their Imperial



THE KING IN RUSSIAN UNIFORM ON BOARD THE
RUSSIAN YACHT "POLAR STAR," 1893

(From a photograph)

tour in the *Ophir*, and their return after that tour. It is not too much to say that, although the pain felt by the King at parting from his only surviving son, and by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at parting from a family to which they are very closely attached, was distinct and severe, the result of the pilgrimage was not bought at too high a price. Beyond question, it was good that, as the leading men in the Colonies had already become familiar with the mother country and with the

various members of the Royal Family, so the people of the Colonies, the electorate, so to speak, should have the opportunity of seeing those who were destined — not, be it hoped, for a long time — to be at the head of the Empire. The tour, in fact, has been described as a master-stroke of policy, but it was such only because the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (the Prince and Princess of Wales of to-day) were what they are. If he had been less

statesmanlike and manly, if she had not been sunny, sympathetic, and womanly, then, clearly, the pilgrimage would have done more harm than good. As it was, the Colonies learned to realise the ability of the Prince of Wales and the amiability of his consort long before those qualities were recognised by the mass of people at home. For it was not until the Prince of Wales made his masterly speech at Guildhall that the English people learned, almost with astonishment, to recognise in him a prince of statesmanlike instinct with a will of his own, who had travelled the world not only as the central figure in a series of pageants, but also as an observer and learner.

For the last year or more two topics have absolutely absorbed public attention, and they are the War and the Coronation. It was felt on all hands that it was just and expedient that the preparations for the Coronation should be of the most magnificent, and that it would be essentially in harmony with the fitness of things if Peace could be announced before the date fixed for the Coronation. Of the preparations therefore suffice it for the moment to say that they were most elaborate, and

it was regarded as a crowning mercy that even at the eleventh hour it was possible to announce the settlement of terms of peace, doing credit both to victors and vanquished, that had the further advantage of going very far to reconcile those quarrels between different classes of English men, all believing themselves to be patriotic, which had been growing more acute and wearisome ever since the war began. The announcement of those terms

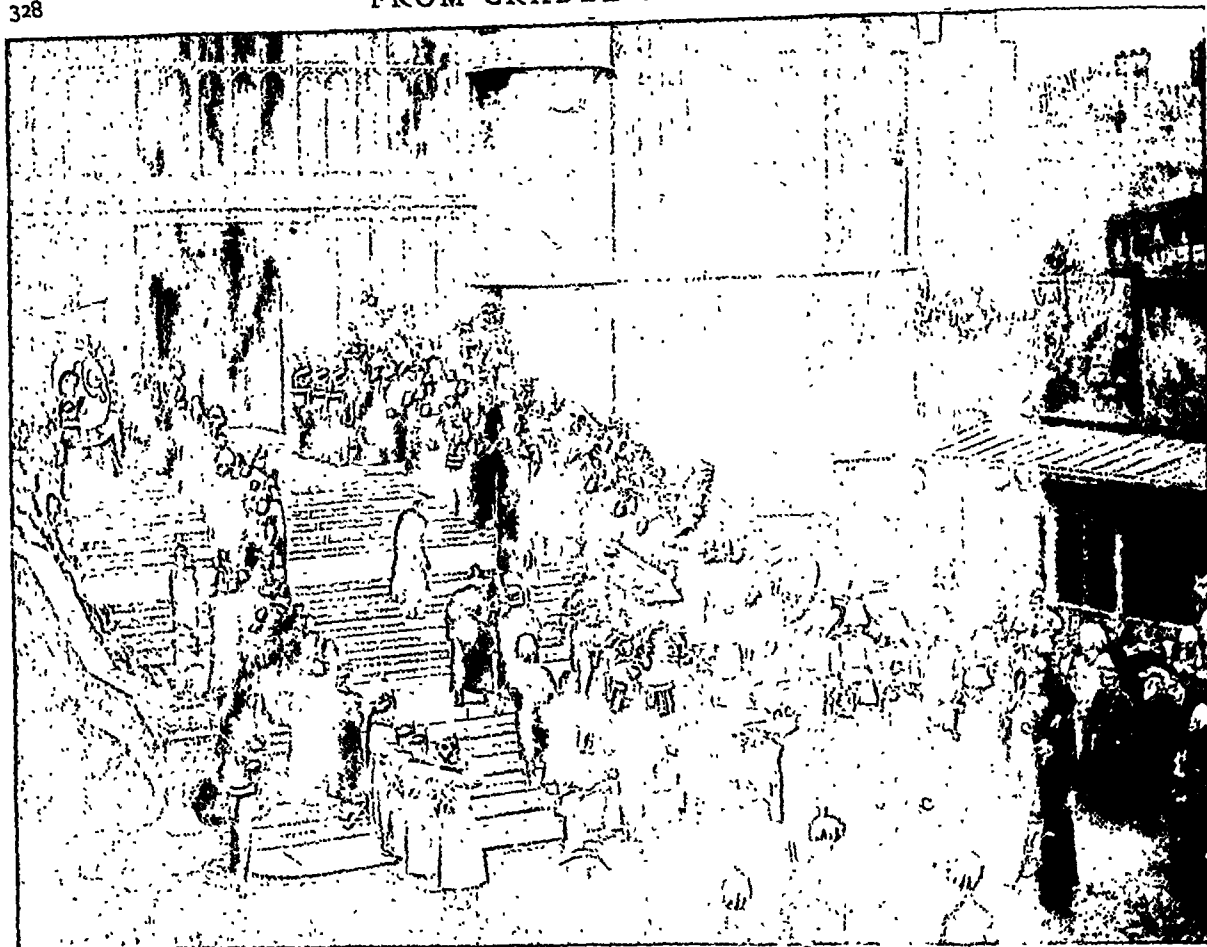


From a photo by

KING EDWARD AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR
FOLLOWING THE ROYAL COFFIN

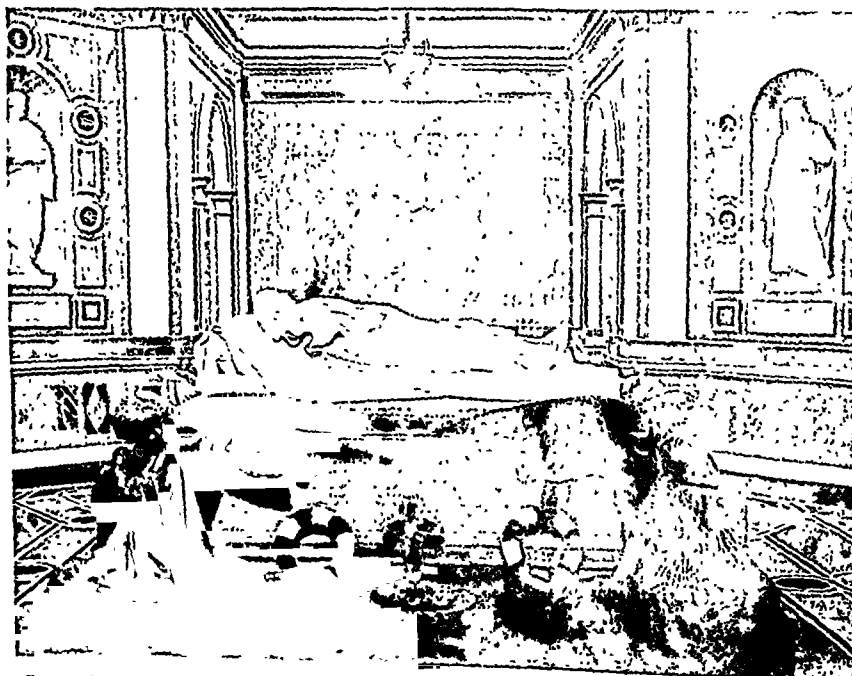
J. Rutledge & Co.

of peace seemed to render the prospects of the kingdom and of the Empire intensely bright. All was in readiness. Princes and potentates had come from the Far East to pay their homage to the Sovereign; Macaulay's New Zealanders, Australians, and Canadians had compassed half the earth — and some of them more — and had found London so completely enshrouded in deal boards and scantling, in tinsel, and in what were called decorations, that they might easily have gone away without anything approaching to a definite idea of the everyday aspect of the capital of the Empire and of the universe. A witty ecclesiastic is said to have observed



THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF QUEEN VICTORIA BORNE BY THE GRENADIER GUARDS, AND FOLLOWED BY THE CROWN AND INSIGNIA, ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



From a photo by

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE

Russell & Sons



THE GERMAN EMPEROR

(From the picture by Kaulbach)

that London reminded him of an era in Roman history technically described as *Consule Planco*. Had they been allowed to go into Westminster Abbey, they would have found it less defaced than history shows it to have been for the purposes of previous coronations, but still presenting an appearance totally different to that which it wears in normal times. They would have had, it is true, a clear view up the nave from west to east, but they could never have found Poets' Corner or other centres of a thousand sacred memories, which were, like the side aisles, completely covered by tiers of seats intended for spectators.

That great tattoo at Aldershot, which was to have been followed by the first Royal Review at Aldershot held by his Majesty, as King, was the beginning of the Royal functions



THE YORK HERALD PROCLAIMING THE KING AT
TEMPLE BAR, JUNE 25, 1901

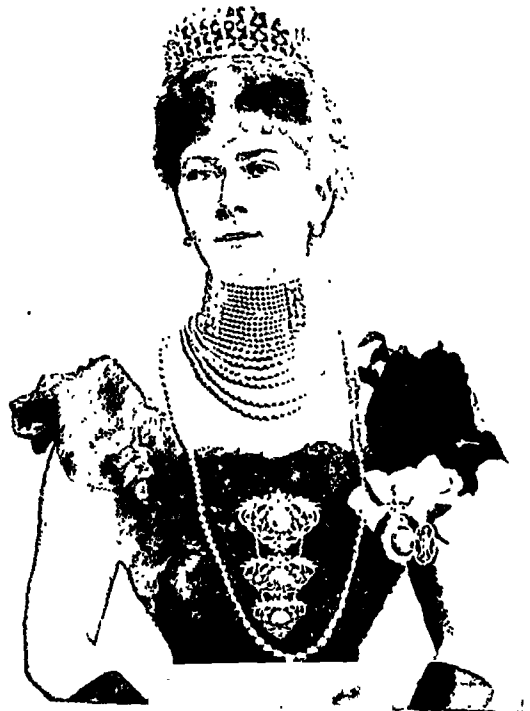
(From a drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.)

that were to culminate and have their climax in the Coronation. But the vanity of human wishes, and the fallibility of human arrangements, were destined to be illustrated in a very striking fashion. The King was present at the tattoo, but next morning the world learned that his Majesty had a chill and was suffering from lumbago. Accustomed to a candour in the *Court Circular*, which was marked and commendable during the last illness of Queen Victoria, the public was at first sympathetic rather than alarmed. Lumbago is, unfortunately, a complaint of which a large number of men and women have experience. It is painful, not perilous, and

those who had suffered from it or had seen others in its grasp, fully understood that the King's inability to attend the Review (which was held by the Prince



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

(From photos by W. & D. Downey)

of Wales in the presence of Queen Alexandra), or to attend the Ascot meeting, or to be present at the pretty celebration projected at Eton, which, without him, could not be carried out with any significance, were things entirely consistent with lumbago. Rumours flew about, as they always will when

salutations of his subjects with a smiling face, albeit looking very ill, King Edward was suffering untold agony with stoical courage.

Next day the blow fell, and no one who was in London is likely to forget the scenes which followed. The King was suffering from perityphlitis, a very

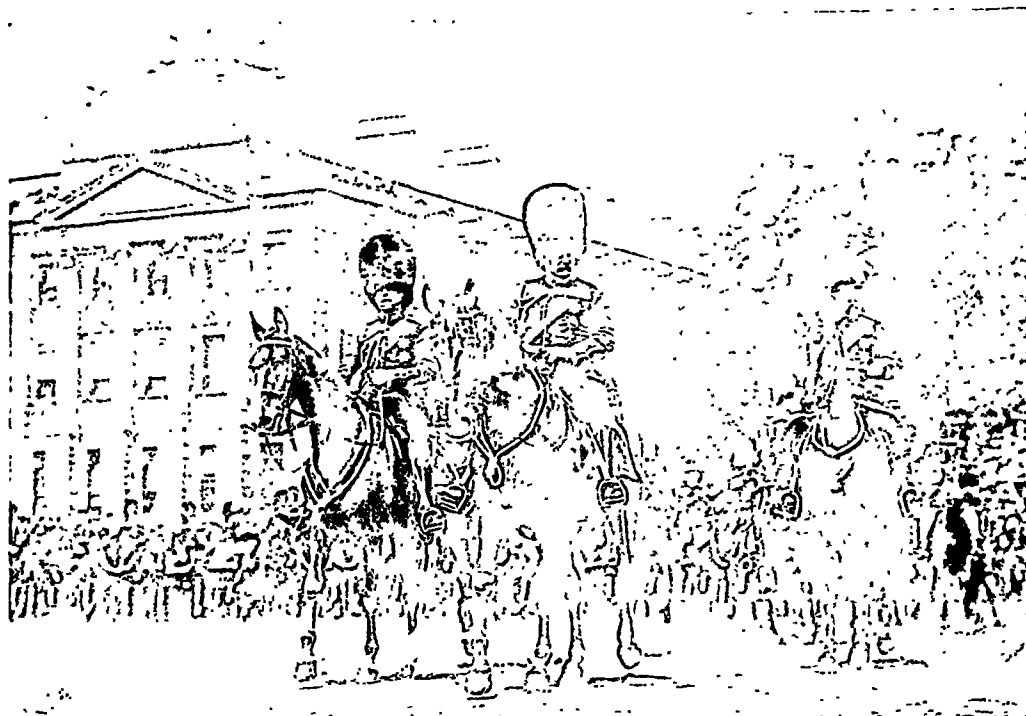


KING EDWARD AT THE CHATEAU SOFIERO IN SWEDEN, AUTUMN 1901

(From a photograph by A. Blomberg, Stockholm)

illustrious personages are ill, but they were scouted and disregarded by men of experience, and the King's triumphal entry into London on Monday, June 23, seemed to give the lie direct to all suspicion that his Majesty was suffering from any serious complaint. As a matter of fact, we all know now that, when he drove from Paddington to Buckingham Palace that day, acknowledging the

dangerous intestinal complaint of which it is needless to describe the particulars. An operation had been successfully performed by that prince of surgeons, Sir Frederick Treves. Some days must elapse before the surgeons could pronounce the illustrious patient to be out of immediate danger, and some weeks before they could pronounce him to be on the road to recovery. A Coronation was, for the moment at



From a

TROOPING THE COLOURS AT WHITEHALL, MAY 1901

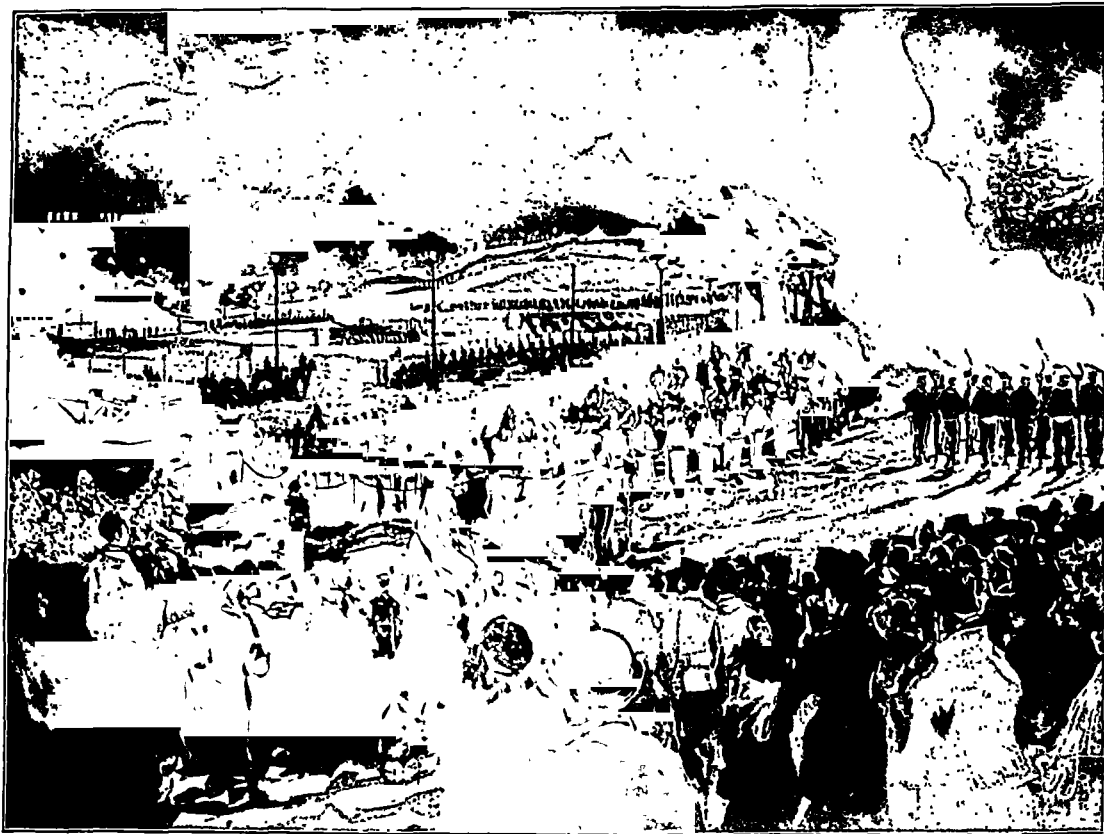
photo

King Edward accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian



THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR WAY TO ATTEND THE PEACE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S, JUNE 8, 1902

(From a photo by the Biograph Studio)

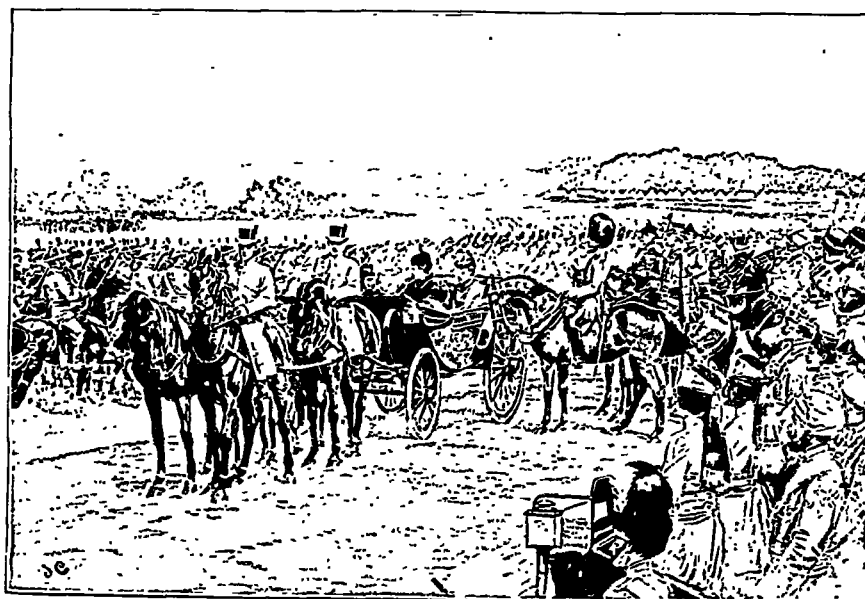


Drawn by

THE KING AT ALDERSHOT

Chas. Dixon, R.I.

The Grand Torchlight Tattoo on June 14, 1902



Drawn by

ROYAL REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT

John Charlton

The King's Colonials marching past the Queen



SIR F. TREVES

(Photo by Lafayette)

any rate, out of the question. It was quite as likely that there might be a State funeral. The announcement was paralyzing, and men were slowly to realise what it meant. When, however, the King's subjects had succeeded in understand-

ing the situation, their conduct was superb and worthy of the character of the nation. They forgot all their disappointment—and it was really a grievous and costly thing for many thousands of them—in anxiety for the King, and in sympathy for the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Night after night a silent crowd, composed of all sorts and conditions of men, waited outside Buckingham Palace, in sadness but yet in hope, for the bulletins which appeared at stated intervals, to announce the condition of the Sovereign who lay between life and death; and when the bulletins came, of grave import at first, but growing gradually more confident, they would filter away slowly to their



THE CROWD READING THE BULLETIN OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE

(Drawn by A. P. Arze)

homes, talking in subdued tones. Even the sensational newspapers behaved well, and there was a



Drawn by

RECEPTION AT THE INDIA OFFICE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, JULY 4, 1902

C. M. Sheldon



(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

marked absence of those apparently graphic but usually fictitious reports of sick-room scenes which, on former occasions of the same kind, have caused so much of cruel and entirely unnecessary pain.

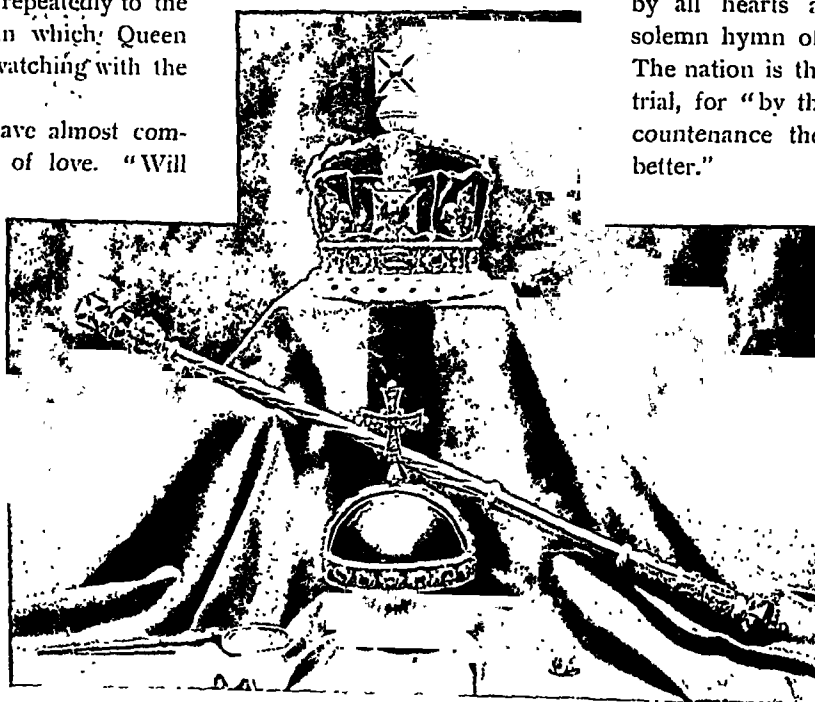
The nation was sick with anxiety, yet at the same time full of heartfelt admiration for the courage with which the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales appeared in public to perform the ceremonial duties of their exalted station: *Noblesse oblige*. None of the countless people who watched Queen Alexandra drive from the Palace to the Horse Guards on two successive days, perfectly dressed that she might do honour to her people, with a gentle smile upon her grave and beautiful face, failed to remember, as she passed in her glory and in her stately grace, that our King, and her husband, lay sick within the walls of the gloomy palace. All admired her dignity and her courage, and that of the Prince of Wales no less. Again at that gorgeous reception at the India Office, when the counterfeit stars in that wondrous simulacrum of an Indian sky above the quadrangle were outshone by the countless diamonds and emeralds and rubies beneath, when the Prince of Wales accepted the homage of grave Indian Princes, some of them habited in cloth of gold, and wearing jewels worth a mediæval king's ransom, the eyes of men were dazzled, but their minds returned repeatedly to the sick chamber in which Queen Alexandra was watching with the nurses.

And now I have almost completed a labour of love. "Will

my people ever forgive me?"—that characteristic question of our kindly and considerate King when he recovered consciousness, which the Earl of Warwick had the sacred privilege of communicating to the world, is the keynote of the few words which remain to be said.

Sire, it has never entered into the minds of your people so much as even to think of the necessity of forgiveness. They have, it is true, expended much wealth and made great preparations in vain, but in that time of stress and fear, when they knew not whether the hovering Angel of Death would stoop or no, whether the silver cord were destined to be loosed, or the golden bowl to be broken, forgetting everything else they have rallied round you and yours with such warmth of heartfelt affection as they had not felt for you since those dreadful days of 1872, when your life hung in the balance as it did thirty years later. They have remembered every day your countless acts of kindness, your consideration for the suffering, your manly qualities, your constant sagacity and industry. Adversity has chastened them so that you shall find, when you are among them again, their loyalty even more pronounced, their affection even more cordial and steadfast than it was before those terrible days when

"God Save the King" was sung by all hearts and voices as a solemn hymn of earnest prayer. The nation is the better for your trial, for "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."



From a photo by

THE KING'S CROWN, SCEPTRE, AND ORB

Lang Sims, Brixton

